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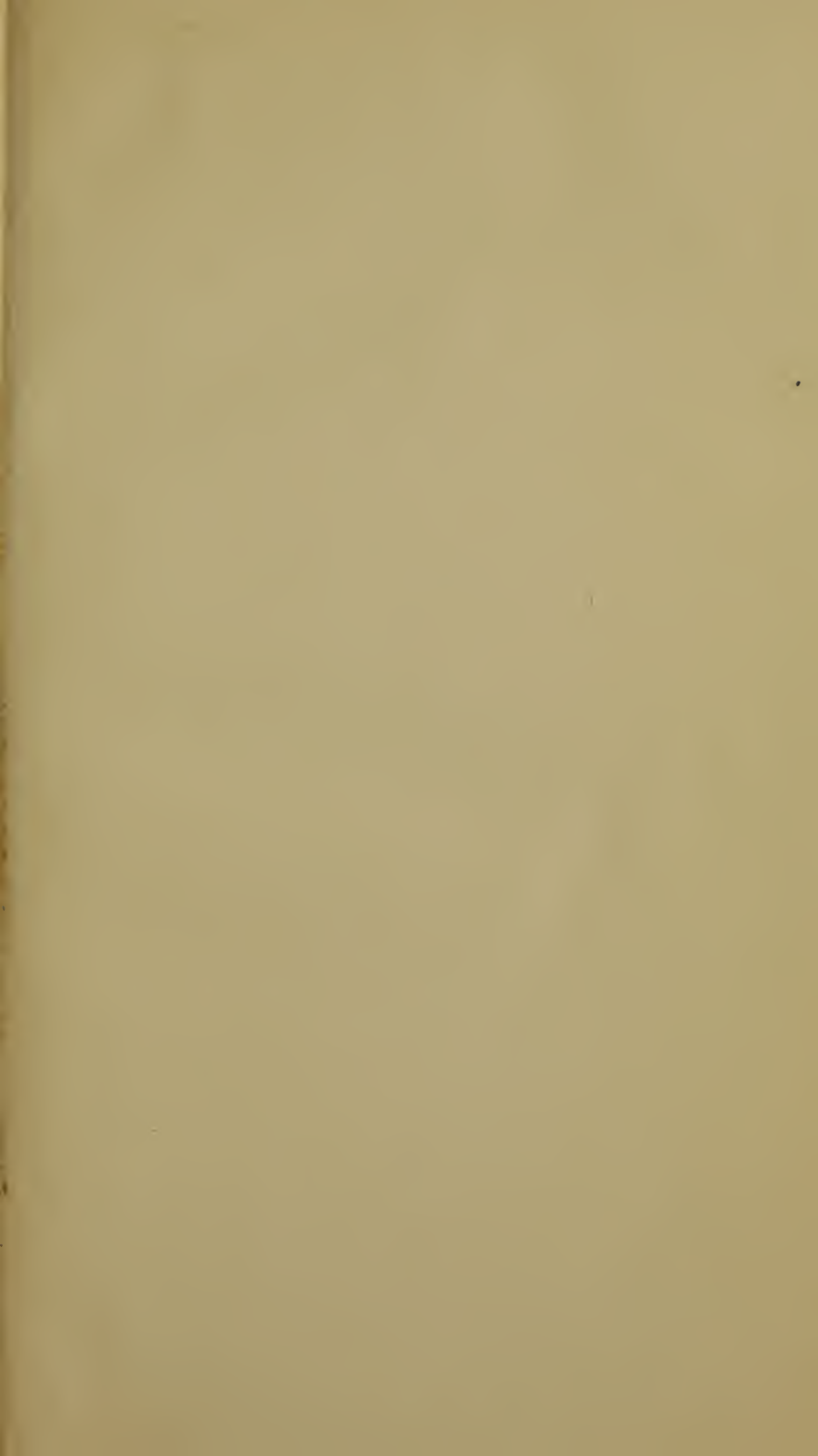
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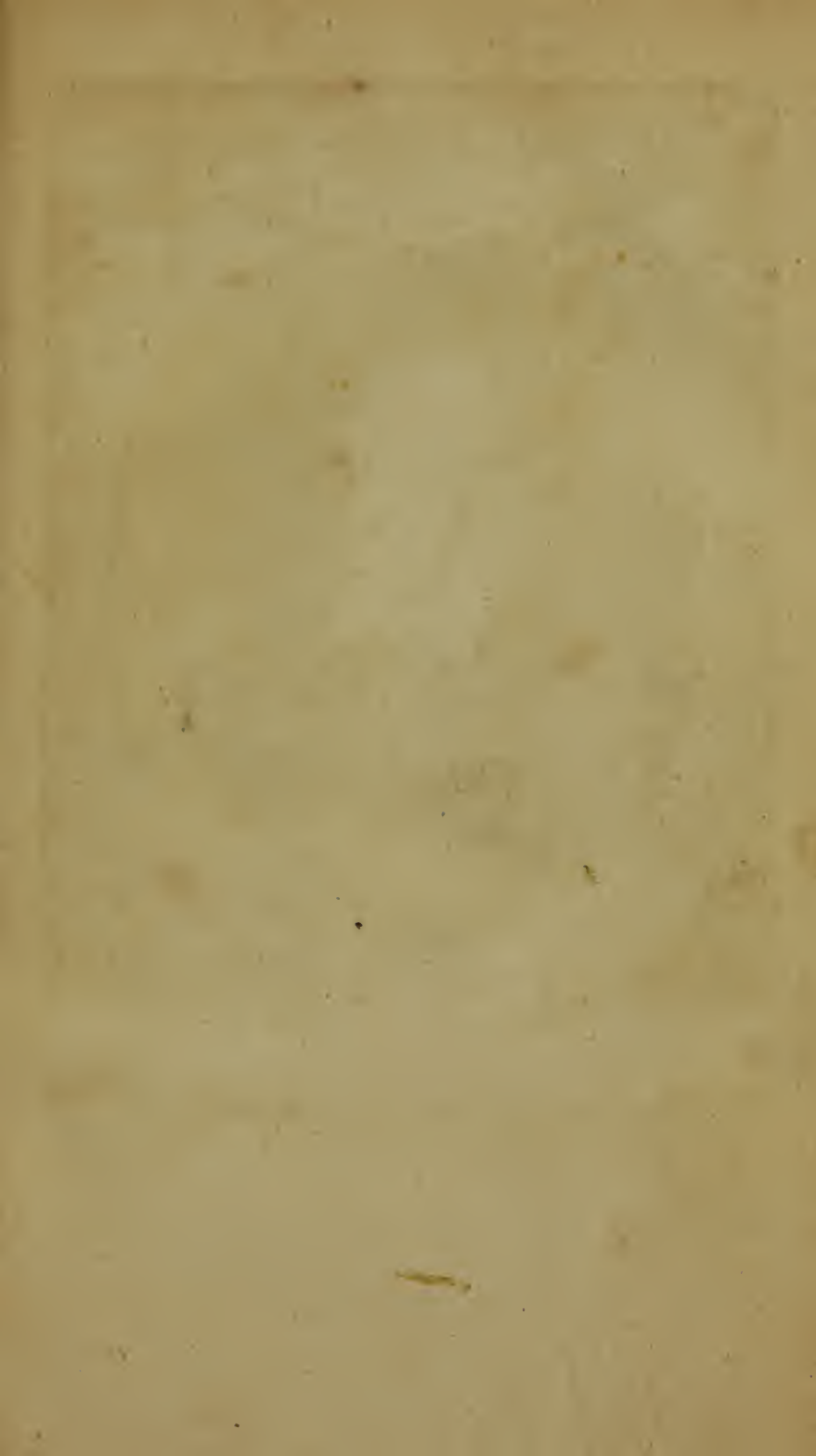
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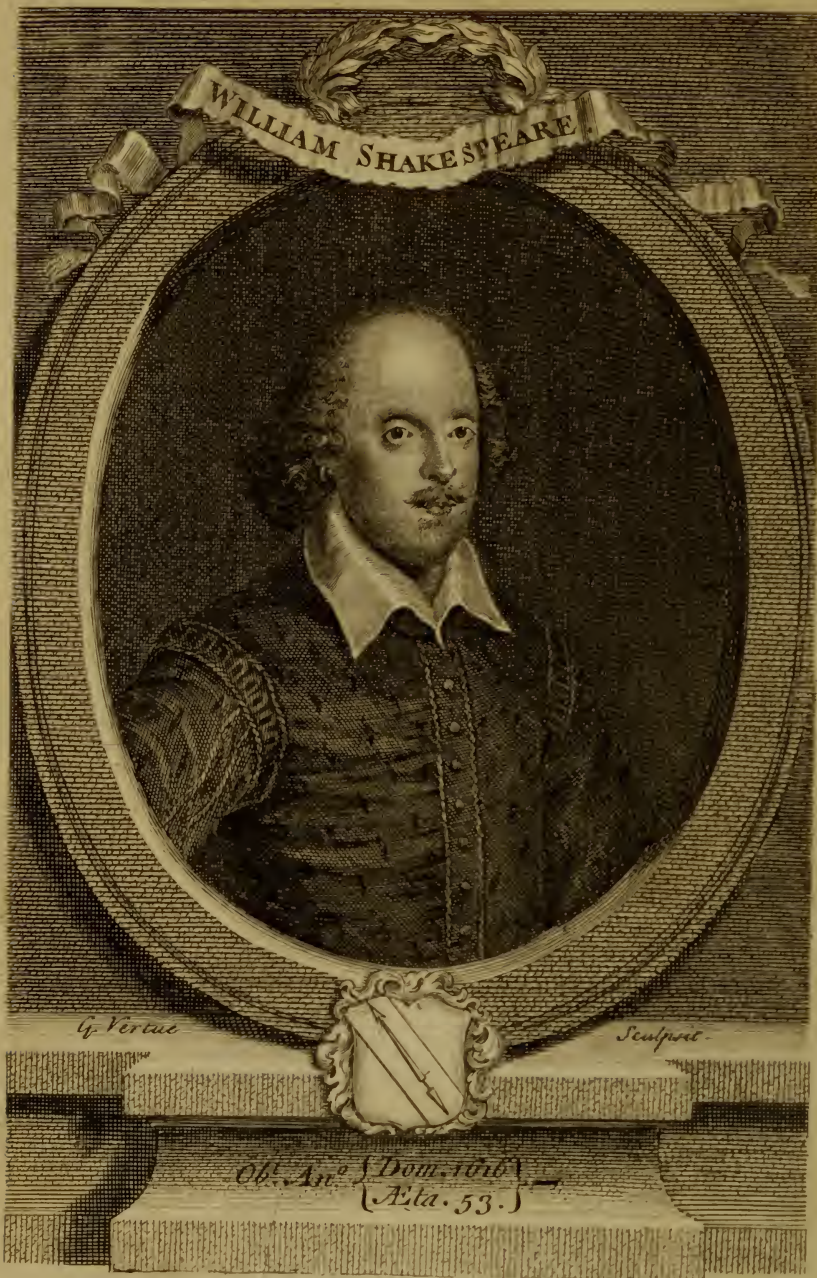
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

G. Vertue

Sculptor

Ob. An.º { Dom. 1616 } { Aet. 53. }

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES,
WITH THE
CORRECTIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
Various COMMENTATORS;

To which are added

NOTES by SAM. JOHNSON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, H. WOODFALL, J. RIVINGTON,
R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and COLLINS, T. LONGMAN,
W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, C. CORBET, T. LOWNDS,
and the Executors of B. DODD.
M,DCC,LXV.

PLATE

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE SECOND

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND

IN THE

SEVENTEENTH

CENTURY

OF THE

CHRISTIAN

ERA

T H E
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIRST,

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

The MERCHANT of VENICE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, H. WOODFALL, J. RIVINGTON,
R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and COLLINS, T. LONGMAN,
W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, C. CORBET, T. LOWNDS,
and the Executors of B. DODD.

M,DCC,LXV.

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May. 1873

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P R E F A C E.

THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an au-

thou is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stiled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square, but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of *Homer* we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence,

intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The Poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity, but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure

is obtained ; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have past through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible ; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion ; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence *Shakespeare* has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a-while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest ; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature ; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirrour of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world ; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers ; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions : they are the genuine progeny

geny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of *Shakespeare* it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of *Shakespeare* with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of *Euripides*, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of *Shakespeare*, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and, the tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much *Shakespeare* excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authours. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of *Shakespeare*. The
theatre,

theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this authour is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harraß them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was
regular

regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with *Pope*, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find, any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. *Shakespeare* has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: Even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: *Shakespeare* approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible,

possible, its effects would be probably such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of *Shakespeare*, that his drama is the mirrour of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. *Dennis* and *Rhymer* think his *Romans* not sufficiently Roman; and *Voltaire* censures his kings as not completely royal. *Dennis* is offended, that *Menenius*, a senator of *Rome*, should play the buffoon; and *Voltaire* perhaps thinks decency violated when the *Danish* Usurper is represented as a drunkard. But *Shakespeare* always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that *Rome*, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew

an usurper and a murderer not only odious but despicable, he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous or critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences;

rences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gayeties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the *Greeks* or *Romans* a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the

power

power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent of each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, *Shakespeare's* mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When *Shakespeare's* plan is understood, most of the criticisms of *Rhymer* and *Voltaire* vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels; *Iago* bellows at *Brabantio's* window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of *Polonius* is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare engaged in dramattick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as *Rhymers* has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little

while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of *Shakespeare*.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a stile which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language as to remain settled and unaltered; this stile is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other authour equally remote, and among his other excellencies

lencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. *Shakespeare's* familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: His characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is al-

ways careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and, in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place; but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults *Pope* has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find *Hector* quoting

quoting *Aristotle*, when we see the loves of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* combined with the *Gothick* mythology of fairies. *Shakespeare*, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age *Sidney*, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet and security, with those of turbulence, violence and adventure.

In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contest of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of *Elizabeth* is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gayety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuse the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion which exigence forces out are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. *Shakespeare* found it an encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and
vulgar

vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terrour and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to *Shakespeare*, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures, it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchainning it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal

Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: But, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and *Shakespeare* is the poet of nature: But his plan has commonly what *Aristotle* requires, a beginning, a middle,

and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard, and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of *Corneille*, they have very generally received by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at *Alexandria*, cannot
suppose

suppose that he sees the next at *Rome*, at a distance to which not the dragons of *Medea* could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was *Thebes* can never be *Persepolis*.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of *Shakespeare*, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramattick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at *Alexandria*, and the next at *Rome*, supposes, that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at *Alexandria*, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to *Egypt*, and that he lives in the days of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*. Surely he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the *Ptolemies*, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of *Aetium*. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are

Alexander

Alexander and *Cæsar*, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of *Pharsalia*, or the bank of *Granicus*, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in extasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that compleat a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first *Athens*, and then *Sicily*, which was always known to be neither *Sicily* nor *Athens*, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against *Mithridates* are represented to be made in *Rome*, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in *Pontus*; we know that there is neither
war,

war, nor preparation for war ; we know that we are neither in *Rome* nor *Pontus* ; that neither *Mithridates* nor *Lucullus* are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first ; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination ; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original ; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment ; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction ; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of *Agencourt*. A dramattick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that encrease or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of *Cato*.

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real, and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether *Shakespeare* knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the
counsels

counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: Nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at *Venice*, and his next in *Cyprus*. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of *Shakespeare*, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of *Voltaire*:

*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama,

ma, that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play, are to copy nature and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as *Æneas* withdrew from the defence of *Troy*, when he saw *Neptune* shaking the wall, and *Juno* heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of *Shakespeare*, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which

which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the authour, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of *Peru* or *Mexico* were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of *European* monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The *English* nation, in the time of *Shakespeare*, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of *Italy* had been transplanted hither in the reign of *Henry* the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by *Lilly*, *Linacer*, and *More*; by *Pole*, *Cheke*, and *Gardiner*; and afterwards by *Smith*, *Clerk*, *Haddon*, and *Ascham*. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the *Italian* and *Spanish* poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity. Nations,

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our authour's plots are generally borrowed from novels, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter
authours, were in his time accessible and familiar.

The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's* Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. *Cibber* remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain *English* prose, which the criticks have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His *English* histories he took from *English* chronicles and *English* ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of *Plutarch's* lives into plays, when they had been translated by *North*.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crouded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of *Shakespeare* than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but *Homer* in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our authour's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and

and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our authour's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that *Addison* speaks the language of poets, and *Shakespeare*, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its authour, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning, but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of *Shakespeare* is a forest, in which oaks extend

their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished unto brightness. *Shakespeare* opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether *Shakespeare* owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authours.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that *Shakespeare* wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. *Johnson*, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and no Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of *Shakespeare* were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were
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such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I prae, sequar*. I have been told, that when *Caliban*, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the authour imitates *Anacreon*, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of *Plautus* which was then in *English*. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some *French* scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet* he is observed to have followed the *English* translation, where it deviates from the *Italian*;

lian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned *Latin* sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the *Roman* authours. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of *French* or *Italian* authours have been discovered, though the *Italian* poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than *English*, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by *Pope*, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand *Shakespeare*, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the *Roman* authours were translated, and some of the *Greek*; the reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topicks of human disquisition had found *English* writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only.

only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the *English* stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. *Shakespeare* may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. *Rowe* is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. *Shakespeare*, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he

grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. *Shakespeare* must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our authour had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of *Chaucer*, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in *English*, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related

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the events but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. *Shakespeare* had no such advantage; he came to *London* a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of *Shakespeare* was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dewdrops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated
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by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. *Shakespeare*, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are compleat.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any authour, except *Homer*, who invented so much as *Shakespeare*,
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who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the *English* drama are his. *He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc* which is confessedly before our authour; yet in *Hieronymo*, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless *Spenser* may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the *English* language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of *Rowe*,
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without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgement, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authours, though more studious of fame than *Shakespeare*, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

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It does not appear, that *Shakespeare* thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of *Congreve's* four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of *Shakespeare* in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the authour, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the authour published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The stile of *Shakespeare* was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. *Warburton* supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much

much negligence of *English* printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by *Rowe*; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for *Rowe* seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our authour's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and commendatory preface. *Rowe* has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

Of *Rowe*, as of all the editors, I have preserved the preface, and have likewise retained the authour's life, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. *Rowe*'s performance, when Mr. *Pope* made them acquainted with the true state of *Shakespeare*'s text,

text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. *Warburton* for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgement of his own; the plays which he received, were given by *Hemings* and *Condell*, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during *Shakespeare's* life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which *Pope* seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to

select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his authour's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. *Pope's* edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he past the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his authour, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by *Theobald*, a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He col-

lated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted, without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over *Pope* and *Rowe* I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having *Pope* for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who sollicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our authour fell then into the hands of Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, the *Oxford* editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his authour intended to be grammatical. *Shakespeare* regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measures reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors,

with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the license, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by *Pope* and *Theobald*; he seems not to suspect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the authour more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the authour himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes; to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their powers,

must lament the unsuccessfulness of enquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabricks which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an authour, is to shew how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each others place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence which for a while appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authours. How canst thou beg for life, says *Achilles* to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by *Achilles*?

Dr.

Dr. *Warburton* had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *the Canons of criticism* and of *the Review of Shakespeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of *Coriolanus*, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*,

*An eagle tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.*

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shewn acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. *Warburton's* edition, *Critical observations on Shakespeare* had been published by Mr. *Upton*, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, historical and explanatory notes have been likewise published upon *Shakespeare* by Dr. *Grey*, whose diligent perusal of the old *English* writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left *Shakespeare* without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them it was my intention to refer to its original authour, and it is certain, that what I have not given

given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But, whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to
be

be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation : That to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained ; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked ; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience ; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured,

endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my authour's meaning accessible to many who before were frightened from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The compleat explanation of an authour not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverable obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known, will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an authour has engaged the publick attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions,

rections, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his authour is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgement, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table book. Some initiation is however necessary; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shewn so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays, I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be
praised,

praised, and in these which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between *Pope* and *Theobald*, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of *Shakespeare*.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorised, and contented themselves with *Rowe's* regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authours free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgement of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who only read it by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would *Huetius* himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines
from

from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the *Roman* sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our authour's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This *Shakespeare* knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the authour's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences. Whatever could be done by adjusting points is therefore
silently

silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day encreases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which

are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and shewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye, so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page Wit struggling with its own sophistry, and

Learning

Learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

*Criticks, I saw, that other's names efface,
And fix their own, with labour, in the place ;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.* POPE.

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt ; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously ; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the Bishop of *Aleria* to English *Bentley*. The criticks on ancient authours have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of *Shakespeare* is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that *Homer* has fewer passages unintelligible than *Chaucer*. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet *Scaliger* could confess to *Salmasius* how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And *Lipsius* could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of *Scaliger* and *Lipsius*, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or *Theobald's*.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the publick expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that
of

of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of *Shakespeare*, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of *Theobald* and *Pope*. Let him read on through brightness

and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness; and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book, which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and its true proportions; a close approach shews the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this authour's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did *Dryden* pronounce "that *Shakespeare* was the man, " who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, " had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All " the images of nature were still present to him, " and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: " When he describes any thing, you more than see " it,

“ it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to
 “ have wanted learning, give him the greater com-
 “ mendation : he was naturally learned : he needed
 “ not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he
 “ looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot
 “ say he is every where alike ; were he so, I should
 “ do him injury to compare him with the greatest
 “ of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid ;
 “ his comick wit degenerating into clenches, his se-
 “ rious swelling into bombast. But he is always
 “ great, when some great occasion is presented to
 “ him : No man can say, he ever had a fit subject
 “ for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high
 “ above the rest of poets,

“ *Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*”

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should
 want a commentary ; that his language should be-
 come obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is
 vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human
 things ; that which must happen to all, has happen-
 ed to *Shakespeare*, by accident and time ; and more
 than has been suffered by any other writer since
 the use of types, has been suffered by him through
 his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that su-
 periority of mind, which despised its own perform-
 ances, when it compared them with its powers, and
 judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which
 the criticks of following ages were to contend for
 the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferiour fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIRE

OF BRETHREN,

W I L L I A M

Earle of PEMBROKE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to
the *Kings most excellent Majestie.*

AND

P H I L I P

Earle of MONTGOMERY, &c. Gentleman of his
Majesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of
the most Noble Order of the Garter,
and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHILST we study to be thankefull in our
particular, for the many favors we have
received from your L. L. we are false
upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most divers
things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in
the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when
we value the places your H. H. sustaine, wee cannot
but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the
reading of these trifles: and, while we name them
trifles, we have depriv'd ourselves of the Defence of
our Dedication. But since your L. L. have been
pleas'd to thinke these trifles something, heretofore;
and have prosecuted both them, and their Author
living, with so much favour: we hope, (that they
out-living him, and he not having the fate, common
with

lxxiv THE PLAYERS DEDICATION.

with some, to be Exequutor to his own writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his Playes, to your most Noble Patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the Present worthy of your H. H. by the Perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Countrey hands, reach forth Milke, Creame, Fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gummes and Incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake; It was no fault to approach their gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things, are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships most bounden

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

THE
P R E F A C E
OF THE
P L A Y E R S.

To the great variety of Readers.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell :
There you are number'd, we had rather you
were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all
Bookes depends upon your capacities : and not of
your heads alone, but of your Purfes. Well, it is
now publike, and you will stand for your priviledges.
we know : to reade, and censure. Doe so, but buy it
first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer
sayes. Then, how odde soever your braines be,
or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and
spare not. Judge your fixe-penny'orth, your shillings
worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or
higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome.
But, whatever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive
a Trade, or make the Jacke goe. And though you
be a Magistrate of wit, and sit, on the Stage at *Black-Fryers*,
or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dayly,
know, these Playes have had their triall already, and
stood out all Appeales; and doe now come forth quit-
ted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd
letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been
wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set
forth, and overseene his owne writings; But since it

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hath been ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publisht them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious Copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious Impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His minde and hand went together: And what he thought he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our Province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and again: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

MR. POPE'S

MR. P O P E's
P R E F A C E.

IT is not my design to enter into a Criticism upon this Author; tho' to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just Writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all *English* Poets *Shakespeare* must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for Criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of Beauties and Faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his Works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A design, which tho' it can be no guide to future Criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic Excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other Dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any Author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was *Shakespeare*. *Homer* himself drew not his

art so immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceed thro' *Ægyptian* strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The Poetry of *Shakespear* was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an Imitator, as an Instrument, of Nature; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as Copies of her. Those of other Poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they receiv'd them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in *Shakespear* is as much an Individual, as those in Life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of Character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his Plays, that had all the Speeches been printed without the very names of the Persons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every speaker.

The *Power* over our *Passions* was never possess'd in a more eminent degree, or display'd in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: We are surpriz'd the moment we weep; and yet upon reflexion find the passion so just, that we shou'd be surpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the *Passions* directly opposite to these, Laughter and Spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the

the *Great* than of the *Ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tenderneſſes, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the Passions: In the coolness of reflexion and Reasoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between Penetration and Felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each moment depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and publick scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: So that he seems to have known the world by Intuition, to have look'd thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philosopher and even the Man of the world, may be *Born*, as well as the Poet.

It must be own'd that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think, I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlighten'd a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these Contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) Talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that Stage-Poetry of all other, is more particularly levell'd to please the *Populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *Common Suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if *Shakespear*, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his

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his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The Audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the Images of Life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only but almost all the old Comedies have their Scene among *Tradesmen* and *Mechanicks*: And even their Historical Plays strictly follow the common *Old Stories* or *Vulgar Traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *Surprize* and cause *Admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, Events and Incidents; the most exaggerated Thoughts; the most verbose and bombast Expression; the most pompous Rhymes, and thundering Versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to *Pleaze*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our Author's Wit buoys up, and is born above his subject: his Genius in those low parts is like some Prince of a Romance in the disguise of a Shepherd or Peasant; a certain Greatness and Spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common Audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqu'd themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till *Ben Johnson* getting possession of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost Declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grege*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our Authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients: their Tragedies were only Histories in Dialogue; and their Comedies

medies followed the thread of any Novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true History.

To judge therefore of *Shakespear* by *Aristotle's* rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one Country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *People*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the Learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the Ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of Reputation, and of what Poets are pleas'd to call Immortality: Some or all of which have encourag'd the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it must be observ'd, that when his performances had merited the protection of his Prince, and when the encouragement of the Court had succeeded to that of the Town; the works of his riper years are manifestly rais'd above those of his former. The Dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but Editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compos'd, and whether writ for the Town, or the Court.

Another Cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *Player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a Standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of *Aristotle*. As they live by the Majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as Taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this

view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our Author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By these Men it was thought a praise to *Shakespear*, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by *Ben. Johnson* in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the first folio Edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry the 6th*, which was first published under the title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the 5th*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of Learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his Errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly Defects, but Superfoetations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our Author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascrib'd to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charg'd upon the Poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two Disadvantages which I have mention'd (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest Genius upon earth. Nay the
more.

more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *Want of Learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: There is certainly a vast difference between *Learning and Languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much Reading at least, if they will not call it Learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has Knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural Philosophy, Mechanicks, ancient and modern History, Poetical learning and Mythology: We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of Antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the Spirit, but Manners, of the *Romans* are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shewn, between the manners of the *Romans* in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient Historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages; and the speeches copy'd from *Plutarch* in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copy'd from *Cicero* in *Catiline*, of *Ben Johnson's*. The manners of other nations in general, the *Egyptians*, *Venetians*, *French*, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of Ethic or Politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the Poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. *Waller* (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more

learning this way than *Shakespear*. We have Translations from *Ovid* published in his name, among those Poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority, (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble Patron the Earl of *Southampton* :) He appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays : he follows the *Greek* Authors, and particularly *Dares Phrygius*, in another (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them) The modern *Italian* writers of *Novels* he was manifestly acquainted with ; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the Ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of *Chaucer* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a Tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of *Fletcher*, and more of our Author than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and *Ben Johnson* ; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes ; and nothing is so probable, as that because *Ben Johnson* had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that *Shakespear* had none at all ; and because *Shakespear* had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that *Johnson* wanted both. Because *Shakespear* borrowed nothing, it was said that *Ben Johnson* borrowed every thing. Because *Johnson* did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece ; and because *Shakespear* wrote with ease and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into Praises ; as injudiciously,

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ciously, as their antagonists before had made them Objections.

Poets are always afraid of Envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of Admiration. They are the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of Authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum Laudantes*, says *Tacitus*: and *Virgil* desires to wear a charm against those who praise a Poet without rule or reason.

— *Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne Vati noceat —

But, however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that *Ben Johnson* was introduced upon the Stage, and his first works encouraged, by *Shakespear*. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespear*, which shows as if the friendship had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *Invidious* or *Sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. *Dryden* was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his Contemporaries, but above *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be rank'd with him; and challenges the names of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Æschylus*, nay all *Greece* and *Rome* at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author,

thor, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the Players. *Ben Johnson* might indeed be sparing in his Commendations (tho' certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly, I say, I would fain believe they were friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and Flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *Parties* both in Wit and State, as with those Monsters described by the Poets; and that their *Heads* at least may have something human, tho' their *Bodies* and *Tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of *Shakespear's* want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first Publishers of his works. In these Editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches solus.* Their *French* is as bad as their *Latin*, both in construction and spelling; Their very *Welsh* is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of *Hector's* quoting *Aristotle*, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root; it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a School, or the least conversation with such as had. *Ben Johnson* (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some Latin*; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be *Shakespear's*.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable Errors, which have arisen from one source,

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source, the ignorance of the Players, both as his actors, and as his Editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not *Shakespear* only, but *Aristotle* or *Cicero*, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appear'd to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his Plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in Quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not publish'd by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no Corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry the 4th*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two Prefaces, to the first quarto edition of *Troilus* and *Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasion'd by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two Players, *Heminges* and *Condell*, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other

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editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the Quarto's.

First, because the editions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those Quarto's, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the Author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the Clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: And I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: These men (as it was said of *Procrustes*) either lopping, or stretching an Author, to make him just fit for their Stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *Original Copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the Author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter's Book*, or *Piecemeal Parts* written

out for the use of the actors : For in some places their very names are thro' carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis* : And in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, are inserted into the Text, thro' the ignorance of the Transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided, according as they play'd them ; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of Musick, Masques, or Monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward ; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed ; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any Commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some Characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the Quarto edition of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act 5. *Shakespeare* introduces a kind of Master of the Revels called *Philostrate* : all whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions : So also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the Prompter's Books were what they call'd the Original Copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the Author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character : Or sometimes perhaps for no better

1. Much ado about nothing.

Act 2. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilton, instead of Balthazar. And in Act

4. Cowley, and Kemp, constantly thro' a whole Scene.

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

reason; than that a governing Player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an Underling.

Prose from Verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the Players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the Judgment, as well as Condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best Playhouses were Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the top of the profession were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the stage: They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not plac'd at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely depriv'd of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our Nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearnefs) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had *Shakespear* published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine; but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some Plays to be supposed *Shakespear's* was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted

fitted up for the Theatre while it was under his administration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give Strays to the Lord of the Manor: A mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the House to remove. Yet the Players themselves, *Heminges* and *Condell*, afterwards did *Shakespear* the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his Name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause; (as we learn from what *Ben Johnson* says of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same Author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when *Shakespear* was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great Genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary Additions, Expunctions, Transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of Characters and Persons, wrong application of Speeches, corruptions of innumerable Passages by the Ignorance, and wrong Corrections of 'em again by the Impertinence, of his first Editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which *Shakespear's* writings lye at present; for since the abovementioned Folio Edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making
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the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the Injuries already done him; too much time has elaps'd, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharg'd the dull duty of an Editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this Edition will show itself. The various Readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferr'd into the Text are constantly *ex fide Codicum*, upon authority. The Alterations or Additions which *Shakespear* himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad, (and which seems Interpolations by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an Asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The Scenes are mark'd so distinctly that every removal of place is specify'd; which is more necessary in this Author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguish'd by comma's in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefix'd to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of Criticism (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general Applauses*, or *empty Exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a Catalogue of those first Editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the

corrected passages are authorised, (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them.) These Editions now hold the place of Originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the Author, I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of *Shakespear*, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *Drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finish'd and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of *Gothick* Architecture, compar'd with a neat Modern Building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allow'd, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncooth Passages. Nor does the Whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the parts are childish, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur.

Mr. THEOBALD's
P R E F A C E.

TH E Attempt to write upon SHAKESPEAR is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid Dome thro' the Conveyance of a narrow and obicure Entry. A Glare of Light suddenly breaks upon you beyond what the Avenue at first promis'd : and a thousand Beauties of Genius and Character, like so many gaudy Apartments pouring at once upon the Eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the Mind. The Prospect is too wide to come within the Compass of a single View : 'tis a gay Confusion of pleasing Objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general Admiration ; and they must be separated, and ey'd distinctly, in order to give the proper Entertainment.

And as in great Piles of Building, some Parts are often finish'd up to hit the Taste of the *Connoisseur* ; others more negligently put together, to strike the Fancy of a common and unlearned Beholder : Some Parts are made stupendously magnificent and grand, to surprize with the vast Design and Execution of the Architect ; others are contracted, to amuse you with his Neatness and Elegance in little. So, in *Shakespear*, we may find *Traits* that will stand the Test of the severest Judgment ; and Strokes as carelessly hit off, to the Level of the more ordinary Capacities : Some Descriptions rais'd to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to astonish you with the Compass and Elevation of his Thought ;

Thought: and others copying Nature within so narrow, so confined a Circle, as if the Author's Talent lay only at drawing in Miniature.

In how many points of Light must we be obliged to gaze at this great Poet! In how many Branches of Excellence to consider, and admire him! Whether we view him on the Side of Art or Nature, he ought equally to engage our Attention: Whether we respect the Force and Greatness of his Genius, the Extent of his Knowledge and Reading, the Power and Address with which he throws out and applies either Nature, or Learning, there is ample Scope both for our Wonder and Pleasure. If his Diction, and the cloathing of his Thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charm'd with the Richness, and Variety, of his Images and Ideas! If his Images and Ideas steal into our Souls, and strike upon our Fancy, how much are they improv'd in Price, when we come to reflect with what Propriety and Justness they are apply'd to Character! If we look into his Characters, and how they are furnish'd and proportion'd to the Employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the Mastery of his Portraits! What Draughts of Nature! What Variety of Originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dress'd from the Stores of his own luxurious Imagination; without being the Apes of Mode, or borrowing from any foreign Wardrobe! Each of them are the standards of Fashion for themselves: like Gentlemen that are above the Direction of their Tailors, and can adorn themselves without the aid of Imitation. If other Poets draw more than one Fool or Coxcomb, there is the same Resemblance in them, as in that Painter's Draughts, who was happy only at forming a Rose: you find them all younger Brothers of the same Family, and all of them have a Pretence to give the same Crest: But *Shakespear's* Clowns and Fops come all of a different House: they are no farther allied to one another than

than as Man to Man, Members of the same Species : but as different in Features and Lineaments of Character, as we are from one another in Face, or Complexion. - But I am unawares lanching into his Character as a Writer, before I have said what I intended of him as a private Member of the Republick.

Mr. *Rowe* has very justly observ'd, that People are fond of discovering any little personal Story of the Great Men of Antiquity ; and that the common Accidents of their Lives naturally become the Subject of our critical Enquiries : That however trifling such a Curiosity at the first View may appear, yet, as for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an Author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Works : And, indeed, this Author's Works, from the bad Treatment he has met with from Copyists and Editors, have so long wanted a Comment, that one would zealously embrace every Method of Information, that could contribute to recover them from the injuries with which they have so long lain o'erwhelm'd.

'Tis certain, that if we have first admir'd the Man in his Writings, his Case is so circumstanc'd, that we must naturally admire the Writings in the Man : That if we go back to take a View of his Education, and the Employment in Life which Fortune had cut out for him, we shall retain the stronger Ideas of his extensive Genius.

His Father, we are told, was a considerable Dealer in Wool ; but having no fewer than ten Children, of whom our *Shakespear* was the eldest, the best Education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own Business and Employment. I cannot affirm with any Certainty how long his Father liv'd ; but I take him to be the same Mr. *John Shakespear* who was living in the Year 1599, and who then, in Honour of his Son, took out an Extract of his Family Arms from the Herald's Office ; by which it
appears;

appears, that he had been Officer and Bailiff of *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickshire*; and that he enjoy'd some hereditary Lands and Tenements, the Reward of his Great Grandfather's faithful and approved Service to King *Henry VII.*

Be this as it will, our *Shakespear*, it seems, was bred for some Time at a Free-School; the very Free-School, I presume, founded at *Stratford*: where, we are told, he acquired what *Latin* he was Master of: but, that his Father being oblig'd, thro' Narrowness of Circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any Proficiency in the Dead Languages: A Point that will deserve some little Discussion in the Sequel of this Dissertation.

How long he continued in his Father's Way of Business, either as an Assistant to him, or on his own proper Account, no Notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn precisely at what Period of Life he quitted his native *Stratford*, and began his Acquaintance with *London* and the Stage.

In order to settle in the World after a Family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did so: for by the Monument, in *Stratford* Church, erected to the Memory of his Daughter *Susanna*, the Wife of *John Hall*, Gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d Day of *July*, in the Year 1649, aged 66. So that she was born in 1583, when her Father could not be full 19 Years old; who was himself born in the Year 1564. Nor was she his eldest Child, for he had another Daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*. So that *Shakespear* must have entred into Wedlock by that Time he was turn'd of seventeen Years.

Whether the Force of Inclination merely, or some concurring Circumstance of Convenience in the Match prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be de-

termin'd at this Distance : but 'tis probable, a View of Interest might partly sway his Conduct in this Point: for he married the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, a substantial Yeomen in his Neighbourhood, and she had the Start of him in Age no less than eight Years. She surviv'd him notwithstanding, seven Seasons, and dy'd that very year in which the *Players* publish'd the first Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 Years, as we likewise learn from her Monument in *Stratford Church*.

How long he continued in this kind of Settlement, upon his own Native Spot, is not more easily to be determin'd. But if the Tradition be true, of that Extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his Country and Way of Living ; to wit, his being engag'd, with a Knot of young Deer-stealers, to rob the Park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot* near *Stratford*: the Enterprize favours so much of Youth and Levity, we may reasonably suppose it was before he could write full Man. Besides, considering he has left us six and thirty Plays, at least, avow'd to be genuine ; and considering too, that he had retir'd from the Stage, to spend the latter Part of his Days at his own Native *Stratford* ; the Interval of Time, necessarily required for the finishing so many Dramatic Pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the Playhouse. And as he could, probably, contract no Acquaintance with the Drama, while he was driving on the Affair of Wool at home ; some Time must be lost, even after he had commenc'd Player, before he could attain Knowledge enough in the Science to qualify himself for turning Author.

It has been observ'd by Mr. *Rowe*, that amongst other Extravagancies which our Author has given to his Sir *John Falstaffe*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer ; and that he might at the same Time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of *Justice Shallow*, he has given him

him very near the same Coat of Arms, which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County, describes for a Family there. There are two Coats, I observe, in *Dugdale*, where three Silver Fishes are borne in the Name of *Lucy*; and another Coat, to the Monument of *Thomas Lucy*, Son of Sir *William Lucy*, in which are quarter'd in four several Divisions, twelve little Fishes, three in each Division, probably *Luces*. This very Coat, indeed, seems alluded to in *Shallow's* giving the dozen White *Luces*, and in *Slender* saying *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding Candour and Good-nature of our Author, (which inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him; as the Power of his Wit obliged the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him;) and that he should throw this humorous Piece of Satire at his Prosecutor, at least twenty Years after the Provocation given; I am confidently perswaded it must be owing to an unforgiving Rancour on the Prosecutor's Side: and if This was the Case, it were Pity but the Disgrace of such an Inveteracy should remain as a lasting Reproach, and *Shallow* stand as a Mark of Ridicule to stigmatize his Malice.

It is said, our Author spent some Years before his Death, in Ease, Retirement, and the Conversation of his Friends, at his Native *Stratford*. I could never pick up any certain Intelligence, when He relinquish'd the Stage. I know, it has been mistakenly thought by some, that *Spenser's Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muses*, where she laments the Loss of her *Willy* in the Comic Scene, has been apply'd to our Author's quitting the Stage. But *Spenser* himself, 'tis well known, quitted the Stage of Life in the Year 1598; and, five Years after this, we find *Shakespeare's* Name among the Actors in *Ben Johnson's Sejanus*, which first made its Appearance in the Year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any Thoughts of retiring, since, that very Year, a Licence under the Privy-Seal

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was granted by K. James I. to him and *Fletcher*, *Bur-
bage*, *Phillippes*, *Hemings*, *Condel*, &c. authorizing
them to exercise the Art of playing Comedies, Tra-
gedies, &c. as well at their usual House call'd the
Globe on the other Side of the Water, as in any other
Parts of the Kingdom, during his Majesty's Pleasure :
(A Copy of which Licence is preserv'd in *Rymer's Fæ-
dera*.) Again, 'tis certain, that *Shakespear* did not
exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the Union was brought
about, and till after King *James I.* had begun to touch
for the *Evil* : for 'tis plain, he has inserted Compli-
ments, on both those Accounts, upon his Royal Ma-
ster in that Tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the Num-
ber of the Dramatic Pieces, he produced, admit of his
retiring near so early as that Period. So that what
Spenser there says, if it relate at all to *Shakespear*, must
hint at some occasional Recess he made for a time up-
on a Disgust taken : or the *Willy*, there mention'd,
must relate to some other favourite Poet. I believe,
we may safely determine that he had not quitted in the
Year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our Author makes
mention of the *Bermuda Islands*, which were unknown
to the *English*, till, in 1609, Sir *John Summers* made
a Voyage to *North-America*, and discover'd them :
and afterwards invited some of his Countrymen to
settle a Plantation there. That he became the private
Gentleman, at least three Years before his Decease, is
pretty obvious from another Circumstance : I mean,
from that remarkable and well-known Story, which
Mr. *Rowe* has given us of our Author's Intimacy with
Mr. *John Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts
for his Wealth and Usury : and upon whom *Shake-
spear* made the following facetious Epitaph.

*Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his Soul is not sav'd ;
If any Man ask who lies in this Tomb,
Oh ! oh ! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

This

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This farcaſtical Piece of Wit was, at the Gentleman's own Requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his Company. And this Mr. *John Combe* I take to be the ſame, who, by *Dugdale* in his Antiquities of *Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have dy'd in the Year 1614, and for whom at the upper end of the Quire, of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at *Stratford*, a fair Monument is erected, having a Statue thereon cut in Alabaſter, and in a Gown, with this Epitaph. “ Here lyeth interr'd
“ the Body of *John Combe* Eſq; who dy'd the 10th
“ of *July*, 1614, who bequeathed ſeveral Annual
“ Charities to the Pariſh of *Stratford*, and 100 *l.* to
“ be lent to fifteen poor Tradeſmen from three years
“ to three years, changing the Parties every third
“ Year, at the Rate of fifty Shillings *per Annum*, the
“ Increate to be diſtributed to the Almes-poor there.”
—— The Donation has all the Air of a rich and ſaga-
cious Uſurer.

Shakeſpear, himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. *Combe* long, for he dy'd in the Year 1616, the 53d of his Age. He lies buried on the North Side of the Chancel in the great Church at *Stratford*; where a Monument, decent enough for the Time, is erected to him, and plac'd againſt the Wall. He is repreſented under an Arch in a ſitting Poſture, a Cuſhion ſpread before him, with a Pen in his Right Hand, and his Left reſted on a Scroll of Paper. The *Latin* Diſtich, which is placed under the Cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. *Pope*, or his Graver, in this Manner.

INGENIO Pylium, Genio Socratem, Arte
Maronem,
Terra tegit, Populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I confeſs, I don't conceive the Difference betwixt *Ingenio* and *Genio* in the firſt Verſe. They ſeem to me intirely ſynonymous Terms; nor was the *Pylian* Sage *Neftor* celebrated for his Ingenuity, but for an Ex-
f 3 perience

perience and Judgment owing to his long Age. *Dugdale*, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, has copied this Distich with a Distinction which *Mr. Rowe* has follow'd, and which certainly restores us the true Meaning of this Epitaph.

JUDICIO Pylium, Genio Socratem, &c.

In 1614, the greater Part of the Town of *Stratford* was consumed by Fire; but our *Shakespear's* House, among some others, escap'd the Flames. This House was first built by Sir *Hugh Clopton*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family in that Neighbourhood, who took their Name from the Manor of *Clopton*. Sir *Hugh* was Sheriff of *London* in the Reign of *Richard III.* and Lord Mayor in the Reign of King *Henry VII.* To this Gentleman the Town of *Stratford* is indebted for the fine Stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen Arches, which at an extraordinary Expence he built over the *Avon*, together with a Cause-way running at the West-end thereof; as also for rebuilding the Chapel adjoining to his House, and the Cross-Isle in the Church there. It is remarkable of him, that, tho' he liv'd and dy'd a Bachelor, among the other extensive Charities which he left both to the City of *London* and Town of *Stratford*, he bequeath'd considerable Legacies for the Marriage of poor Maidens of good Name and Fame both in *London* and at *Stratford*. Notwithstanding which large Donations in his Life, and Bequests at his Death, as he had purchased the Manor of *Clopton*, and all the Estate of the Family, so he left the same again to his elder Brother's Son with a very great Addition: (a Proof, how well Beneficence and Economy may walk hand in hand in wise Families :) Good Part of which Estate is yet in the Possession of *Edward Clopton*, Esq; and Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. lineally descended from the elder Brother of the first Sir *Hugh*: Who particularly bequeathed to his

Nephew,

Nephew, by his Will, his House, by the Name of his *Great-House* in *Stratford*.

The Estate had now been sold out of the *Clopton* Family for above a Century, at the time when *Shakespeare* became the Purchaser: who, having repair'd and modell'd it to his own Mind, chang'd the Name to *New-place*; which the Mansion-house, since erected upon the same Spot, at this day retains. The House and Lands, which attended it, continued in *Shakespeare's* Descendants to the Time of the *Restoration*: when they were repurchased by the *Clopton* Family, and the Mansion now belongs to Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. To the Favour of this worthy Gentleman I owe the Knowledge of one Particular, in Honour of our Poet's once Dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr. Rowe never was appriz'd. When the Civil War raged in *England*, and K. *Charles the First's* Queen was driven by the Necessity of Affairs to make a Recess in *Warwickshire*, she kept her Court for three Weeks in *New-place*. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private House in the Town; and her Majesty preferr'd it to the *College*, which was in the Possession of the *Combe* Family, who did not so strongly favour the King's Party.

How much our Author employ'd himself in Poetry, after his Retirement from the Stage, does not so evidently appear: Very few posthumous Sketches of his Pen have been recover'd to ascertain that Point. We have been told, indeed, in Print, but not till very lately, That two large Chests full of this Great Man's loose Papers and Manuscripts, in the Hands of an ignorant Baker of *Warwick*, (who married one of the Descendants from our *Shakespeare*) were carelessly scatter'd and thrown about, as Garret-Lumber, and Litter, to the particular Knowledge of the late Sir *William Bishop*, till they were all consumed in the general Fire and Destruction of that Town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the Authority of this Tradition;

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because his Wife surviv'd him seven Years, and as his Favourite Daughter *Susanna* surviv'd her twenty-six Years, 'tis very improbable, they should suffer such a Treasure to be remov'd, and translated into a remoter Branch of the Family, without a Scrutiny first made into the Value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the Authority of the Relation : but, notwithstanding such an apparent Improbability, if we really lost such a Treasure, by whatever Fatality or Caprice of Fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful Hands, I agree with the *Relater*, the Misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To these Particulars, which regard his Person and private Life, some few more are to be glean'd from Mr. ROWE's Account of his *Life* and *Writings* : Let us now take a short View of him in his publick Capacity, as a *Writer* : and, from thence, the Transition will be easy to the *State* in which his *Writings* have been handed down to us.

No Age perhaps, can produce an Author more various from himself, than *Shakespear* has been universally acknowledged to be. The Diversity in Stile, and other Parts of Composition, so obvious in him, is as variously to be accounted for. His Education, we find, was at best but begun : and he started early into a Science from the Force of Genius, unequally assisted by acquir'd Improvements. His Fire, Spirit, and Exuberance of Imagination gave an impetuosity to his Pen : His Ideas flow'd from him in a Stream rapid, but not turbulent ; copious, but not ever over-bearing its Shores. The Ease and Sweetness of his Temper might not a little contribute to his Facility in Writing : as his Employment, as a *Player*, gave him an Advantage and Habit of fancying himself the very Character he meant to delineate. He used the Helps of his Function in forming himself to create and express that *Sublime*, which other Actors can only copy, and throw out, in Action and graceful Attitude. But

Nullum

Nullum sine Veniâ placuit Ingenium, says *Seneca*. The Genius, that gives us the greatest Pleasure, sometimes stands in Need of our Indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to *Shakespear* I would willingly impute it to a Vice of *his Times*. We see Complaisance enough, in our Days, paid to a *bad Taste*. So that his *Clinches*, *false Wit*, and descending beneath himself, may have proceeded from a Deference paid to the then *reigning Barbarism*.

I have not thought it out of my Province, whenever Occasion offer'd, to take notice of some of our Poet's grand Touches of Nature : Some, that do not appear superficially such ; but in which he seems the most deeply instructed ; and to which, no doubt, he has so much ow'd that happy Preservation of his *Characters*, for which he is justly celebrated. Great Genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are satisfy'd to conceal their Art in these Points. 'Tis the Foible of your worser Poets to make a Parade and Ostentation of that little Science they have ; and to throw it out in the most ambitious Colours. And whenever a Writer of this Class shall attempt to copy these artful Concealments of our Author, and shall either think them easy, or practis'd by a Writer for his Ease, he will soon be convinced of his Mistake by the Difficulty of reaching the Imitation of them.

Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustrâque laboret,
Ausus idem : ———

Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the Beauties of *Shakespear*, as they come singly in Review, would be as insipid, as endless ; as tedious, as unnecessary : But the Explanation of those Beauties, that are less obvious to common Readers, and whose Illustration depends on the Rules of just Criticism, and an exact knowledge of human Life, should deservedly have a Share in a general Critic upon the Author.

Author. But, to pass over at once to another Subject :——

It has been allow'd on all hands, how far our Author was indebted to *Nature*; it is not so well agreed, how much he ow'd to *Languages* and acquired *Learning*. The Decisions on this Subject were certainly set on Foot by the Hint from *Ben Johnson*, that he had small *Latin* and less *Greek* : And from this Tradition, as it were, Mr. *Rowe* has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, " It is without Controversy, he had no
 " Knowledge of the Writings of the ancient Poets,
 " for that in his Works we find no Traces of any
 " thing which looks like an imitation of the Ancients.
 " For the Delicacy of his Taste (*continues He,*) and
 " the natural Bent of his own great Genius, (equal,
 " if not superior, to some of the Best of theirs ;)
 " would certainly have led him to read and study them
 " with so much Pleasure, that some of their fine
 " Images would naturally have insinuated themselves in-
 " to, and been mix'd with his own Writings : and so his
 " not copying, at least, something from them, may
 " be an Argument of his never having read them." I shall leave it to the Determination of my Learned Readers, from the numerous Passages, which I have occasionally quoted in my Notes, in which our Poet seems closely to have imitated the Classics, whether Mr. *Rowe*'s Assertion be so absolutely to be depended on. The Result of the Controversy must certainly, either way, terminate to our Author's Honour : how happily he could imitate them, if that Point be allowed ; or how gloriously he could think like them, without owing any thing to Imitation.

Tho' I should be very unwilling to allow *Shakespeare* so poor a Scholar, as Many have labour'd to represent him, yet I shall be very cautious of declaring too positively on the other side of the Question : that is, with regard to my Opinion of his Knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the Passages, that

I occasionally quote from the *Classics*, shall not be urged as Proofs that he knowingly imitated those Originals ; but brought to shew how happily he has express'd himself upon the same Topicks. A very learned Critick of our own Nation has declar'd, that a Sameness of Thought and Sameness of Expression too, in Two Writers of a different Age, can hardly happen, without a violent Suspicion of the latter copying from his Predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great Risque of a Censure, tho' I should venture to hint, that the Resemblances in Thought and Expression, of our Author and an Ancient (which we should allow to be Imitation in the One, whose Learning was not question'd) may sometimes take its Rise from Strength of Memory, and those Impressions which he owed to the School. And if we may allow a Possibility of This, considering that, when he quitted the School he gave into his Father's Profession and way of Living, and had, 'tis likely, but a slender Library of Classcal Learning ; and considering what a Number of Translations, Romances, and Legends, started about his Time, and a little before ; (most of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may easily be reconciled why he rather schemed his *Plots* and *Characters* from these more latter Informations, than went back to those Fountains, for which he might entertain a sincere Veneration, but to which he could not have so ready a Recourse.

In touching on another Part of his Learning, as it related to the Knowledge of *History*, and *Books*, I shall advance something, that, at first sight, will very much wear the Appearance of a Paradox. For I shall find it no hard Matter to prove, that, from the grossest Blunders in History, we are not to infer his real Ignorance of it: Nor from a greater Use of *Latin* Words, than ever any other *English* Author used, must we infer his intimate Acquaintance with that Language.

A Reader of Taste may easily observe, that tho' *Shakespear*, almost in every Scene of his historical Plays, commits the grossest Offences against Chronology, History, and Ancient Politicks; yet This was not thro' Ignorance, as is generally supposed, but thro' the too powerful Blaze of his Imagination; which, when once raised, made all acquired Knowledge vanish and disappear before it. But this Licence in him, as I have said, must not be imputed to Ignorance: since as often we may find him, when Occasion serves, reasoning up to the Truth of History; and throwing out Sentiments as justly adapted to the Circumstances of his Subject, as to the Dignity of his Characters, or Dictates of Nature in general.

Then to come to his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, 'tis certain, there is a surprising Effusion of *Latin* Words made *English*, far more than in any one *English* Author I have seen; but we must be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the *English* Tongue, in his Age, began extremely to suffer by an inundation of *Latin*: And this, to be sure, was occasion'd by the Pedantry of those two Monarchs, *Elizabeth* and *James*, Both great *Latinists*. For it is not to be wonder'd at, if both the Court and Schools, equal Flatterers of Power, should adapt themselves to the Royal Taste.

But now I am touching on the Question, (which has been so frequently agitated, yet so entirely undecided) of his Learning and Acquaintance with the Languages; an additional Word or two naturally falls in here upon the Genius of our Author, as compared with that of *Johnson* his Contemporary. They are confessedly the greatest Writers our Nation could ever boast of in the *Drama*. The first, we say, owed all to his prodigious natural Genius; and the other a great deal to his Art and Learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable Appearance in their Writings. Besides those wonderful Masterpieces of
Art

Art and Genius, which each has given us; They are the Authors of other Works very unworthy of them: But with this Difference; that in *Johnson's* bad Pieces we don't discover one single Trace of the Author of the *Fox* and *Alchymist*: but in the wild extravagant Notes of *Shakespear*, you every now and then encounter Strains that recognize the divine Composer. This Difference may be thus accounted for. *Johnson*, as we said before, owing all his Excellence to his Art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an uncommon Pitch, when at other times he unbent and play'd with his Subject, having nothing then to support him, it is no wonder he wrote so far beneath himself. But *Shakespear*, indebted more largely to Nature, than the Other to acquired Talents, in his most negligent Hours could never so totally divest himself of his Genius, but that it would frequently break out with astonishing Force and Splendor.

As I have never propos'd to dilate farther on the Character of my Author, than was necessary to explain the Nature and Use of this Edition, I shall proceed to consider him as a Genius in Possession of an everlasting Name. And how great that Merit must be, which could gain it against all the Disadvantages of the horrid Condition in which he has hitherto appear'd! Had *Homer*, or any other admir'd Author, first started into Publick so maim'd and deform'd, we cannot determine whether they had not sunk for ever under the Ignominy of such an ill Appearance. The mangled Condition of *Shakespear* has been acknowledged by Mr. *Rowe*, who publish'd him indeed, but neither corrected his Text, nor collated the old Copies. This Gentleman had Abilities, and sufficient Knowledge of his Author, had but his Industry been equal to his Talents. The same mangled Condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. *Pope*, who publish'd him likewise, pretended to have collated the old Copies, and yet seldom has corrected the Text but to its Injury.

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jury. I congratulate with the *Manes* of our Poet, that this Gentleman has been sparing in *indulging his private Sense*, as he phrases it; for He, who tampers with an Author, whom he does not understand, must do it at the Expence of his Subject. I have made it evident throughout my Remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a Wound where he intended a Cure. He has acted with regard to our Author, as an Editor, whom LIPSIVS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus est nescio quis Popa, qui non vitia ejus, sed ipsum excidit.* He has attack'd him like an unhandy *Slaughterman*; and not lopp'd off the *Errors*, but the *Poet*.

When this is found to be the Fact, how absurd must appear the Praises of such an Editor? It seems a moot Point, whether Mr. *Pope* has done most Injury to *Shakespear* as his Editor and Encomiast; or Mr. *Rymer* done him Service as his Rival and Censurer. They have Both shewn themselves in an equal *Impuissance* of suspecting, or amending, the corrupted Passages: and tho' it be neither Prudence to censure, or commend, what one does not understand; yet if a man must do one when he plays the Critick, the latter is the more ridiculous Office: And by That *Shakespear* suffers most. For the natural Veneration, which we have for him, makes us apt to swallow whatever is given us as *his*, and set off with Encomiums; and hence we quit all Suspicions of Depravity: On the contrary, the Censure of so divine an Author sets us upon his Defence; and this produces an exact Scrutiny and Examination, which ends in finding out and discriminating the true from the spurious.

It is not with any secret Pleasure, that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. *Pope* as a Critick; but there are Provocations, which a Man can never quite forget. His Libels have been thrown out with so much Inverteracy, that, not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *Christian*, they leave it a Question whether they *could*

could come from a *Man*. I should be loth to doubt, as *Quintus Serenus* did in a like Case,

*Sive homo, seu similis turpissima bestia nobis,
Vulnere dente dedit.*

The Indignation, perhaps, for being represented a *Blockhead*, may be as strong in us as it is in the Ladies for a Reflexion on their *Beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to Him for some *flagrant Civilities*; and I shall willingly devote a Part of my Life to the honest Endeavour of quitting Scores: with this Exception however, that I will not return those Civilities in his *peculiar Strain*, but confine myself, at least, to the Limits of *common Decency*. I shall ever think it better to want *Wit*, than to want *Humanity*: and impartial Posterity may, perhaps, be of my Opinion.

But, to return to my Subject; which now calls upon me to inquire into those Causes, to which the Depravations of my Author originally may be assign'd. We are to consider him as a Writer, of whom no authentic Manuscript was left extant; as a Writer, whose Pieces were dispersedly perform'd on the several *Stages* then in Being. And it was the Custom of those Days for the Poets to take a Price of the *Players* for the Pieces They from time to time furnish'd; and there-upon it was suppos'd, they had no farther Right to print them without the Consent of the *Players*. As it was the Interest of the *Companies* to keep their Plays unpublish'd, when any one succeeded, there was a Contest betwixt the Curiosity of the Town, who demanded to see it in Print, and the Policy of the *Stagers*, who wish'd to secrete it within their own Walls. Hence, many Pieces were taken down in Short-hand, and imperfectly copied by Ear, from a *Representation*: Others were printed from piece-meal Parts surreptitiously obtain'd from the Theatres, uncorrect, and without the Poet's Knowledge. To some of these Causes we owe the Train of Blemishes, that deform those Pieces
which

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which stole singly into the World in our Author's Life-time.

There are still other Reasons, which may be suppos'd to have affected the whole Set. When the *Players* took upon them to publish his Works intire, every Theatre was ransack'd to supply the Copy; and *Parts* collected, which had gone thro' as many Changes as Performers, either from Mutilations or Additions made to them. Hence we derive many Chasms and Incoherences in the Sense and Matter. Scenes were frequently transposed, and shuffled out of their true Place, to humour the Caprice, or suppos'd Convenience, of some particular Actor. Hence much Confusion and Impropriety has attended, and embarras'd the Business and Fable. To these obvious Causes of Corruption it must be added, That our Author has lain under the Disadvantage of having his Errors propagated and multiplied by Time: because, for near a Century, his Works were publish'd from the faulty Copies, without the Assistance of any intelligent Editor: which has been the Case likewise of many a *Classic* Writer.

The Nature of any Distemper once found has generally been the immediate Step to a Cure. *Shakespeare's* Case has in a great Measure resembled That of a corrupt *Classic*; and, consequently, the Method of Cure was likewise to bear a Resemblance. By what Means, and with what Success, this Cure has been effected on ancient Writers, is too well known, and needs no formal Illustration. The Reputation, consequent on Tasks of that Nature, invited me to attempt the Method here; with this view, the Hopes of restoring to the Publick their greatest Poet in his original Purity: after having so long lain in a Condition that was a Disgrace to common Sense. To this end I have ventur'd on a Labour, that is the first Assay of the kind on any modern Author whatsoever. For the late Edition of *Milton* by the Learned Dr. *Bentley* is, in the main, a Performance of another Species.

Species. It is plain, it was the Intention of that Great Man rather to correct and pare off the Excrescencies of the *Paradise Lost*, in the Manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employ'd to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to restore corrupted Passages. Hence, therefore, may be seen either the Iniquity or Ignorance of his Censurers, who, from some Expressions, would make us believe, the *Doctor* every where gives us his Corrections as the original Text of the Author; whereas the chief Turn of his Criticism is plainly to shew the World, that if *Milton* did not write as He would have him, he ought to have wrote so.

I thought proper to premise this Observation to the Readers, as it will shew that the Critic on *Shakespeare* is of a quite different Kind. His genuine Text is for the most part religiously adher'd to, and the numerous Faults and Blemishes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is alter'd, but what by the clearest Reasoning can be proved a Corruption of the true Text; and the Alteration, a real Restoration of the genuine Reading. Nay, so strictly have I strove to give the true Reading, tho' sometimes not to the Advantage of my Author, that I have been ridiculously ridicul'd for it by Those, who either were iniquitously for turning every thing to my Disadvantage; or else were totally ignorant of the true Duty of an Editor.

The Science of Criticism, as far as it affects an Editor, seems to be reduced to these three Classes; the Emendation of corrupt Passages; the Explanation of obscure and difficult ones; and an Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of Composition. This Work is principally confin'd to the two former Parts: tho' there are some Specimens interspers'd of the latter Kind, as several of the Emendations were best supported, and several of the Difficulties best explain'd, by taking notice of the Beauties and Defects of the Composition peculiar to this Immortal Poet. But This was but occasional, and for the sake only of

perfecting the two other Parts, which were the proper Objects of the Editor's Labour. The third lies open for every willing Undertaker: and I shall be pleas'd to see it the Employment of a masterly Pen.

It must necessarily happen, as I have formerly observ'd, that where the Assistance of Manuscripts is wanting to set an Author's Meaning right, and rescue him from those Errors which have been transmitted down thro' a Series of incorrect Editions, and a long Intervention of Time, many Passages must be desperate, and past a Cure; and their true Sense irretrievable either to Care or the Sagacity of Conjecture. But is there any Reason therefore to say, That because All cannot be retriev'd, All ought to be left desperate? We should shew very little Honesty, or Wisdom, to play the Tyrants with an Author's Text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all Adventures, and to the utter Detriment of his Sense and Meaning: But to be so very reserved and cautious, as to interpose no Relief or Conjecture, where it manifestly labours and cries out for Assistance, seems, on the other hand, an indolent Absurdity.

As there are very few pages in *Shakespear*, upon which some Suspicions of Depravity do not reasonably arise; I have thought it my Duty, in the first place, by a diligent and laborious Collation to take in the Assistances of all the older Copies.

In his *Historical Plays*, whenever our *English* Chronicles, and in his Tragedies when *Greek* or *Roman* Story, could give any Light; no Pains have been omitted to set Passages right by comparing my Author with his Originals: for, as I have frequently observed, he was a close and accurate Copier where-ever his *Fable* was founded on *History*.

Where-ever the Author's Sense is clear and discoverable, (tho', perchance, low and trivial;) I have not by any Innovation tamper'd with his Text; out of an
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Ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old Copies have done.

Where, thro' all the former Editions, a Passage has labour'd under flat Nonsense and invincible Darkneſs, if, by the Addition or Alteration of a Letter or two, or a Transpoſition in the Pointing, I have reſtored to Him both Senſe and Sentiment; ſuch Correſtions, I am perſuaded, will need no Indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater Latitude and Liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavour'd to ſupport my Correſtions and Conjeſtures by parallel Paſſages and Authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt Means of expounding any Author whatſoever. *Cette voie d'interpreter un Auteur par lui-même eſt plus ſure que tous les Commentaires*, ſays a very learned French Critick.

As to my *Notes*, (from which the common and learned Readers of our Author, I hope, will derive ſome Satisfaction;) I have endeavour'd to give them a Variety in ſome Proportion to their Number. Where-ever I have ventur'd at an Emendation, a *Note* is conſtantly ſubjoin'd to juſtify and aſſert the Reason of it. Where I only offer a Conjeſture, and do not diſturb the Text, I fairly ſet forth my Grounds for ſuch Conjeſture, and ſubmit it to Judgment. Some Remarks are ſpent in explaining Paſſages, where the Wit or Satire depends on an obſcure Point of Hiſtory: Others, where Alluſions are to Divinity, Philoſophy, or other Branches of Science. Some are added to ſhew, where there is a Suſpicion of our Author having borrow'd from the Ancients: Others, to ſhew where he is rallying his Contemporaries; or where He himſelf is rallied by them. And ſome are neceſſarily thrown in, to explain an obſcure and obſolete *Term*, *Phraſe*, or *Idea*. I once-intended to have added a complete and copious *Gloſſary*; but as I have been importun'd, and am prepar'd, to give a correct Edition of our Author's POEMS, (in which many Terms occur that are not to be met with in his Plays,)

I thought a *Glossary* to all *Shakespeare's* Works more proper to attend that Volume.

In reforming an infinite Number of Passages in the *Pointing*, where the Sense was before quite lost, I have frequently subjoin'd Notes to shew the *deprav'd*, and to prove the *reform'd*, *Pointing*: a Part of Labour in this Work which I could very willingly have spar'd myself. May it not be objected, why then have you burden'd us with these Notes? The Answer is obvious, and, if I mistake not, very material. Without such Notes, these Passages in subsequent Editions would be liable, thro' the Ignorance of Printers and Correctors, to fall into the old Confusion: Whereas, a Note on every one hinders all possible Return to Depravity; and for ever secures them in a State of Purity and Integrity not to be lost or forfeited.

Again, as some Notes have been necessary to point out the Detection of the corrupted Text, and establish the Restoration of the genuine Readings; some others have been as necessary for the Explanation of Passages obscure and difficult. To understand the Necessity and Use of this Part of my Task, some Particulars of my Author's Character are previously to be explain'd. There are *Obscurities* in him, which are common to him with all Poets of the same Species; there are Others, the Issue of the Times he liv'd in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himself. The Nature of Comic Poetry being entirely satirical, it busies itself more in exposing what we call Caprice and Humour, than Vices cognizable to the Laws. The *English*, from the Happiness of a free Constitution, and a Turn of Mind peculiarly speculative and inquisitive, are observ'd to produce more *Humourists* and a greater Variety of original *Characters*, than any other People whatsoever: And These owing their immediate Birth to the peculiar Genius of each Age, an infinite Number of Things alluded to, glanced at, and expos'd, must needs become obscure, as the *Characters* themselves

selves are antiquated, and disused. An Editor therefore should be well vers'd in the History and Manners of his Author's Age, if he aims at doing him a Service in this Respect.

Besides, *Wit* lying mostly in the Assemblage of *Ideas*, and in the putting Those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance, or Congruity, to make up pleasant Pictures, and agreeable Visions in the Fancy; the Writer, who aims at Wit, must of course range far and wide for Materials. Now, the Age, in which *Shakespeare* liv'd, having, above all others, a wonderful Affection to appear Learned, They declined vulgar Images, such as are immediately fetch'd from Nature, and rang'd thro' the Circle of the Sciences to fetch their Ideas from thence. But as the Resemblances of such Ideas to the Subject must necessarily lie very much out of the common Way, and every Piece of Wit appear a Riddle to the Vulgar; This, that should have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural Tract they were in, (and induce them to follow a more natural One,) was the very Thing that kept them attach'd to it. The ostentatious Affectation of abstruse Learning, peculiar to that Time, the Love that Men naturally have to every Thing that looks like Mystery, fixed them down to this Habit of Obscurity. Thus became the Poetry of *DONNE* (tho' the wittiest Man of that Age,) nothing but a continued Heap of Riddles. And our *Shakespeare*, with all his easy Nature about him, for want of the Knowledge of the true Rules of Art, falls frequently into this vicious Manner.

The third Species of *Obscurities*, which deform our Author, as the Effects of his own Genius and Character, are Those that proceed from his peculiar Manner of *Thinking*, and as peculiar a Manner of *cloathing* those *Thoughts*. With regard to his *Thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general Knowledge of all the Sciences: But his Acquaintance was rather That of a

Traveller, than a Native. Nothing in Philosophy was unknown to him; but every Thing in it had the Grace and Force of Novelty. And as Novelty is one main Source of Admiration, we are not to wonder that He has perpetual Allusions to the most recondite Parts of the Sciences: and This was done not so much out of Affectation, as the Effect of Admiration begot by Novelty. Then, as to his *Style* and *Diction*, we may much more justly apply to SHAKESPEAR, what a celebrated Writer has said of MILTON; *Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul which furnish'd him with such glorious Conceptions.* He therefore frequently uses old Words, to give his Diction an Air of Solemnity; as he coins others, to express the Novelty and Variety of his Ideas.

Upon every distinct Species of these *Obscurities* I have thought it my Province to employ a Note, for the Service of my Author, and the Entertainment of my Readers. A few transient Remarks too I have not scrupled to intermix, upon the Poet's *Negligences* and *Omissions* in point of Art; but I have done it always in such a Manner, as will testify my Deference and Veneration for the immortal Author. Some Censurers of *Shakespear*, and particularly Mr. *Rymer*, have taught me to distinguish betwixt the *Railer* and *Critic*. The Outrage of his Quotations is so remarkably violent, so push'd beyond all bounds of Decency and sober Reasoning, that it quite carries over the Mark at which it was levell'd. Extravagant Abuse throws off the Edge of the intended Disparagement, and turns the Madman's Weapon into his own Bosom. In short, as to *Rymer*, This is my Opinion of him from his *Criticisms* on the *Tragedies* of the Last Age. He writes with great Vivacity, and appears to have been a Scholar: but, as for his Knowledge of the Art of Poetry, I can't perceive it was any deeper than his Acquaintance with *Bossu* and *Dacier*, from whom he has transcrib'd many of the best Reflexions. The
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late Mr. *Gildon* was one attached to *Rymer* by a similar way of Thinking and Studies. They were both of that Species of Criticks, who are desirous of displaying their Powers rather in finding Faults, than in consulting the Improvement of the World: the *hypercritical* Part of the Science of *Criticism*.

I had not mentioned the modest Liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my Author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the splenetick Exaggerations of my Adversaries on this Head. From past Experiments I have reason to be conscious, in what Light this Attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modest Liberty*, will, by a little of their Dexterity, be inverted into downright *Impudence*. From a hundred mean and dishonest Artifices employ'd to discredit this Edition, and to cry down its Editor, I have all the Grounds in Nature to beware of Attacks. But tho' the Malice of Wit, join'd to the Smoothness of Versification, may furnish some Ridicule; Fact, I hope, will be able to stand its Ground against Banter and Gaiety.

It has been my Fate, it seems, as I thought it my Duty, to discover some *Anachronisms* in our Author; which might have slept in Obscurity but for *this Restorer*, as Mr. *Pope* is pleas'd affectionately to stile me: as, for Instance, where *Aristotle* is mentioned by *Hector* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*: and *Galen*, *Cato*, and *Alexander* the Great in *Coriolanus*. These in Mr. *Pope's* Opinion, are Blunders, which, the Illiteracy of the first Publishers of his Works has father'd upon the Poet's Memory: *it not being at all credible, that These could be the Errors of any Man who had the least Tincture of a School, or the least Conversation with Such as had.* But I have sufficiently proved, in the course of my *Notes*, that such *Anachronisms* were the Effect of Poetic Licence, rather than of Ignorance in our Poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modest Question by the way, Why may not I restore an *Anachronism*

really made by our Author, as well as Mr. *Pope* take the Privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his Head to make; as I may venture to affirm he had not, in the Instance of Sir *Francis Drake*, to which I have spoke in the proper Place?

But who shall dare make any Words about this Freedom of Mr. *Pope's* towards *Shakespear*, if it can be prov'd, that, in his Fits of Criticism, he makes no more Ceremony with good *Homer* himself? To try, then, a Criticism of his own advancing; In the 8th Book of the *Odyssey*, where *Demodocus* sings the Episode of the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*; and that, upon their being taken in the Net by *Vulcan*,

“ *The God of Arms*
 “ *Must pay the Penalty for lawless Charms;*

Mr. *Pope* is so kind gravely to inform us, “ That *Homer* in This, as in many other Places, seems to allude to the Laws of *Athens*, where Death was the Punishment of Adultery.” But how is this significant Observation made out? Why, who can possibly object any Thing to the contrary? — Does not *Pausanias* relate, that *Draco* the Lawgiver to the Athenians granted Impunity to any Person that took Revenge upon an Adulterer? And was it not also the Institution of *Solon*, that if Any One took an Adulterer in the Fact, he might use him as he pleas'd? These Things are very true: and to see what a good Memory, and sound Judgment in Conjunction can atchieve! Tho' *Homer's* Date is not determin'd down to a single Year, yet 'tis pretty generally agreed that he liv'd above 300 Years before *Draco* and *Solon*: And That, it seems, has made him seem to allude to the very Laws, which these Two Legislators propounded above 300 Years after. If this Inference be not sometimes like an *Anachronism* or *Prolepsis*, I'll look once more into my Lexicons for the true Meaning of the Words. It appears to me, that somebody besides *Mars* and *Venus* has been

been caught in a Net by this Episode : and I could call in other Instances to confirm what treacherous Tackle this Net-work is, if not cautiously handled.

How just, notwithstanding, I have been in detecting the *Anachronisms* of my Author, and in defending him for the Use of them, our late Editor seems to think, they should rather have slept in Obscurity : and the having discovered them is sneer'd at, as a sort of wrong-headed Sagacity.

The numerous Corrections, which I made of the Poet's Text in my *SHAKESPEAR Restor'd*, and which the Publick have been so kind to think well of, are, in the Appendix of Mr. *Pope's* last Edition, slightly call'd *Various Readings, Guesses, &c.* He confesses to have inserted as many of them as he judg'd of any the least Advantage to the Poet ; but says, that the whole amounted to about 25 Words : and pretends to have annexed a compleat List of the rest, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my Book, will at one Glance see, how in both these Points Veracity is strain'd, so an Injury might but be done. *Malus, etsi obesse non potest, tamen, cogitat.*

Another Expedient, to make my Work appear of a trifling Nature, has been an Attempt to depreciate *Literal Criticism*. To this end, and to pay a servile Compliment to Mr. *Pope*, an *Anonymous* Writer has, like a *Scotch* Pedlar in Wit, unbraced his Pack on the Subject. But, that his Virulence might not seem to be levelled singly at me, he has done me the Honour to join Dr. *Bentley* in the Libel. I was in hopes, we should have been both abused with Smartness of Satire, at least ; tho' not with Solidity of Argument : that it might have been worth some Reply in Defence of the Science attacked. But I may fairly say of this Author, as *Falstaffe* does of *Poins* ; *Hang him, Baboon ! his Wit is as thick as Tewksbury Mustard ; there is no more Conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.* If
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it be not Prophanation to set the Opinion of the divine *Longinus* against such a Scribler, he tells us expressly, "That to make a Judgment upon *Words* (and "*Writings*) is the most consummate Fruit of much "*Experience*." ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταίου ἐπιγένημα. Whenever Words are depraved, the Sense of course must be corrupted; and thence the Reader's betray'd into a false Meaning.

If the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages have receiv'd the greatest Advantages imaginable from the Labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two last Ages; by whose Aid and Assistance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that Art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when those Tongues flourish'd as living Languages: I should account it a peculiar Happiness, that, by the faint Assay I have made in this Work, a Path might be chalk'd out, for abler Hands, by which to derive the same Advantages to our own Tongue: a Tongue, which, tho' it wants none of the fundamental Qualities of an universal Language, yet, as a *noble Writer* says, lisps and stammers as in its Cradle; and has produced little more towards its polishing than Complaints of its Barbarity.

Having now run thro' all those Points, which I intended should make any Part of this Dissertation, and having in my *former* Edition made publick Acknowledgments of the Assistances lent me, I shall conclude with a brief Account of the Methods taken in *This*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the Bulk and Price of the Impression, that the Notes, wherever they would admit of it, might be abridg'd: for which Reason I have curtail'd a great Quantity of Such, in which Explanations were too prolix, or Authorities in Support of an Emendation too numerous: and Many I have entirely expung'd, which were judg'd rather Verbose and Declamatory, (and, so, Notes merely of Ostentation;) than necessary, or instructive.

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The few literal Errors, which had escap'd Notice, for want of Revisals, in the former Edition, are here reform'd: and the Pointing of innumerable Passages is regulated, with all the Accuracy I am capable of.

I shall decline making any farther Declaration of the Pains I have taken upon my Author, because it was my Duty, as his Editor, to publish him with my best Care and Judgment; and because I am sensible, all such Declarations are construed to be laying a sort of a Debt on the Publick. As the former Edition has been received with much Indulgence, I ought to make my Acknowledgments to the Town for their favourable Opinion of it: and I shall always be proud to think That Encouragement the best Payment I can hope to receive from my poor Studies,

Sir T. H A N M E R's

P R E F A C E.

WHAT the Publick is here to expect is a true and correct Edition of *Shakespear's* works cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great Admirers of this incomparable Author hath made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed nothing to himself but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could : but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other Gentlemen equally fond of the Author desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more considerable than was at first expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick ; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their Persuasions, is far from desiring to reflect upon the late Editors for the omissions and defects which they left to be supplied by others who should follow them in the same province. On the contrary, he thinks the world much obliged to them for the progress they made in weeding out so

great a number of blunders and mistakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of such an undertaking if he had not found a considerable part so done to his hands.

From what causes it proceeded that the works of this Author in the first publication of them were more injured and abused than perhaps any that ever pass'd the Press, hath been sufficiently explained in the Preface to Mr. *Pope's* Edition which is here subjoined, and there needs no more to be said upon that subject. This only the Reader is desired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous and of a grosser kind than can well be conceived but by those who have looked nearly into them; so in the correcting them this rule hath been most strictly observed, not to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism, as if it were fit for any one to presume to judge what *Shakespeare* ought to have written, instead of endeavouring to discover truly and retrieve what he did write: and so great caution hath been used in this respect, that no alterations have been made but what the sense necessarily required, what the measure of the verse often helped to point out, and what the similitude of words in the false reading and in the true, generally speaking, appeared very well to justify.

Most of those passages are here thrown to the bottom of the page and rejected as spurious, which were stigmatized as such in Mr. *Pope's* Edition; and it were to be wished that more had then undergone the same sentence. The promoter of the present Edition hath ventured to discard but few more upon his own judgment, the most considerable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in King *Henry V.* put into the mouths of the *French* Princes and an old Gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in *French* and not intelligible to an *English* audience, and yet that perhaps is the best thing that can be said of it. There
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can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low stuff which disgraces the works of this great Author, was foisted in by the Players after his death, to please the vulgar audiences by which they subsisted: and though some of the poor witticisms and conceits must be supposed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, so it is to be remember'd that he wrote for the Stage, rude and unpolished as it then was; and the vicious taste of the age must stand condemned for them, since he hath left upon record a signal proof how much he despised them. In his Play of *The Merchant of Venice* a clown is introduced quibbling in a miserable manner, upon which one who bears the character of a man of sense makes the following reflection; *How every fool can play upon a word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots.* He could hardly have found stronger words to express his indignation at those false pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though such trash is frequently interspersed in his writings, it would be unjust to cast it as an imputation upon his taste and judgment and character as a Writer.

There being many words in *Shakespeare* which are grown out of use and obsolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturaliz'd or known among us, a Glossary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all those terms which have hitherto been so many stumbling blocks to the generality of Readers; and where there is any obscurity in the text not arising from the words but from a reference to some antiquated customs now forgotten, or other causes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.

With these several helps if that rich vein of sense which runs through the works of this Author can be retrieved in every part and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped without presumption
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that this is here effected ; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleasure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him justice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a singular Genius : one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in those two great branches of Poetry, Tragedy and Comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other ; and who may be said without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the best writers of any age or country who have thought it glory enough to distinguish themselves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their most celebrated poets with the fairest impressions beautified with the ornaments of sculpture, well may our *Shakespeare* be thought to deserve no less consideration : and as a fresh acknowledgement hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his Statue at a publick expence ; so it is desired that this new Edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another small monument designed and dedicated to his honour.

Dr. W A R-

Dr. W A R B U R T O N's

P R E F A C E.

IT hath been no unusual thing for Writers, when dissatisfied with the Patronage or Judgment of their own Times, to appeal to Posterity for a fair Hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the first Instance; and to decline Acquaintance with the Public till Envy and Prejudice had quite subsided. But, of all the Trusters to Futurity, commend me to the Author of the following Poems, who not only left it to Time to do him Justice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great Attention to his Profit as a Player, and too little to his reputation as a Poet, his Works, left to the Care of Door-keepers and Prompters, hardly escaped the common Fate of those Writings, how good soever, which are abandon'd to their own Fortune, and unprotected by Party or Cabal. At length, indeed, they struggled into Light; but so disguised and travestied, that no classic Author, after having run ten secular Stages thro' the blind Cloisters of Monks and Canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled a Condition. But for a full Account of his Disorders, I refer the Reader to the excellent Discourse which follows, and turn myself to consider the Remedies that have been applied to them.

Shake-

Shakespear's Works, when they escaped the Players, did not fall into much better Hands when they came amongst Printers and Booksellers : who, to say the Truth, had, at first, but small Encouragement for putting him into a better Condition. The stubborn Nonsense, with which he was incrusted, occasioned his lying long neglected amongst the common Lumber of the Stage. And when that resistless Splendor, which now shoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke thro' the Shell of those Impurities, his dazzled Admirers became as suddenly insensible to the extraneous Scurf that still stuck upon him, & they had been before to the native Beauties that lay under it. So that, as then, he was thought not to deserve a Cure, he was now supposed not to need any.

His growing Eminence, however, required that he should be used with Ceremony : And he soon had his Appointment, of an *Editor* in form. But the Bookseller, whose dealing was with Wits, having learnt of them, I know not what silly Maxim, that *none but a Poet should presume to meddle with a Poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. *Kowe* to undertake this Employment. A Wit indeed he was ; but so utterly unacquainted with the whole Business of Criticism, that he did not even collate or consult the first Editions of the Work he undertook to publish ; but contented himself with giving us a meagre Account of the Author's Life, interlarded with some common-place Scraps from his Writings. The Truth is, *Shakespear's* Condition was yet but ill understood. The Nonsense, now, by consent, received for his own, was held in a kind of Reverence for its Age and Author : and thus it continued, till another great *Poet* broke the Charm ; by shewing us, that the higher we went, the less of it was still to be found.

For the Proprietors, not discouraged by their first unsuccessful Effort, in due time, made a second ; and, tho' they still stuck to their Poets, with infinitely more

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Success in their Choice of Mr. POPE. Who by the mere force of an uncommon Genius, without any particular Study or Profession of this Art, discharged the great Parts of it so well as to make his Edition the best Foundation for all further Improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious Plays: And, with equal Judgment, tho' not always with the same Success, attempted to clear the genuine Plays from the interpolated Scenes: He then consulted the old Editions; and, by a careful Collation of them, rectified the faulty, and supplied the imperfect Reading, in a great Number of Places: And lastly, in an admirable Preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively, Sketch of *Shakespear's* poetic Character; and, in the corrected Text, marked out those peculiar Strokes of Genius which were most proper to support and illustrate that Character. Thus far Mr. POPE. And altho' much more was to be done before *Shakespear* could be restored to himself, (such as amending the corrupted Text where the printed Books afford no Assistance; explaining his licentious Phraseology and obscure Allusions; and illustrating the Beauties of his Poetry;) yet, with great Modesty and Prudence, our illustrious Editor left this to the Critic by Profession.

But nothing will give the common Reader a better Idea of the Value of Mr. *Pope's* Edition, than the two Attempts which have been since made, by Mr. *Theobald* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in Opposition to it. Who, altho' they concerned themselves only in the *first* of these three Parts of Criticism, the *restoring the Text*, (without any Conception of the *second*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet succeeded so very ill in it, that they left their Author in ten times a worse Condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill fortune to have some accidental Connexions with these two *Gentlemen*, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

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The One was recommended to me as a poor Man ; the Other as a poor Critic : and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great Number of Observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the Relief of their several Distresses. As to Mr. *Theobald*, who wanted Money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own Advantage : and he allowed himself in the Liberty of taking one Part for his own, and sequestering another for the Benefit, as I supposed, of some future Edition. But, as to the *Oxford Editor*, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the Reputation of a Critic, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my Papers without my Knowledge ; and, when that Project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his Edition against my express Desire not to have that honour done unto me.

Mr. *Theobald* was naturally turned to Industry and Labour. What he read he could transcribe : but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on ; and, by that means got a Character of Learning, without risking, to every Observer, the Imputation of wanting a better Talent. By a punctilious Collation of the old Books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter* Editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real Merit ; and the whole of it. For where the Phrase was very obsolete or licentious in the *common* Books, or only slightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted sufficient Knowledge of the Progress and various Stages of the *English* Tongue, as well as Acquaintance with the Peculiarity of *Shakespear's* Language to understand what was right ; nor had he either common Judgment to see, or critical Sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural Talent in the wrong Place : He tampers with what is found in the *common*

Books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all Notice of *Variations* the Sense of which he did not understand.

How the *Oxford Editor* came to think himself qualified for this Office, from which his whole Course of Life had been so remote, is still more difficult to conceive. For whatever Parts he might have either of Genius or Erudition, he was absolutely ignorant of the Art of Criticism, as well as of the Poetry of that Time, and the Language of his Author. And so far from a Thought of examining the *first* Editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. *Pope's*, from which he printed his own, with Mr. *Theobald's*; whereby he lost the Advantage of many fine Lines which the other had recovered from the old Quartos. Where he trusts to his own Segacity, in what affects the Sense, his Conjectures are generally absurd and extravagant, and violating every Rule of Criticism. Tho', in this Rage of Correcting, he was not absolutely destitute of all *Art*. For, having a number of my Conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he saw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to something, he thought, synonymous or similar, he made them his own; and so became a Critic at a cheap Expence. But how well he hath succeeded in this, as likewise in his Conjectures which are properly his own, will be seen in the course of my Remarks: Tho', as he hath declined to give the Reasons for his Interpolations, he hath not afforded me so fair a hold of him as Mr. *Theobald* hath done, who was less cautious. But his principal Object was to reform his Author's Numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every Occasion; by the Insertion or Omission of a set of harmless unconcerning Expletives, makes up the gross Body of his innocent Corrections. And so, in spite of that extreme Negligence in Numbers, which distinguishes the first Dramatic Writers, he hath tricked up the old Bard, from Head to Foot, in all the finical Exactness of a modern Measurer of Syllables.

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For the rest, all the Corrections which these two Editors have made on any *reasonable* Foundation, are here admitted into the Text; and carefully assigned to their respective Authors. A piece of Justice which the *Oxford Editor* never did; and which the *Other* was not always scrupulous in observing towards me. To conclude with them in a word, They separately possessed those two Qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the Art of Criticism into disrepute, *Dulness of Apprehension*, and *Extravagance of Conjecture*.

I am now to give some Account of the present Undertaking. For as to all those Things, which have been published under the titles of *Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c.* on *Shakespear*, (if you except some critical Notes on *Macbeth*, given as a Specimen of a projected Edition, and written, as appears, by a Man of Parts and Genius) the rest are absolutely below a serious Notice.

The whole a Critic can do for an Author who deserves his Service, is to correct the faulty Text; to remark the Peculiarities of Language; to illustrate the obscure Allusions; and to explain the Beauties and Defects of Sentiment or Composition. And surely, if ever Author had a Claim to this Service, it was our *Shakespear*: Who, widely excelling in the Knowledge of Human Nature, hath given to his infinitely varied Pictures of it, such Truth of Design, such Force of Drawing, such Beauty of Colouring, as was hardly ever equalled by any Writer, whether his Aim was the Use, or only the Entertainment of Mankind. The Notes in this Edition, therefore, take in the whole Compass of Criticism.

I. The first sort is employed in restoring the Poet's genuine Text; but in those Places only where it labours with inextricable Nonsense. In which, how much soever I may have given Scope to critical Conjecture, where the old Copies failed me, I have indulged

dulged nothing to Fancy or Imagination; but have religiously observed the severe Canons of literal Criticism; as may be seen from the Reasons accompanying every Alteration of the common Text. Nor would a different Conduct have become a Critic, whose greatest Attention, in this part, was to vindicate the established Reading from Interpolations occasioned by the fanciful Extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the Reader a *body of Canons*, for literal Criticism, drawn out in form; as well such as concern the Art in general, as those that arise from the Nature and Circumstances of our Author's Works in particular. And this for two Reasons. First, To give the *unlearned Reader* a just Idea, and consequently a better Opinion of the Art of Criticism, now sunk very low in the popular Esteem, by the Attempts of some who would needs exercise it without either natural or acquired Talents; and by the ill Success of others, who seemed to have lost both, when they came to try them upon English Authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned Writer* from wantonly trifling with an Art he is a Stranger to, at the Expence of his own Reputation, and the Integrity of the Text of established Authors. But these Uses may be well supplied by what is occasionally said upon the Subject, in the Course of the following Remarks.

II. The second sort of Notes consists in an Explanation of the Author's Meaning, when, by one or more of these Causes, it becomes obscure; either from a *licentious Use of Terms*; or a *hard or ungrammatical Construction*; or lastly, from *far-fetch'd or quaint Allusions*.

I. This licentious Use of Words is almost peculiar to the Language of *Shakespear*. To common Terms he hath affixed Meanings of his own, unauthorised by Use, and not to be justified by Analogy. And this Liberty he hath taken with the noblest Parts of Speech, such as *Mixed-modes*; which, as they are most susceptible

tible of Abuse, so their Abuse most hurts the Clearness of the Discourse. The Critics (to whom *Shakespeare's* Licence was still as much a Secret as his Meaning, which that Licence had obscured) fell into two contrary Mistakes; but equally injurious to his Reputation and his Writings. For some of them observing a Darkeness, that pervaded his whole Expression, have censured him for Confusion of Ideas and Inaccuracy of reasoning. *In the Neighing of a Horse, (says Rymer) or in the Growling of a Mastiff, there is a Meaning, there is a lively Expression, and, may I say, more Humanity than many times in the tragical Flights of Shakespeare.* The Ignorance of which Censure is of a piece with its Brutality. The Truth is, no one thought clearer, or argued more closely than this immortal Bard. But his Superiority of Genius less needing the Intervention of Words in the Act of Thinking, when he came to draw out his Contemplations into Discourse, he took up (as he was hurried on by the Torrent of his Matter) with the first Words that lay in his way; and if, amongst these, there were two *Mixed-modes* that had but a principal Idea in common, it was enough for him; he regarded them as synonymous, and would use the one for the other without Fear or Scruple.—Again, there have been others, such as the two last Editors, who have fallen into a contrary Extreme; and regarded *Shakespeare's* Anomalies (as we may call them) amongst the Corruptions of his Text; which, therefore, they have cashiered in great numbers, to make room for a Jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional Trouble; for I had not only their Interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine Text to replace, and establish in its stead; which, in many Cases, could not be done without shewing the peculiar Sense of the Terms, and explaining the Causes which led the Poet to so perverse an use of them. I had it once, indeed, in my Design, to give a general alphabetic *Glossary* of these

Terms; but as each of them is explained in its proper Place, there seemed the less Occasion for such an Index.

2. The Poets hard and unnatural Construction had a different Original. This was the Effect of mistaken Art and Design. The Public Taste was in its Infancy; and delighted (as it always does during that State) in the high and turgid: which leads the Writer to disguise a vulgar expression with hard and forced construction, whereby the sentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here, his Critics shew their modesty, and leave him to himself. For the arbitrary change of a Word doth little towards dispelling an obscurity that ariseth, not from the licentious use of a single Term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole Sentence. And they risqued nothing by their silence. For *Shakespear* was too clear in Fame to be suspected of a want of Meaning; and too high in Fashion for any one to own he needed a Critic to find it out. Not but, in his best works, we must allow, he is often so natural and flowing, so pure and correct, that he is even a model for stile and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint Allusions, these are often a cover to common thoughts; just as his hard construction is to common expression. When they are not so, the Explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the Obscurity, you frequently discover some latent conceit not unworthy of his Genius.

III. The third and last sort of Notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the Author's Beauties and Defects; but chiefly of his Beauties, whether in Stile, Thought, Sentiment, Character or Composition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongst the Critics; as if nothing were worth *re-marking* that did not, at the same time, deserve to be reproved. Whereas the public Judgment hath less need to be assisted in what it shall reject, than in what
it

it ought to prize; Men being generally more ready at spying Faults than in discovering Beauties. Nor is the value they set upon a Work, a certain proof that they understand it. For 'tis ever seen, that half a dozen Voices of credit give the lead: And if the Publick chance to be in good humour, or the Author much in their favour, the People are sure to follow. Hence it is that the true Critic hath so frequently attached himself to Works of established reputation; not to teach the World to *admire*, which, in those circumstances, to say the truth, they are apt enough to do of themselves; but to teach them how, *with reason to admire*: No easy matter, I will assure you, on the subject in question: for tho' it be very true, as Mr. Pope hath observed, that *Shakespear is the fairest and fullest subject for criticism*, yet it is not such a sort of criticism as may be raised mechanically on the Rules which *Dacier*, *Rapin* and *Bossu* have collected from Antiquity; and of which, such kind of Writers as *Rymer*, *Gildon*, *Dennis* and *Oldmixon*, have only gathered and chewed the Husks: nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the Plan of those crude and superficial Judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated Paper so much abounds; too good indeed to be named with the Writers last mentioned, but being unluckily mistaken for a *Model*, because it was an *Original*, it hath given rise to a deluge of the worst sort of critical Jargon; I mean that which looks most like sense. But the kind of criticism here required is such as judgeth our Author by those only Laws and Principles on which he wrote NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our Observations, therefore, being thus extensive, will, I presume, enable the Reader to form a right judgment of this favourite Poet, without drawing out his Character, as was once intended, in a continued discourse.

These,

These, such as they are, were amongst my younger amusements, when, many years ago, I used to turn over these sort of Writers to unbend myself from more serious applications: And what, certainly, the Public, at this time of day, had never been troubled with, but for the conduct of the two last Editors, and the persuasions of dear Mr. POPE; whose memory and name,

————— *semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum (sic Di. voluistis) habebo.

He was desirous I should give a new Edition of this Poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a stop to a prevailing folly of altering the Text of celebrated Authors without Talents or Judgment. And he was willing that *his* Edition should be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his Mistakes *. In memory of our Friendship, I have therefore, made it our joint Edition. His admirable Preface is here added; all his Notes are given, with his name annexed; the Scenes are divided according to his regulation; and the most beautiful passages distinguished, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the same by as many others as I thought most deserving of the Reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, *Shakespear* or good Letters have received any advantage, and the Public any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *Proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this Edition. And I should be unjust to several deserving Men of a reputable and useful Profession, if I did not, on this occasion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongst them; and profess my sense of the unjust Prejudice which lies against them; whereby

* See his Letters to me.

they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that security for their Property, which they see, the rest of their Fellow-Citizens enjoy: A prejudice in part arising from the frequent *Piracies*, (as they are called) committed by Members of their own Body. But such kind of Members no Body is without. And it would be hard that this should be turned to the discredit of the honest part of the profession, who suffer more from such Injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, arisen from the clamours of profligate Scribes, ever ready, for a piece of Money, to prostitute their bad sense for or against any Cause prophane or sacred; or in any Scandal public or private: These meeting with little encouragement from Men of account in the Trade, (who even in this enlightened Age are not the very worst Judges or Rewarders of merit) apply themselves to People of Condition; and support their importunities by false complaints against *Booksellers*.

But I should now, perhaps, rather think of my own Apology, than busy myself in the defence of others. I shall have some *Tartuffe* ready, on the first appearance of this Edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I suffer myself to be wholly diverted from my purpose by these matters less suitable to my clerical Profession*.

“ Well, but says a Friend, why not take so candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw yourself, again, as you are bid, into the clerical Pale; examine the Records of sacred and prophane Antiquity; and, on them, erect a Work to the confusion of Infidelity.” Why, I have done all this, and more: And hear now what the same Men have said to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of Religion, and furnished out more handles for Unbelievers*. “ Oh now the secret’s out; and you may have your pardon, I find upon easier terms, ‘Tis only, to write no more.”——Good Gentlemen! and shall I not oblige them? They would gladly

ly *obstruct* my way to those things which every Man, who *endeavours well* in his Profession, must needs think he has some claim to, when he sees them given to those who never did *endeavour*; at the same time that they would *deter* me from taking those advantages which Letters enable me to procure for myself. If then I am to write no more; (tho' as much out of my Profession as they may please to represent this Work, I suspect their modesty would not insist on a scrutiny of our several applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I say, I am to write no more, let me at least give the Public, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, some reason for my presenting them with these amusements. Which, if I am not much mistaken, may be excused by the best and fairest *Examples*; and, what is more, may be justified on the surer *reason of things*.

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name consecrated to immortality by his Virtue and Eloquence, is known to have been so fond of *Aristophanes* as to wake with him at his studies, and to sleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his Piety or his Preaching, not even in those times of pure Zeal and primitive Religion. Yet, in respect of *Shakespeare's* great sense, *Aristophanes's* best wit is but buffoonry; and, in comparison of *Aristophanes's* Freedoms, *Shakespeare* writes with the purity of a Vestal. But they will say, St. *Chrysostom* contracted a fondness for the comic Poet *for the sake of his Greek*. To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to insinuate so unscholarlike a thing, as if We had the same Use for good *English* that a *Greek* had for his *Attic* elegance. Critic *Kuster*, in a taste and language peculiar to Grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the History and Chronology of Greek Words is the most SOLID entertainment of a Man of Letters*.

I fly,

I fly, then, to a higher Example, much nearer home, and still more in point, The famous University of OXFORD. This illustrious Body, which hath long so justly held, and, with such equity, dispensed, the chief honours of the learned World, thought good Letters so much interested in correct Editions of the best *English* Writers, that they, very lately, in their public Capacity, undertook *one*, of this very Author, by subscription. And if the Editor hath not discharged his Task with suitable abilities for one so much honoured by them, this was not their fault but his, who thrust himself into the employment. After such an example, it would be weakening any defence to seek further for Authorities. All that can be now decently urged is the *reason of the thing*; and this I shall do, more for the sake of that truly venerable Body than my own.

Of all the literary exertions of speculative Men, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the World, there are none of so much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than those which let us into the Knowledge of our Nature. Others may exercise the Reason or amuse the Imagination; but these only can improve the Heart, and form the human Mind to Wisdom. Now, in this Science, our *Shakespear* is confessed to occupy the foremost place; whether we consider the amazing sagacity with which he investigates every hidden spring and wheel of human Action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the just and living paintings which he has given us of all our Passions, Appetites and Pursuits. These afford a lesson which can never be too often repeated, or too constantly inculcated: And, to engage the Reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this Edition.

As this Science (whatever profound Philosophers may think) is, to the rest, *in Things*; so, *in Words*, (whatever supercilious Pedants may talk) every one's
mother

mother tongue is to all other Languages. This hath still been the Sentiment of Nature and true Wisdom. Hence, the greatest Men of Antiquity never thought themselves better employed than in cultivating their own country idiom. So *Lycurgus* did honour to *Sparta*, in giving the first compleat Edition of *Homer*; and *Cicero*, to *Rome*, in correcting the Works of *Lucretius*. Nor do we want Examples of the same good sense in modern Times, even amidst the cruel intrudes that Art and Fashion have made upon Nature, and the simplicity of Wisdom. *Menage*, the greatest name in *France* for all kinds of philologic Learning, prided himself in writing critical Notes on their best lyric Poet, *Malherbe*: And our greater *Selden*, when he thought it might reflect Credit on his Country, did not disdain even to comment a very ordinary Poet, one *Michael Drayton*. But the *English* tongue, at this Juncture, deserves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent Works of different kinds composed in it, engaged the notice, and become the study, of almost every curious and learned Foreigner, so as to be thought even a part of literary accomplishment. This must needs make it deserving of a critical attention: And its being yet destitute of a Test or Standard to apply to, in cases of doubt or difficulty, shews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither Chart nor Compass, to guide us through this wide sea of Words. And indeed how should we? since both are to be composed and finished on the Authority of our best established Writers. But their Authority can be of little use till the Text hath been correctly settled, and the Phraseology critically examined. As, then, by these aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the best rules of Logic and Philosophy, (and none but such will deserve the name) are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: For, as *Quintilian* observes, “*Verborum proprietas*

“*prietas ac differentia* omnibus, qui sermonem curæ
 “habent, debet esse communis.” By this way, the
Italians have brought their tongue to a degree of Pu-
 rity and Stability which no living Language ever at-
 tained unto before. It is with pleasure I observe, that
 these things now begin to be understood amongst our-
 selves; and that I can acquaint the Public, we may
 soon expect very elegant Editions of *Fletcher* and
Milton's Paradise Lost from Gentlemen of distinguished
 Abilities and Learning. But this interval of good
 sense, as it may be short, is indeed but new. For I
 remember to have heard of a very learned Man, who,
 not long since, formed a design of giving a more cor-
 rect Edition of *Spenser*; and, without doubt, would
 have performed it well; but he was dissuaded from his
 purpose by his Friends, as beneath the dignity of a
 Professor of the occult Sciences. Yet these very
 Friends, I suppose, would have thought it had added
 lustre to his high Station, to have new-furbished out
 some dull northern Chronicle, or dark Sibylline Ænig-
 ma. But let it not be thought that what is here said
 insinuates any thing to the discredit of *Greek* and *Latin*
 criticism. If the follies of particular Men were suf-
 ficient to bring any branch of Learning into disrepute,
 I don't know any that would stand in a worse situation
 than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly
 think there ever appeared, in any *learned* Language,
 so execrable a heap of nonsense, under the name of
 Commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a cer-
 tain satiric Poet, of the last Age, by his Editor and
 Coadjutor.

I am sensible how unjustly the very best *classical* Cri-
 tics have been treated. It is said, that our great Phi-
 losopher spoke with much contempt of the two finest
 Scholars of this Age, Dr. *Bentley* and Bishop *Hare*,
 for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old Play-
 book; meaning, I suppose, *Terence's* Comedies. But
 this Story is unworthy of him; tho' well enough suit-
 ing

ing the fanatic turn of the wild Writer that relates it; such censures are amongst the follies of Men immoderately given over to one Science, and ignorantly undervaluing all the rest. Those learned Critics might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn, (tho' still, sure, with the same indecency and indiscretion) at that incomparable Man, for wearing out a long Life in poring through a Telescope. Indeed, the Weaknesses of Such are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without Indignation, the fashionable cant of every trifling writer, whose insipidity passes, with himself, for politeness, for pretending to be shocked, forsooth, with the rude and savage air of *vulgar* Critics; meaning such as *Muretus*, *Scaliger*, *Casaubon*, *Salmafius*, *Spanheim*, *Bentley*. When, had it not been for the deathless labours of such as these, the western World, at the revival of Letters, had soon fallen back again into a state of ignorance and barbarity as deplorable as that from which Providence had just redeemed it.

To conclude with an observation of a fine Writer and great Philosopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, tho' with all honour, as a Phylactery, on the Brow of every awful Grammarian, to teach him at once, the *Use*, and *Limits* of his art: WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.

SOME

S O M E

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

O F

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to Posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of Antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him describ'd even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book: and tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespear* may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. *John Shakespear*, and was born at *Stratford upon Avon*, in *Warwickshire*, in *April 1564*. His family, as appears by the Register and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a Free school, where 'tis probable he acquired what *Latin* he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius*, equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study 'em with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into and been mix'd with his own writings: so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrain'd some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in *Shakespear*: And I believe we are better pleas'd with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supply'd him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the most agreeable man-

manner that it was possible for a master of the *English* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one *Hathaway*, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up: and tho' it seem'd at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *Genius's* that ever was known in dramatick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his business and family in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the

other Players, before some old Plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have enquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from some certain authority, which was the first Play he wrote¹; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like *Shakespear's*. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But tho' the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seems to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turn'd to the Earl of *Essex*, shews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland*: And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her successor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that Play's being written after the accession of the latter of

¹ The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the Author was 33 years old; and Richard the 2d, and 3d, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

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those two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to see a *Genius* arise amongst 'em of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good qualities he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen *Elizabeth* had several of his Plays acted before her, And without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by

— *A fair Vestal, Throned by the West.*

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely apply'd to her. She was so well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falstaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that she commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to show him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obey'd, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of *Falstaff* is said to have been written originally under the name of ² *Oldcastle*; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff*. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been somewhat to blame in his

² See the Epilogue to *Henry IVth*.

second choice, since it is certain that Sir *John Falstaff*, who was a Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguish'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the sixth's times. What grace soever the Queen confer'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*: There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakespear's*, that if I had not been assur'd that the story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventur'd to have inserted, that my Lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candor and good-nature must certainly have inclin'd all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnson* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. *Johnson*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and super-

superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd answer, that it would be of no service to their Company; when *Shakespear* luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnson* and his writings to the publick. *Johnson* was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakespear*; tho' at the same time I believe it must be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnson*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profess'd admirer of *Shakespear*, had undertaken his defence against *Ben Johnson* with some warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had sat still for some time, told 'em, *That if Mr. Shakespear had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespear.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleasurable wit, and good-nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remember'd in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: It happen'd that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakespear* in a

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laughing manner, that he fancy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakespear* gave him these four verses.

*Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lyes in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

But the sharpness of the Satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north side of the chancel, in the great Church at *Stratford*, where a monument, as engrav'd in the plate, is plac'd in the wall. On his Grave-stone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom she had three Sons, who all died without children; and *Susannah*, who was his favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd first to *Thomas Nash*, Esq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbingdon*, but dy'd likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: The character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since *Ben Johnson* has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

“ I re-

“ I remember the Players have often mention'd it
 “ as an honour to *Shakeſpear*, that in writing (what-
 “ ſoever he penn'd) he never blotted out a line. My
 “ answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!*
 “ which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had
 “ not told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who
 “ choſe that circumſtance to commend their friend by,
 “ wherein he moſt faulted : and to juſtifie mine own
 “ candour, for I lov'd the man, and do honour his
 “ memory, on this ſide idolatry, as much as any. He
 “ was, indeed, honeſt, and of an open and free na-
 “ ture, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and
 “ gentle expreſſions; wherein he flow'd with that fa-
 “ cility, that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould be
 “ ſtopp'd : *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid of
 “ *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power, would
 “ the rule of it had been ſo too. Many times he fell
 “ into thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter;
 “ as when he ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one ſpeak-
 “ ing to him,

“ *Cæſar thou doſt me wrong.*

“ He reply'd :

“ *Cæſar did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

“ and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
 “ deem'd his vices with his virtues : There was ever
 “ more in him to be prais'd than to be pardon'd.”

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of *Shakeſpear*, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity ; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnſon*. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcribed to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in ſtanza's, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnſon*,
 there

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there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well express'd by what *Horace* says of the first *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed translated 'em) in his epistle to *Augustus*.

——— *Naturâ sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat Tragicum satis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.*

As I have not propos'd to myself to enter into a large and compleat collection upon *Shakespear's* Works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguish'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are call'd Histories, and even some of his Comedies are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst 'em. That way of Tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the *English* taste, that tho' the severer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the rest, however they are call'd, have something of both kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguish'd variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falstaff* is allow'd by every body to be a master-piece; the Character is always well-sustain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the first act of *Henry V.* tho' it be extremely natural,

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is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded 'em, been sorry to see his friend *Hal* use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of *Henry* the fourth. Amongst other extravagancies, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* prosecutor, under the name of Justice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the *Welsh* parson descant very pleasantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main design, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward *Malvolio*. The parasite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much ado about Nothing*, and of *Rosalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightlinefs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Thersites* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be master-pieces of ill nature, and satyrical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the Jew, in the *Merchant of Venice*; but tho' we have seen that play receiv'd and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew perform'd
by

by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the Author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of Comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finish'd of any of *Shakespear's*. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of *Antonio* to *Bassanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what *Portia* says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy in *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what *Horace* says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

— *All the world is a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being seven ages. First the Infant
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover* *Sighing*

*Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his Mistress' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

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His Images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

— *She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.*

What an Image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have express'd the passions design'd by this sketch of Statuary! The style of his Comedy is, in general,

general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggish rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the Sermons of some of the gravest Divines of those times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatness of this Author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be plac'd the first by the Publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: It seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho' that was what, I suppose, he valu'd himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observ'd in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His Magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen. The Observation, which I have been inform'd (a) three very

(a) Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakespear had not only found out a new Character in his Caliban, but had also devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two last of these Plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakespear*. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are establish'd by *Aristotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian Stage*, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults. But as *Shakespear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that liv'd in a state of almost universal license and ignorance: there was no establish'd judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick Poetry so far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the first, among those that are reckon'd the constituent parts of a Tragick or Heroic Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be consider'd, the fit Disposition, Order and Conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the strength and mastery of *Shakespear* lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and unnatural'd

natur'd trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true History, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made use of 'em in that order, with those Incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. Almost all his historical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: And in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greatest part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the Drama, *The Manners of his Characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the Poet*, he may be generally justify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For those Plays which he has taken from the *English* or *Roman* history, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry* the sixth, than the picture *Shakespear* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still describ'd with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the same time the Poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resign'd to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short Scene in the second part of *Henry VI.* which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Gloucester*, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with

with the good King praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry VIII*, that Prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to *Queen Elizabeth*, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his Mistress, to have expos'd some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Minister of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolsey*. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly describ'd in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of *Queen Catharine*, in this play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has screen'd King *Henry* from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclin'd to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observ'd, in those characters taken from the *Roman* History; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of *Coriolanus*, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatness of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find 'em exactly as they are describ'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly *Shakespeare* copy'd 'em. He has indeed followed his original

nal pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his designs seem most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between 'em, and occasion'd the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the *Greek Tragedy*, something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *Dacier* has observ'd, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the Manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: While *Electra* her daughter, and a Princess (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) stands upon the stage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserv'd to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was kill'd by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage,

stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observ'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakespeare*. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by incest: But 'tis with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the Poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper passion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick Writer ever succeeded better in raising *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shakespeare* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murder'd, in the second Act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this Master-piece of *Shakespeare* distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. *Betterton*'s fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakespeare*'s manner of

k 2

expression, and indeed he has study'd him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakespear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickshire*, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

The

The following Instrument was transmitted to us by John Anstis, Esq; Garter King at Arms: It is mark'd, G. 13. p. 349.

[There is also a Manuscript in the Heralds Office, mark'd W. 2. p. 276; where notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Person to whom it was granted, had born Magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.]

TO all and singular Noble and Gentlemen of all Estates and Degrees, bearing Arms, to whom these Presents shall come; *William Detbick*, Garter Principal King of Arms of *England*, and *William Camden*, alias *Clarencieux*, King of Arms for the South, East, and West Parts of this Realm, send Greetings. Know ye, that in all Nations and Kingdoms the Record and Remembrance of the valiant Facts and virtuous Dispositions of worthy Men have been made known and divulged by certain Shields of Arms and tokens of Chivalrie; the Grant or Testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, and her Highness's most noble and victorious Progenitors: Wherefore being solicited, and by credible Report informed, that *John Shakespere*, now of *Stratford upon Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, whose Great Grandfather for his faithful and approved Service to the late most prudent Prince, King *Henry VII* of famous Memory, was advanced and rewarded with Lands and Tenements, given to him in those parts of *Warwickshire*, where they have continued by some Descents in good Reputation and Credit; And for that the said *John Shakespere* having married the Daughter and one of the Heirs of *Robert Arden* of

Wellincote in the said County, and also produced this his ancient Coat of Arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majesty's Officer and Bailiff of that Town. In consideration of the Premises, and for the Encouragement of his Posterity, unto whom such Blazon of Arms and Atchievements of Inheritance from their said Mother, by the ancient Custom and Laws of Arms, may lawfully descend; We the said Garter and *Clarencieux* have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these Presents exemplified unto the said *John Shakespere*, and to his Posterity, that Shield and Coat of Arms, viz. *In a Field of Gold upon a Bend Sables a Spear of the first, the Point upward, beaded Argent*; and for his Crest or Cognifance, *A Falcon, Or, with his Wings displayed, standing on a Wreathe of his Colours, supporting a Spear armed beaded, or steeled Silver*, fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this Margent; And we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient Arms of the said *Arden of Wellincote*; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said *John Shakespere*, Gent. to bear and use the same Shield of Arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural Life; and that it shall be lawful for his Children, Issue, and Posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due Differences, in all lawful warlike Feats and civil Use or Exercises, according to the Laws of Arms, and Custom that to Gentlemen belongeth, without Let or Interruption of any Person or Persons, for use or bearing the same. In witness and Testimony whereof we have subscribed our Names, and fastned the Seals of our Offices. Given at the Office of Arms, *London*, the Day of in the Forty second Year of the Reign of our most Gracious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *England, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. 1599.

SHAK.

SHAKSPEARE's WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadragesimo nono, Anno Domini 1616.

IN the Name of God, *Amen.* I *William Shakspeare* of *Stratford upon Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gent. in perfect Health and Memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in Manner and Form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my Soul into the Hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only Merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made Partaker of Life everlasting; and my Body to the Earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my Daughter *Judith* One Hundred and Fifty Pounds of lawfull *Englisb* Money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, One Hundred Pounds in Discharge of her Marriage Portion within one Year after my Decease, with Considerations after the rate of Two Shillings in the Pound for so long Time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my Decease; and the Fifty Pounds Residue thereof upon her surrendring of or giving of such sufficient Security as the Overseers of this my Will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her Estate and Right that shall descend or come unto

her after my Decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to one Copyhold Tenement, with the Appurtenances lying and being in *Stratford upon Avon* aforesaid, in the said County of *Warwick*, being parcell or holden of the Manor of *Rowington*, unto my Daughter *Sunnah Hall*, and her Heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said Daughter *Judith* One Hundred and Fifty Pounds more, if she, or any Issue of her Body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the Day of the Date of this my Will, during which time my Executors to pay her Consideration from my Decease according to the rate aforesaid: And if she die within the said Term without Issue of her Body, then my Will is, and I do give and bequeath One Hundred Pounds thereof to my Niece *Elizabeth Hall*, and the Fifty Pounds to be set forth by my Executors during the Life of my sister *Joan Harte*, and the Use and Profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said Sister *Joan*, and after her Decease the Fifty Pounds shall remain amongst the Children of my said Sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said Daughter *Judith* be living at the end of the said three Years, or any Issue of her Body, then my Will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said Hundred and Fifty Pounds to be set out by my Executors and Overseers for the best Benefit of her and her Issue, and the Stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert Baron; but my Will is that she shall have the Consideration yearly paid unto her during her Life, and after her Decease the said Stock and Consideration to be paid to her Children, if she have any, and if not, to her Executors and Assigns, she living the said Term after my Decease; provided that if such Husband as she shall at the end of the said three Years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the Issue of her Body, Land answerable to the Portion by this my Will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by
my

my Executors and Overseers, then my Will is, that the said Hundred and Fifty Pounds shall be paid to such Husband as shall make such Assurance, to his own Use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said Sister *Joan* Twenty Pounds, and all my wearing Apparel, to be paid and delivered within one Year after my Decease; and I do will and devise unto her the House with the Appurtenances in *Stratford*, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural Life, under the yearly Rent of Twelve Pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three Sons, *William Hart*, ——— *Hart*, and *Michael Hart*, Five Pounds apiece, to be paid within one Year after my Decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said *Elizabeth Hall* all my Plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt Boxes, at the Date of this my Will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the Poor of *Stratford* afore said Ten Pounds, to *Mr. Thomas Combe* my Sword, to *Thomas Russel*, Esq; Five Pounds, and to *Francis Collins* of the Borough of *Warwick*, in the County of *Warwick*, Gent. Thirteen Pounds Six Shillings and Eight Pence, to be paid within one Year after my Decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to *Hamlet Sadler* Twenty Six Shillings, Eight Pence to buy him a Ring; to *William Reynolds*, Gent. Twenty Six Shillings, Eight Pence to buy him a Ring; to my Godson *William Walker* Twenty Shillings in Gold; to *Anthony Nash*, Gent. Twenty Six Shillings, Eight Pence; and to *Mr. John Nash* Twenty Six Shillings, Eight Pence; and to my Fellows *John Hemynge*, *Richard Burbage*, and *Henry Cundell* Twenty Six Shillings, Eight Pence apiece to buy the Rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my Daughter *Susanna Hall*, for the better enabling of her to perform this my Will, and towards the Performance thereof,

To the foregoing accounts of Shakespear's life I have only one passage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.

IN the time of *Elizabeth*, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when *Shakespear* fled to *London* from the terrour of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for *Will. Shakespear*, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while *Will. Shakespear* could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. *Shakespear* finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when *Will. Shakespear* was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespear's boy, Sir.* In time *Shakespear* found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespear's Boys*.

T O T H E

MEMORY of my beloved the AUTHOR,

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (Shakespear) on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame :
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise :
For feeblest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds, at best but echoes right ;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty Malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise,
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more ?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin, Soul of the Age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !
My Shakespear rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a room :
Thou art a Monument without a Tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses ;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses :
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy Peers,

*And tell how far thou didst our Lily out shine,
 Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty Line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
 To live again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
 And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses, still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespear, must enjoy a part.
 For tho' the Poet's matter Nature be,
 His Art doth give the Fashion. And, that he
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses Anvile; turn the same,
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the Lawrel, he may gain a scorn,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou. Look how the Father's face
 Lives in his Issue, even so the race*

Of Shakespear's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned, and true filed lines :
 In each of which he seems to shake a Lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the Banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.

BEN. JOHNSON.

THE

T H E

T E M P E S T.

VOL. I.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

Antonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian, }
Francisco, } *Lords.*

Caliban, *a Savage and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*

Iris, }
Ceres, }
Juno, } *Spirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits, attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea with a Ship, afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

Of this Play the first known
edition is that of 1623, when
it was published with the other

Works of Shakespear by Hem-
ings and Condell, in Folio.

THE

T H E T E M P E S T*.

A C T I. *On a Ship at Sea.*

S C E N E I.

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:
Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain*¹.

M A S T E R.

Boatswain, ———

Boats. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mastr. Good, speak to th' mariners.—Fall to't
yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir.

[*Exit.*]

* The *Tempest*.] These two first Plays, the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer-night's Dream*, are the noblest Efforts of that sublime and amazing Imagination, peculiar to *Shakespeare*, which soars above the Bounds of Nature without forsaking Sense: or, more properly, carries Nature along with him beyond her established Limits. *Fletcher* seems particularly to have admired these two Plays, and hath wrote two in Imitation of them, the *Sea-Voyage* and the *Faithful Shepherdess*. But when he presumes to break a Lance with *Shakespeare*, and write in emulation of him, as he does

in the *False one*, which is the Rival of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, he is not so successful. After him, Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* caught the brightest Fire of their Imagination from these two Plays; which shines fantastical-ly indeed, in the *Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle*.

WARBURTON.

¹ In this Naval Dialogue, perhaps the first Example of Sailor's Language exhibited on the Stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful Navigator, some Inaccuracies and contradictory Orders.

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts ; cheerly, my hearts ; yare, yare ; take in the top-sail ; tend to th' master's whistle ;
² ——— blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care : where's the master ! play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain ?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him ? you mar our labour ; keep your cabins : you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence ! what care these Roarers for the name of King ? to cabin ; silence, trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor ; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o'the present, we will not handle a rope more ; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts. — Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

³ *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow ; methinks he has no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging ; make the rope of his destiny our ca-

² Perhaps it might be read,
*Blow till thou burst, wind, if
 room enough.*

³ It may be observed of *Gonzalo*, that, being the only good

Man that appears with the King, he is the only Man that preserves his Cheerfulness in the Wreck, and his Hope on the Island.

ble, for our own doth little advantage ; if he be not
born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast : yare, lower, lower ;
bring her to try with main-course. *A cry within.* A
plague upon this howling ! —

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet
again ? what do you here ? shall we give o'er, and
drown ? have you a mind to sink ?

Sebasf. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,
uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang ; you whoreson, insolent,
noisemaker ; we are less afraid to be drown'd, than
thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship
were no stonger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an
unstanched wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a hold ; set her two 4 courses
off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !
[*Exeunt.*]

Boatsf. What, must our mouths be cold ?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers ! let us assist
'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. [kards.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunken
This wide-chopt rascal——'Would, thou might'st lye
drowning,

4 The Courses are the Main-sail and Fore-sail. This Term is used by *Raleigh* in his *Discourses on Shipping.*

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gap at wid'ft to 5 glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewel, my Wife and Children!

6 Brother, farewell! we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
for an acre of barren ground, 7 long heath, brown
furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I
would fain die a dry death! [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Changes to a Part of the Incharited Island, near the
Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. **I**F by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

5 — to glut him.] *Shakespeare* probably wrote, *i'englut* him, to swallow him; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this Signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI.*

—*Thou art so near the Gulf
Thou needs must be englutted.*

And again in *Timon*, and *Othello*. Yet *Milton* writes *glutted* *Offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore perhaps the present Text may stand.

6 Brother, farewell!] As Gon-

zalo had no Brother in the Ship, this Line should, I think, be given to *Alonso* the King, taking leave of his Brother *Sebastian*, to which the next Lines make the natural Answer. *Gonzalo* had indeed no Wife and Children there, but that Exclamation is the general cry in Wrecks. Brother is useless, unless some Brother had been afterwards mentioned.

7 — long heath.] This is the common name for the *ericabaccifera*,

WARBURTON,

But

But that the sea, mounting to th'welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
 No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day! ⁸

Pro. No harm.
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter, who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
 Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magick garment from me; so!
 [Lays down his mantle.
 Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have com-
 fort.

⁸ *Prospero.* No harm.] I know
 not whether *Shakespeare* did not
 make *Miranda* speak thus,

*I have done nothing but in care
 of thee.*

Miranda when she speaks the
 Words, *O wo the Day*, supposes,
 not that the Crew had escaped,
 but that her Father thought dif-
 ferently from her, and counted
 their Destruction *no harm*.

O wo the Day! no harm?

To which *Prospero* properly an-
 swers,

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee, 9
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd, that there is no soul,
 No, not so much perdition as an hair,
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit
 down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
 And left me to a bootless inquisition;
 Concluding, *Stay, not yet.* —

Pro. The hour's now come:

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time, before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
 Out three years old,

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
 Of any thing the image tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance,

Mira. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance

9 — *virtue of Compassion.*] *Virtue:* The most efficacious
 Part, the energetick Quality;
 in a like Sense we say, the Vir-
 tue of a Plant is in the Extract.

1 — *that there is no Soul.*] Thus the old Editions read, but
 this is apparently defective. Mr.
Rowe, and after him Dr. *War-*
burton, read *that there is no Soul*
lost, without any Notice of the
 Variation. Mr. *Theobald* substi-
 tutes *no foil*, and Mr. *Pope* fol-
 lows him. To come so near
 the Right, and yet to miss it is
 unlucky; the Author probably

wrote *no Soil, no Stain, no Spot:*
 For so *Ariel* tells,

Not a Hair perisb'd;
On their sustaining Garments
not a Blemish,
But fresher than before.

And *Gonzalo*, *The Rarity of it*
is, that our Garments being drench'd
in the Sea, keep notwithstanding
their Freshness and Glosses. Of
 this Emendation I find that the
 Author of *Notes on the Tempest*
 had a Glimpse, but could not
 keep it.

That

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*.—Twelve
years ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy Mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir²
And Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed waſ't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'st) were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to.
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called *Antho-
nio*—
I pray thee, mark me;—that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!—he whom next thyſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt;
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being transported,

² Perhaps—and thou his only heir.

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new-created
The creatures, that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key²
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suckt my verdure out on't.---Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him³
A falshood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it, ⁴

Made

² Key in this Place seems to signify the Key of a musical Instrument, by which he set *Hearts to tune*.

³ Alluding to the Observation, that a Father above the common rate of Men has commonly a Son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ*.

⁴ ———— like one
Who having INTO Truth by tell-
ing of it,

Made such a Sinner of his Memory,

To credit his own lie.] The corrupted reading of the Second line has rendered this beautiful Similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth*]? or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth*], because if he told truth he could never credit a lie. And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read

Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from substitution,
And executing th'outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!—my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi'th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan*!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th'event; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother.

Mira. I should sin,
To think but nobly of my grandmother;
Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,

I read and point it thus,

—————like one
Who having, UNTO truth, by
telling OFT,
Made such a Sinner of his me-
mory,
To credit his own lie.

dit to his own lie. A misera-
ble Delusion to which Story-tel-
lers are frequently subject. The
Oxford Editor having, by this
Correction, been let into the
Sense of the Passage, gives us this
Sense in his own Words,

Who loving an untruth, and
telling't oft,
Makes —————

WARBURTON:

i. e. by often repeating the same
Story, made his Memory such a
Sinner unto truth as to give cre-

Of

Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthony* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, set,
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,

When

When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise: ———

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heaven's thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon

5 ——— *deck'd the Sea.*] To
deck the Sea, if explained, to
honour, adorn, or dignify, is in-
deed ridiculous, but the original
import of the Verb *deck* is, *to*
cover; so in some Parts they yet
say *deck the Table*: This Sense
may be born, but perhaps the
Poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think
is still used of Drops falling
upon Water. Dr. *Warburton*
reads *mock'd*, the *Oxford* Edi-
tion *brack'd*.

A most

A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,⁶
 And give it way—*aside*. I know thou canst not chuse—
[Miranda sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
 Approach, my *Ariel*, Come.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I
 come

To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
 To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
 On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.
 I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,⁷
 Now in the waste⁸, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
 The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
 Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
 Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;

⁶ Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this Sleepiness which *Prospero* by his Art had brought upon *Miranda*, and of which he knew not how soon the Effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is

attentive to his Story.

⁷ The Beak was a strong pointed Body at the Head of the ancient Gallies; it is used here for the fore-castle, or the bolt-sprit.

⁸ The Part between the Quarter deck and the fore-castle.

Yea,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and plaid⁹
Some tricks of desperation : all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me : the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd ; cry'd, " hell is empty ;
" And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit !

But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd :

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship

The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' fleet ?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vest *Bermoothes*. There's she's hid,

The

⁹ In all the later Editions this is changed to a *Fever of the Mind*, without Reason or Authority, nor is any Notice given of an Alteration.

¹ From the still vest *Bermoothes*,] *Theobald* says *Ber-*

moothes is printed by Mistake for *Bermudas*. No. That was the Name by which the Islands then went, as we may see by the Voyages of that Time : and by our Author's contemporary Poets. *Fletcher*, in his *Woman pleased*, says,

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Whom with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour
 I've left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
 Bound sadly home for *Naples*;
 Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreckt,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
 What is the time o' th' day? ²

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me
 pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
 What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

say, *The Devil should think of purchasing that Eggshell to victual out a Witch for the Bermoothes.* Smith, in his Account of these Islands, p. 172. says, that the Bermudas were so fearful to the World, that many call'd them the Isle of Devils. — p. 174. — to all Seamen no less terrible than an enchanted Den of Furies. And no wonder, for the Clime was extremely subject to Storms and Hurricanes; and the Islands were surrounded with scattered Rocks

lying shallowly hid under the Surface of the Water.

WARBURTON.

² This Passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a Question which the next Moment enables us to answer; he that thinks it faulty may easily adjust it thus:

Pros. What is the time o' th' day? Past the mid season?

Ari. At least two glasses.

Pros. The time 'twixt six and
 now ———

Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst pronounce
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget?

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze

Of the salt deep;

3 That the Character and Conduct of *Prospero* may be understood, something must be known of the System of Enchantment, which supplied all the Marvellous found in the Romances of the middle Ages. This System seems to be founded on the Opinion that the fallen Spirits, having different Degrees of Guilt, had different Habitations allotted them at their Expulsion, some being confined in Hell, some, as *Hooker*, who delivers the Opinion of our Poet's Age, expresses it, *dispersed in Air, some on Earth, some in Water, others in Caves, Dens or Minerals under the Earth*. Of these some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy Spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus *Prospero* observes of *Ariel*;

—Thou wast a Spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorred Commands.

Over these Spirits a Power might be obtained by certain Rites performed or Charms learned. This Power was called the *Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The Enchanter being, as King *James* observes in his *Demonology*,

one who commands the Devil, whereas the Witch serves him. Those who thought best of this Art, the Existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held that certain Sounds and Characters had a physical Power over Spirits, and compelled their Agency; others who condemned the Practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of Opinion, with more Reason, that the Power of Charms arose only from compact, and was no more than the Spirits voluntarily allowed them for the Seduction of Man. The Art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful; and therefore *Cauldabon*, speaking of one who had Commerce with Spirits, blames him, though he imagines him one of the best Kind who dealt with them by Way of Command. Thus *Prospero* repents of his Art in the last Scene. The Spirits were always considered as in some Measure enslaved to the Enchanter, at least for a Time, and as serving with Unwillingness, therefore *Ariel* so often begs for Liberty; and *Caliban* observes that the Spirits serve *Prospero* with no good Will, but bate him rostedly. —Of these Trifles enough.

To run upon the sharp Wind of the North;
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell
me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born, not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
 Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.
 I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:
 What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' th' sea.
 Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible
 To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape
 And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
 Awake——

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
 We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
 I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,

4 *The strangeness*] Why should Mind easily subside in Slumber,
 a wonderful Story produce Sleep? especially when, as in *Prospero's*
 I believe Experience will prove Relation, the last Images are
 that any violent Agitation of the pleasing.

We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices.

That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other Business for thee.

Come, thou Tortoise! when?—

Enter Ariel like a Water Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,

Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwhollom fen,

Drop

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er
my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwhol-
som fen,

Drop on you both. *Shakespeare* hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of *Caliban*, in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwhollom*. So Sir *John Maundevill*, in his travels, p. 334. Edit. Lond. 1725. — at alle tymes brenne the a Vesselle of Cristalle fulle of Baume for to zeven gode smalie and odour to the Emperour, and to voyden away alle WYKKEDE Eyres and Corruptiouns. It was a tradition, it seems, that Lord

Falkland, Lord C. J. *Vaughan*, and Mr. *Seldon*, concurred in observing, that *Shakespeare* had not only found out a new character in his *Caliban*, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that *Shakespeare* gave his language a certain grotesque air of the Savage and Antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. *Bentley* took this, of a new language, literally; for speaking of a phrase in *Milton*, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, *Satan* had not the privilege as *Caliban* in *Shakespeare*, to use new phrase and diction

unknown

Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er !

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me ; and
would'st give me

Water with berries in't ; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits ; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did so ! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King ; and here you sty me

unknown to all others——and again——to practise distances is still a Caliban stile. Note on *Milton's Paradise Lost*, l. 4. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban stile* in *Shakespear*, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others.

WARBURTON.

Whence these criticks derived the notion of a new language appropriated to *Caliban* I cannot find : They certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. *Caliban* had learned to speak of *Prospero* and his daughter, he had no names for the sun and moon be-

fore their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more understanding than *Shakespear* has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper and the malignity of his purposes ; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions.

As wicked dew.] Wicked ; having baneful qualities. So *Spenser* says *wicked weed*, so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues*. *Bacon* mentions *virtuous Bezoar*, and *Dryden* *virtuous herbs*.

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd
thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child,

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! — I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred slave; 6
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak; taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage; 7
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

6 This speech which the former Edition give to *Miranda*, is very judiciously bestowed by Mr. Theobald on *Prospero*.

7 When thou DIDST not
Savage,

KNOW thy own meaning, but
wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd
thy purposes

With words to make them known.

The benefit which *Prospero* here upbraids *Caliban* with having bestowed, was teaching him language. He shews the greatness of this benefit by marking the inconvenience *Caliban* lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he did not know his own meaning. But sure a brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it

would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot shew its meaning to others. And this certainly is what *Prospero* would say,

—When thou COULDST not
Savage,

SHOW thy own meaning, —

The following words makes it evident,

—but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish. —

And when once [*show*] was corrupted to [*know*] the transcribers would of course change [*couldst*] into [*didst*] to make it agree with the other false reading. There is indeed a sense in which *Know thy own meaning* — may be well applied to a brute. For it may signify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison—

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,^s
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fewel and be quick (thou wer't best)

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,

[*aside.*

It would control my dam's god *Setebos*,

And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*

tions of its own mind, which, it
would seem, a Brute hath not.

Tho' this, I say, may be applied
to a brute, and consequently to

Caliban, and tho' to remedy this
brutality be a nobler benefit than

even the teaching language; yet
such a sense would be impertin-

ent and absurd in this place,
where only the benefit of language

is talked of by an exact and
learned Speaker. Besides, *Pro-*
pera expressly says, that, *Caliban*.
had purposes; which, in other
words, is that he did know his
own meaning.

WARBURTON.

[*s Red Plague.*] I suppose from
the Redness of the Body univer-
sally inflamed.

SCENE V.

*Enter Ferdinand, at the remotest part of the stage; and
Ariel invisible, playing and singing.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto those yellow sands,
And then take hand:
Court'sied when you have, and kist,
The wild waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

[Burden, dispersedly.

*Hark, hark, baugh-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh-waugh.*

Ari. Hark, hark, I hear

*The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock a-doodle-do.*

*Fer. Where should this musick be, i'th' air, or
earth?——*

*It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some God o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather——but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,*

But

But doth suffer a sea-change,

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

[Burden, ding-dong.

Fer.

9 Full fathom five thy father lies, &c.] Gildon, who has pretended to criticise our Author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business *Ariel* is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The Commission *Prospero* had intrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this; to conduct *Ferdinand* to the sight of *Miranda*, and to dispose him to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. *Ariel* sets about his business by acquainting *Ferdinand*, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd Apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet as odd as it appears, the Poet has shewn in it the finest conduct for carrying on his plot. *Prospero* had said,

*Find my Zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose
influence*

*If now I court not, but omit,
my Fortunes*

Will ever after droop.——

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance

that the occasion offers. The principal affair is the Marriage of his daughter with young *Ferdinand*. But to secure this point it was necessary they should be contracted before the affair came to *Alonso* the Father's knowledge. For *Prospero* was ignorant how this storm and shipwreck, caused by him, would work upon *Alonso*'s temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for *Prospero* as the Author. On the other hand, to engage *Ferdinand*, without the consent of his Father, was difficult. For not to speak of his Quality, where such engagements are not made without the consent of the Sovereign, *Ferdinand* is represented (to shew it a Match worth the seeking) of a most pious temper and disposition, which would prevent his contracting himself without his Father's knowledge. The Poet therefore, with the utmost address, has made *Ariel* persuade him of his Father's death to remove this Remora.

WARBURTON.

I know not whether Dr. Warburton has very successfully defended these Songs from Gildon's accusation. *Ariel*'s lays; however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance, they express nothing great, nor reveal

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no soundy matter
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou see'st yond:

Mira. What is't, a spirit?—
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou see'st,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Afide.*]

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my pray'r

May know, if you remain upon this Island;

And that you will some good instruction give,

How I may bear me here: my prime request

(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you-wonder!

If you be maid or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,

reveal any thing above mortal der of beings to which tradition
discovery. has always ascribed a sort of di-

The reason for which *Ariel* is minutive agency, powerful but
introduced thus trifling is, that ludicrous, a humorous and frolick
he and his companions are evi- controlment of nature, well ex-
dently of the fairy kind, an or- pressed by the Songs of *Ariel*.

But

But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'n's! I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best? What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of Milan,
And his brave Son, being twain.

Pro. —The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee;
If now 'twere fit to do't: —At the first sight,

[*Aside to Ariel.*

They have chang'd eyes:—delicate *Ariel*,

[*certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves: And was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing Men to corrupt the other Sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a Goddess or an immortal. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty which I think the Author never intended. *Ferdinand* asks her not whether she was a created being, a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which *Prospero's* interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question.

O, if a Virgin,
I'll make you Queen of Naples.

² This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was left in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the Duke of Milan.

³ —control thee.] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee,

I'll

I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.—
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—Sir, one word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me——
[*To Mirand.*] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor—
Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscels, wither'd roots, and husks.
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up traitor,

Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience

Is so possèst with guilt: come from thy ward, 4

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,

And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench!

To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,

And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition

To see a 'goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey; [*To Ferdinand.*]

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,

To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o'th' earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.

[*To Ariel*] Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*! follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, Sir,

4 Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.

Than

Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Prò. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. [*To Ferdinand.*] Come, follow : [*To Mir.*]
speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Island.

*Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

GONZALO.

BEESEECH you, Sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : our hint of woe⁵
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.⁶

Seb.

⁵ Hint is that which recals to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. *Dr. Warburton* reads *hint* of woe.

⁶ *Alon.* Pr'ythee peace.] All that follows from hence to this speech of the King's,

*You cram these Words into my
Ears against
The Stomach of my Sense.*

seems to Mr. *Pope* to have been an Interpolation by the Players. For my part, tho' I allow the Matter of the Dialogue to be very poor, I cannot be of opinion, that it is interpolated. For should we take out this intermediate Part, what would become of these Words of the King?

*Would I had never
Married my Daughter there !*

What

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One :——Tell,——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd ; comes to the entertainer ——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed ; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wifelier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,——

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.——

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : the wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,——So, you're paid.

What Daughter ? and where married ? For it is in this intermediate Part of the Scene only, that we are told, the King had a Daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married into *Tunis*. 'Tis true, in a subsequent Scene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd : but in such a manner, that it would be obscure and unintelligible without this previous

Information.

THEOBALD.

[*The Visitor.*] Why Dr. Warburton should change *Visitor* to *Viser* for *Adviser* I cannot discover. *Gonzalo* gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called the *Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant Churches there is a kind of officers termed *Consolators for the Sick*.

Adr. Un-

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

Seb. Yet——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses: being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant.

Ant. Widow, a pox o'that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!⁸

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. I —

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too; Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish

⁸ The name of a widow brings having made many widows in to their minds their own ship-wreck, which they consider as *Naples*.

Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: 9
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o'th' loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

9 It does not clearly appear whether the King and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should *Sebastian* plot against his brother in the following Scene unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit?

Gon.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-feed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.¹

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

¹ *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this Dialogue is a fine Satire on the Utopian Treatises of Govern-

ment, and the impracticable inconsistent Schemes therein recommended. WAREBURTON.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee no more; thou dost talk nothing to
[me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly; will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Ant. Thank you: wond'rous heavy——

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. - What might,
Worthy *Sebastian* — O, what might — no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it, ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Although this lord ² of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd; hath here almost persuaded,
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only ³
Professes to persuade the King, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, ⁴
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*

² This lord who being now
in his dotage has outlived his
faculty of remembring, and who
once laid in the Ground shall
be as little remembred himself
as he can now remember other
things.

³ *For he's a spirit of persuasion.*]
Of this entangled sentence I can
draw no sense from the present
reading, and therefore imagine
that the Author gave it thus:

*For he, a Spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade.*

Of which the meaning may be
either that *he alone who is a Spirit
of persuasion, professes to per-
suade the King*; or that, *He only
professes to persuade, that is, with-
out being so persuaded himself he
makes a shew of persuading the
King.*

⁴ That this is the utmost ex-
tent of the prospect of ambition,
the point where the eye can pass
no further, and where objects
lose their distinctness, so that
what is there discovered, is
faint, obscure, and doubtful.

Can

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd: tho' some, cast again,⁵
And by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,⁶
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

⁵ These lines stand in the old
Edition thus:

—— though some cast again
And by that destiny, to perform
an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue,
what to come
In your and my discharge.

Thereading in the later Editions
is without authority. The old
text may very well stand, ex-

cept that in the last line *in* should
be *is*, and perhaps we might
better say——and that by destiny.
It being a common plea of
wickedness to call temptation
destiny.

⁶ — Keep in *Tunis*.] There is
in this passage a propriety lost
which a slight alteration will
restore.

—— Sleep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience ———

Ant. Ay, Sir ; where lyès that ? 7

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper :

But I feel not this deity in my bosom.

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,

Candy'd be they, and melt, ere they molest !

Here lyes your brother ———

No better than the earth he lyes upon,

If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;

Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever : you doing thus ;

To the perpetual wink for a night put

This ancient Morfel, 8 this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,

They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;

They'll tell the clock to any business, that,

We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent : as thou got'st *Milan*,

I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword ; one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;

7 In the first Edition these lines are otherwise arranged.

Ay, Sir, where lyes that ? if 'twere a kybe,

'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not

This Deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,

And melt ere they molest. Here lies your brother.

The present reading is quite arbitrary, as appears by the ne-

cessity of changing *twenty* to *ten*, but the change being for the better, it is sufficient barely to note it. I think we may safely read,

Candy'd be they or melt.

That is, let my conscience be dried up and lie unactive, or melt and run quite away.

8 For *Morfel* Dr. Warburton reads *antient Moral*, very elegantly and judiciously, yet I know not whether the Author might not write *Morfel*, as we say a piece of a Man.

And

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together :

And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*,

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth
For else his project dies to keep them living. ⁹

[Sings in *Gonzalo's* Ear.

While you here do snoring lye,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take :

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber and beware :

Awake ! awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King ! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho ? awake ? why are you
drawn ? ¹

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

⁹ — to keep them living.] i. e. *Alonso* and *Antonio* ; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters *them*, to *you*, because in the verse before, it is said—you *his friend* ; as if, because *Ariel* was sent forth to save *his friend*, he could not have another purpose in sending him, viz. to save *his project* too. *WARBURTON.*

I think *Dr. Warburton* and the *Oxford* Editor both mistaken. The sense of the passage as it now stands is this : He sees your danger and will therefore save them. *Dr. Warburton* has mis-

taken *Antonio* for *Gonzalo*. *Ariel* would certainly not tell *Gonzalo* that his master saved him only for his project. He speaks to himself as he approaches,

*My master through his art fore-
sees the danger,
That these his friends are in.*

These written with a *y* according to the old practice, did not much differ from *you*.

—— drawn] Having your Swords drawn. So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*,

*What art thou drawn among these
heartless hinds ?*

Seb.

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
 Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
 It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
 To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
 Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this? [*To Gonzalo.*]

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
 And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
 I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd
 I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
 That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
 Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
 search
 For my poor son.

Gon. Heaven's keep him from these beasts!
 For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero* my lord shall know what I have done.
 So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of
 thunder heard.*

Cal. **A**LL the infections, that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall,
 and make him
 By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
 Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
 Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me.

Some-

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues²
 Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a sp'rit of his, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither brush nor shrub to bear off any
 weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
 sing i' th' wind: yond some black cloud, yond huge
 one,³ looks like a foul bombard that would shed his
 liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know
 not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
 choose but fall by pailfuls — What have we here, a
 man or a fish; dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a
 fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of,
 not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! Were I
 in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fish
 painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece
 of silver. There would this monster make a⁴ man; any
 strange beast there makes a man; when they will not
 give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out
 ten to see a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his
 fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose
 my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an
 Islander that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt.

² *Wound*] Enwrapped by ad-
 ders wound or twisted about me.

³ *Looks like a foul bombard.*] This Term again occurs in the first part of *Henry IV.* — that *swoln Parcel of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sack* — and again in *Henry VIII.* And here you lie baiting of Bombards, when

Ye should do Service. By these several Passages, 'tis plain the Word meant a large Vessel for holding Drink, as well as the Piece of Ordnance so called.

THEOBALD.

⁴ That is, Make a Man's Fortune. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — we are all made men.

Alas!

Alas ! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine : there is no other shelter hereabout ; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows : I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral ; well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

*Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,*

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate ;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, go hang :

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too ; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh !

Ste. What's the matter ? have we devils here ? do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of Inde ? ha ? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me : oh !

Ste. This is some monster of the Isle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague : where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that : if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present

present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cl. Do not torment me, pr'ythee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest : he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit ; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him : he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ;
Thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling :
Now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, Cat ; open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice : it should be——
but he is drown'd ; and these are devils : O ! defend me.——

Ste. Four legs and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : come : *Amen* ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. *Stephano*, ——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? mercy ! mercy ! this is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. *Stephano* ! if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed : how cam'st thou

thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole, butt man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from Heav'n?

Ste. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her? and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ; ⁵ I afraid of him ? a very shallow monster : the man i'th' moon — a most poor credulous monster : well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' Isle,
And ⁶ I will kiss thy foot : I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy sub-
[ject.

Ste. Come on then ; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster ; a most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs : I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

⁵ I afraid of him ? a very shallow monster, &c.] It is to be observed that *Trinculo* the speaker is not charged with being afraid : but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew

this brag from him. This is Nature.
WARBURTON.

⁶ Kiss thy foot.] A Sneer upon the Papists for kissing the Pope's pantofle.
GRAY.

Young

Young ⁷ Scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here. Hear, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; 'a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-dey, freedom! freedom,
hey-dey, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.

THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

⁷ *Scamels.*] This word has, who wrote Notes upon this puzzled the Commentators: Dr. play, observes that limpets are *Warburton* reads *Shamois*, Mr. in some places called *Scams*, *Theobald* would read any thing therefore I have suffered *Scamels* rather than *Scamels*. Mr. *Holt*, to stand.

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
 As heavy to me, as 'tis odious : but
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasure : O, she is
 Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed ;
 And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a fore Injunction. My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had ne'er like executor ; I forget ;
 But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
 Most busy-lefs, when I do it. ^s

Enter Miranda ; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile :
 Pray, set it down and rest you ; when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you : my father
 Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
 He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
 The sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that ;
 I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
 I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,

^s The two first *Folio's* read : very little remov'd from the
 Truth of the Text, that I can't
 Most busy least, *when I do it.* afford to think well of my own
 Sagacity for having discovered
 'Tis true this Reading is corrupt ; but the Corruption is so
 it. THEOBALD.

VOL. I.

E

As

As well as it does you ; and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name ?

Mira. *Miranda*, O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda* !

Indeed, the top of admiration : worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best. ⁹

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father ; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of ; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

⁹ *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of *Venus* by
Apelles.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
 A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
 (I would, not so!) and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak—
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service, there resides
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world;
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! heav'n's rain grace,
 On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
 What I desire to give: and much less take,
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bathful cunning!
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
 And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now
farewel,
'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. **T**ELL not me — When the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before; there-
fore bear up, and board 'em — Servant-monster; drink
to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle; we are three
of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the state
totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee. Thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues,
off and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and
yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more — [*To Caliban*] pro-

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle; [ceed.
From me he got it, If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dares not. —)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this! 'thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take this bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that. [Beats him,
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits, and hearing too? A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

¹ *What a pied ninny's this.*] This line should certainly be given to *Stephano*. *Pied ninny* alludes to the striped coat worn by fools, of which *Caliban* could have no knowledge. *Trinculo* had before been reprimanded and threatened by *Stephano* for giving *Caliban* the lie, he is now supposed to repeat his of-

fence. Upon which *Stephano* cries out,

What a pied ninny's this?—thou scurvy patch!

Caliban now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates him to vengeance.

I do beseech thy greatness give him blows.

Ste.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)
Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she:
But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and *Trin-
culo* and thyself shall be Vice Roys. Dost thou like
the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee:
but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing.

[Sings.
Flout

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices; That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me; then when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work,

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I wou'd I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.

Gon. **B**Y'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bonesake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick! [*these?*]

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were

Seb.

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders:
(For, certes, these are people of the Island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise, in departing. —

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

[boys,

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us ²

Good

² This passage alluding to a the putter out must be a traveller, forgotten custom is very obscure; else how could he give this account?

Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

S C E N E IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, seems to seize upon the dishes, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest*
Ye fools! I and my fellows [*draw their swords.*
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

count? the *five for one* is money illustrated this passage by a quotation from *Johnson*.
turn, Mr. *Theobald* has well il-

Against

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
 Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
 Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing. 3

*He vanishes in thunder: then to soft musick. Enter the
 shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and
 carrying out the table.*

Prov. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say; so with good life, 4
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I'th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand
 In this strange stare? [you

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

3 — *clear life.*] Pure, blame-
 less, innocent.

4 — *with good life.*] This
 seems a corruption. I know not
 in what sense *life* can here be
 used, unless for *alacrity*, *liveliness*,
vigour, and in this sense
 the expression is harsh. Per-
 haps we may read,

— *with good list,*

with good will, with sincere zeal
 for my service. I should have
 proposed,

— *with good lief,*

in the same sense, but that I can-
 not find *lief* to be a Substantive.

That

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Prosper* : it did bals my trespass. ⁵
Therefore, my son i'th' ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
And with him there lye mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly ;
And hinder them from what this ecstasie
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too austere punis'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have giv'n you here a third of mine own life : ⁶

Or

⁵ — *bals my trespass.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bals found.

⁶ Thus all the Impressions in general ; but why is She only a *Third* of his own Life ? He had no wife living, nor any other Child, to rob her of a Share in his Affection : So that we may reckon her at least *half* of him-

self. Nor could he intend, that he loved himself twice as much as he did her ; for he immediately subjoins, that it was *She* for whom he liv'd. In *Othello*, when *Iago* alarms the Senator with the loss of his Daughter, he tells him,

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul.

And

Or that for which I live; whom once again
 I tender to thine hand: all my vexations
 Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test. 7 Here, afore heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
 Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
 For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
 And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
 Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my * gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy Rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
 To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
 As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or *Phæbus'* steeds are founderd,

And *Dimidium animæ meæ* was
 the current Language with the
Latines on such Occasions.

THEOBALD.

In consequence of this ratiocination Mr. *Theobald* printed the text a thread of my own life. I have restored the ancient reading. *Prospero*, in his reason subjoined why he calls her the third

of his life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause.

7 ——— *strangely stood the test*] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, to a wonder; the sense is the same in the foregoing scene, with *observations strange*.

* My Guest, first Fol.

Or

Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.

What, *Ariel* ; my industrious servant, *Ariel*——

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
In such another trick ; go, bring the rabble,⁸
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently.

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice ; and cry, so, so ;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel* ; do not approach,
'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.]

Pro. Look, thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow ! ——

Fer. I warrant you, Sir ;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel* ; bring a corollary.
Rather than want a spirit, appear ; and pertly ——

⁸ *The Rabble.*] The crew of meaner Spirits.

9 No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [To Ferdinand.
[Soft Musick.

S C E N E III.

A M A S Q U E. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads ° thatch'd with flover, them to keep ;
1 Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy best betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns : and thy broom-
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air ; the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport ; her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short grass'd green ?

9 *No Tongue.*] Those who are
present at incantations, are ob-
liged to be strictly silent, *else*,
as we are afterwards told, *the*
Spell is marred.

° *With thatch'd flover, Oxford*

Edit. *Stover* seems to be hay
laid up.

1 The old Edition reads pionied and *twilled* brims, which I
do not understand.

Iris.

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the Queen : since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid ; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her ; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted ; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno*, comes ; I know her by her gait.

[*Juno descends, and enters.*

Jun. How does my bounteous sister ? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you :

Cer. Earth's increase, and foyson-plenty, ²
Barns and garners never empty,

Vines,

² *Earth's Increase.*] All the Editions, that I have ever seen, net to *Juno* : but very absurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate Reader, who is acquainted

*Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burden bowing,
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly : may I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet ; now silence :
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of *August* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;

ed with poetical History, and the
distinct Offices of these two God-
desses, and who then seriously
reads over our Author's Lines,

will agree with Me, that *Ceres's*
Name ought to have been placed
where I have now prefix'd it.

THEOBALD.

Make

Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited ; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. [*aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.— [*To the spirits.*] Well done—avoid—
no more.

Fer. This is most strange ; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd ; be chearful, Sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind ! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vext ; ³

Bear

³ ——— Sir, I am vext,
Bear with my weakness, my old
brain is troubled :]

Prospero here discovers a great

emotion of anger on his sudden
recollection of *Caliban's* plot.
This appears from the admirable
reflection he makes on the insignificance

Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturbed with my infirmity ;
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*]

Pro. Come with a thought ; — I thank you : —
Ariel, come.

*Prospero comes forward from the Cell ; enter
 Ariel to him.*

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to ; what's thy pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.⁴

Ari. Ay, my commander ; when I presented *Ceres*,
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,

nificance of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depression of mind than when they moralize in this manner ; and yet, if we turn to the occasion of his disorder, it does not appear, at first view, to be a thing capable of moving one in *Prospero's* circumstances. The Plot of a contemptible *Savage* and two drunken Sailors, all of whom he had absolutely in his power. There was then no apprehension of danger. But if we look more nearly into the case, we shall have reason to admire our Author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was something in it with which great minds are most deeply affected, and that is the *Sense of Ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the Obligations this *Caliban* lay under for the instructions he had given him, and the conveni-

encies of life he had taught him to use. But these reflexions on *Caliban's* Ingratitude would naturally recal to mind his brother's : And then these two working together were very capable of producing all the disorder of passion here represented. — That these two, who had received, at his hands, the two best gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *Regal power* and the *Use of reason* ; that these, in return, should conspire against the life of the Donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing. *WARBURTON.*

⁴ *Meet with Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to counteract, — to play Stratagem against Stratagem. — *The Parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advances their virtues.*

HERBERT'S Country Parson.

Left

Left I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prick't their ears,
5 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd-briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,

5 Thus Drayton in his Court
of Fairie of Hobgoblin caught
in a Spell.

*But once the circle got within
The Charms to work do straight
begin,*

*And he was caught as in a gin;
For as he thus was busy*

*A pain he in his head piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's
heels:*

Alas his brain was dizzy.

*At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin
frets;*

*And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scram-
bles,*

*A stump doth hit him in his face,
Down comes poor Hob upon his
face,*

*And lamentably tore his case
Among the briars and bram-
bles.*

So his mind cankers ; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring : come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall ; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the * *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine : do you hear, monster ? if I should take a displeasure against you ; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still :
Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance : therefore, speak
softly ;

All's hush't as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet : see'st thou here,
This is the mouth o'th' cell ; no noise, and enter ;
Do that good mischief, which may make this Island
Thine own for ever ; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

* He has plaid *Jack* with a *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers
lantern, has led us about like an are decoyed into the mire.

Ste.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*! 6

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery;—O, King *Stephano*!

Ste. Put off that gown, *Frinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,*

And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some † lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes

6 *Trin.* O King *Stephano*!
O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*!
Look what a wardrobe here is
for thee!] The Humour of these
lines consist in their being an
allusion to an old celebrated Bal-
lad, which begins thus, *King*
Stephen was a worthy Peer—

and celebrates that King's parsimony with regard to his wardrobe.—There are two Stanzas of this ballad in *Othello*.

WARBURTON.

* First Edit. *let's alone*.

† That is *Birdlime*.

With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, driven out roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark.——

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,

Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the Cell.**Enter Prospero in his magick Robes, and Ariel.*

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head ;
 My charms crack not ; my spirits obey, and
 time

Goes upright with his carriage : how's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
 You said, your work should 'cease.

Pro. I did say so,
 When first I rais'd the tempest ; say, my spirit,
 How fares the King and's followers ?

Ari. Confin'd
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
 Just as you left them, all prisoners, Sir,
 In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
 They cannot budge, 'till you release. The King,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but, chiefly,
 Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*,
 His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
 From eaves of reeds ; your charm so strongly works
 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further; go, release them, *Ariel*;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
 groves,

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chace the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Somè heavenly musick, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for; I'll break my staff:
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;

And,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn musick.]

S C E N E III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell stopt.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.——The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
Begin to chace the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason. O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.——Most cruelly
Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*.——Flesh and
blood

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That

That yet looks on me, or would know me——*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will dis-case me, and myself present,

[*Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.*

As I was sometime, *Milan*.——Quickly, *Spirit*;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After Summer, merrily. 7
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.——

7 *After Summer, merrily.*] This is the reading of all the Editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *Sun-set*, because *Ariel* talks of riding on the Bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the time of night in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. *Ariel* was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of *Prospero*, to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the Island Winter and Summer. But the roughness of Winter is represented by *Shakespeare* as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who on this account constantly follow Summer. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of *Ariel's* new reco-

ver'd liberty, that he could now avoid *Winter*, and follow *Summer* quite round the Globe. But to put the matter out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line

There I couch, when Owls do cry.

Where? in the *Cowslip's* bell, and *where the Bee sucks*, he tells us: this must needs be in *Summer*. *When?* *when Owls cry*, and this is in *Winter*.

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings, the staring owl.

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Lost*.

The consequence is, that *Ariel* flies after Summer. Yet the *Oxford* Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald,

WARBURTON.

To

To the King's ship, invifible as thou art;
 There fhalt thou find the mariners afleep
 Under the hatches; the mafter and the boatfwaïn,
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And prefently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. ⁸ I drink the air before me; and return
 Or e'er your pulfe twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
 ment

Inhabits here; fome heav'nly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
 The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
 For more affurance than a living Prince
 Does now fpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'ft thou he or no,
 Or fome enchanted trifle to abufe me,
 As late I have been, I not know; thy pulfe
 Beats, as of flefh and blood; and fince I faw thee,
 Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madnefs held me; this muft crave
 (And if this be at all) a moft ftrange ftory.
 Thy Dukedom I refign, and do intreat,
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how fhould *Prof-*

pero
 Be living and be here?

Pro. Firft, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whole honour cannot
 Be meafur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'll not fwear.

Pro. You do yet tafte
 Some fubtilties o' th' ifle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.

⁸ To drink the air is an expref- kind as to devour the way in
 fion of twiftness of the fame *Henry IV.*

But

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*

I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

[*aside.*

Pro. No: ———

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck't upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. 9 As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

9 *As great to me, as late;*] My loss is as great as yours, and has
as lately happened to me.

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire,
 That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
 Been jüstled from your senses, know for certain,
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
 Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
 This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in;
 My Dukedom since you've given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
 As much as me my Dukedom.

S C E N E IV.

Opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing
 at Chess.*

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me false,

Fer. No, my dear love,
 I would not for the world,

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms¹. You should
 And I would call it fair play. [wrangle,

Alon. If this prove

¹ Yes, for a score of kingdoms.] the world, for twenty kingdoms,
 I take the sense to be only this: and I wish you well enough to
Ferdinand would not, he says, allow you, after a little wrangle,
 play her false for the world; yes, that your play was fair. So like-
 answers she, I would allow you wise Dr. Gray.
 to do it for something less than

A vision

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Sab. A most high miracle!

Fer. I though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad Father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of *Milan*,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I

Alon. I say, Amen, *Gonzalo!*

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars; in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
* When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awaké,

* For *when* should perhaps be read *where*.

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
 And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
 Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginglyng chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd; straightway at liberty :
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, to please you,
 Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done ?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of; some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
 (Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, ² of every
 These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
 And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
 Set *Caliban* and his companions free : [*To Ariel.*
 Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir ?
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

² Which to you shall seem probable.] These words seem, at the first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will resolve you by yourself, which method, when you hear the story, [of Antonio's and Sebastian's plot], shall seem probable, that is, shall deserve your approbation.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monster, *Coragio*!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid, He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord *Antonio*!
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: ³ this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should they

³ — true.] That is, *honest*. The sense is, Mark what these
A true man is, in the language men wear, and say if they are
of that time, opposed to a Thief. *honest*.

Find this grand liquour that hath gilded 'em? ⁴
How can'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a

Pro. You'd be King o'th' isle, Sirrah? [cramp.]

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as I e'er look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

⁴ And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe;
where should they

Find this grand LIQUOR, that
hath gilded 'em.] *Shake-*
spear; to be sure, wrote—grand
'LIXIR, alluding to the grand
Elixir of the alchymists, which
they pretend would restore youth,
and confer immortality. This,
as they said, being a preparation
of Gold, they called *Aurum po-*
tabile; which *Shakespeare* alluded
to in the word *gilded*; as he does
again in *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

How much art thou unlike Mark
Anthony?

Yet coming from him, that great
med'cine hath,

With his Tinct, gilded thee.

But the joke here is to insinuate
that, notwithstanding all the
boasts of the Chymists, Sack was
the only restorer of youth, and
bestower of immortality. So Ben

Johnson in his *Every man out of*
his humour—*Canarie the very*
Elixar and Spirit of wine.—This
seems to have been the Cant
name for Sack, of which the
English were, at that time, im-
moderately fond. *Randolf* in his
Jealous Lovers, speaking of it,
says, — *A Pottle of Elixar at*
the Pegasus bravely caroused. So
again in *Fletcher's Monsieur Tho-*
mas, Act III.

— Old reverend Sack, which, for
ought that I can read yet,
Was that *Philosopher's stone* the
wise King *Ptolomeus*
Did all his wonders by.——

The phrase too of being gilded
was a trite one on this occasion.
Fletcher in his *Chances*.—Duke.
Is she not drunk too? Whore. *A*
little gilded o'er, Sir; *Old Sack,*
Old Sack, Boys! *WARBURTON*.

Was

Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My *Ariel*—chick,—
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint : and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell :
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits t'enforce, art to enchant :
And my ending is despair, ⁵
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

⁵ — And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;]
This alludes to the old Stories
told of the despair of Necro-

mancers in their last moments ;
and of the efficacy of the prayers
of their friends for them.

WARBURTON.

REPLIQUE

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

DREAM.

Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*
Lyfander, *in love with Hermia.*
Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*
Philoftrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starvelling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betroth'd to Theseus.*
Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*
Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*
Peaseblossom, }
Cobweb, } *Fairies.*
Moth, }
Mustard-seed, }

Pyramus, }
Thisbe, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by*
Wall, } *the Clowns.*
Moonshine, }
Lyon, }

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; and a Wood not far from it.

The various Readings of this Play.

- I. A Quarto printed for James Roberts, 1600.
- II. The Folio of 1623.
- III. The Folio of 1632.
- IV. The Folio of 1664.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how
slow

This old moon wanes: she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.¹

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon like to a silver bow,
Never bent in heaven, shall behold the night

¹ *Long WITHERING OUT a young man's revenue.* WARBURT.
young Man's revenue.] Long wither- That the common reading is
ing out is, certainly, not good Eng- not good *English*, I cannot per-
lish. I rather think *Shakepear* ceive, and therefore find in my-
wrote, Long WINTERING ON a self no temptation to change it.

Of our solemnities.

The. Go, *Philoftrate*,

Stir up the *Athenian* youth to merriments:

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;

Turn melancholy forth to funerals,

The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*]

Hippolita. I woo'd the with my sword;

And won thy love, doing thee injuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke:

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth, *Demetrius*.—My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, *Lyfander*.—And, my gracious Duke,

This man hath * witch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, *Lyfander*, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,

And interchang'd love tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n th' impressiō of her fantasie,

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness: And, my gracious Duke,

Be't so, she will not here before your Grace

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*;

I beg the antient privilege of *Athens*,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

* I. II. III. bewitch'd.

Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,²
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a God,³
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his pow'ry
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

² Or to her death, according to
our Law.] By a Law of Solon's,
Parents had the absolute power
of life and death over their chil-
dren. So it suited the poet's
purpose well enough to suppose
the Athenians had it before. —
Or perhaps he neither thought
nor knew any thing of the mat-
ter.

WARBURTON.

³ To you your father should be
as a God,

One, who compos'd your beau-
ties; yea, and one,

To whom you are but as a form
in wax

By him imprinted; and within
his power

To LEAVE the figure or disfigure
it.] We should read,

To 'LEVE the figure, &c.

i. e. relieve, to heighten or add
to the beauty of the figure, which

is said to be imprinted by him.

'Tis from the French relever.

Thus they say, *Tapisseries rele-
vées d'or*. In the same sense

they use *enlever*, which *Maunde-
ville* makes English of in this

Manner—*And alle the walles
withinne ben covered with gold*

*and sylver, in fyn Plates: and in
the Plates ben Stories and Batayles*

of Knightes ENLEVED. p. 228.

Rablais, with a strain of buffoon-
humour, that equals the sober

elegance of this passage in our
Poet, calls the small gentry of

France, *Gentilhommes de bas re-
lief*.

WARBURTON.

I know not why so harsh a
word should be admitted with so

little need, a word that, spoken,
could not be understood, and of

which no example can be shown.
The sense is plain, you owe to

your father a being which he may
at pleasure continue or destroy.

Her.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me :
 I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold ;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :
 But, I beseech your Grace, that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires :
 Know of your truth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun ;
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless, moon ?
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage !
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd, ³
 Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, * to whose unwish'd yoke
 My soul consents not to give Sov'reignty.

The. Take time to pause : and by the next new
 moon,
 The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will ;
 Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would ;
 Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
 For aye, austerity and single life.

³ Thus all the copies, yet a mode of speech so unusual, that *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and I wonder none of the Editors *earthlier happy* for *happier earthly* have proposed *earlier happy*.

* I. II. *Lordship, whose unwished yoke.*

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia* ; and, *Lyfander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, *Demetrius* ;
Let me have *Hermia*'s ; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lyfander* ! true, he hath my love ;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well posselt : my love is more than his :
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*'s :
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right ?

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena* ;
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'have spoke thereof ;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it. But, *Demetrius*, come ;

And come, *Egeus* ; you shall go with me ;

I have some private schooling for you both.

For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will ;

Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up

(Which by no means we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life.——

——Come, my *Hippolita* ; what cheer, my love?——

——*Demetrius*, and *Egeus*, go along ;

I must employ you in some business

Against our nuptials, and confer with you

Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?

How chance, the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
 4 Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. * Ah me, for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood——

Her. O crows!—too high to be enthrall'd to low!—

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years——

Her. O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends——

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lys. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it † momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

4 *Beteem them* — give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by *Spenser*.

* I. II. *Eigh me*. For Ah me.

II. — For aught. *Hermia* was inserted in the Folio 1632, but is now changed for the first reading.

5 *Too high, to be enthrall'd to Love.*] This Reading possesses all the Editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* displeas'd at being in Love; but regrets the Inconveniencies, that generally attend the Passion: Either, the Parties are disproportion'd, in degree of Blood and Quality; or unequal,

in respect of Years; or brought together by the Appointment of Friends, and not by their own Choice. These are the Complaints represented by *Lysander*; and *Hermia*, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say;

O crows! ——— *too high to be enthrall'd to low!*

So the *Antithesis* is kept up in the Terms; and so she is made to condole the Disproportion of Blood and Quality in Lovers.

THEOBALD.

† I. *Momentary*. Which is the old and proper word.

Brief

Brief as the lightning in the collied night, ⁶
 That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say, *Behold!*
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
 So quick bright things come to confusion.——

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross,
 It stands as an edict in destiny:
 Then, let us teach our tryal patience:
 Because it is a customary cross,
 As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
 Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lys. A good persuasion—therefore hear me, *Hermia*.
 I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
 From *Athens* is her house remov'd seven leagues, ⁷
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;

⁶ *Brief as the lightning in the
 collied Night,
 That, in a Spleen, unfolds both
 Heaven and Earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say,
 Behold!*

*The jaws of darkness do devour
 it up.*] Tho' the word
Spleen be here employed oddly
 enough, yet I believe it right.
Shakespeare always hurried on by
 the grandeur and multitude of
 his Ideas assumes, every now and
 then, an uncommon licence in the
 use of his words. Particularly
 in complex moral modes it is
 usual with him to employ one,
 only to express a very few ideas
 of that number of which it is
 composed. Thus wanting here
 to express the ideas——of a sud-
 den, or——in a trice, he uses
 the word *Spleen*; which, partially
 considered, signifying a hasty
 sudden fit, is enough for him, and

he never troubles himself about
 the further or fuller signification
 of the word. Here, he uses the
 word *Spleen* for a sudden hasty fit;
 so just the contrary, in the *Two
 Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses sud-
 den for spleenatic—sudden quips.
 And it must be owned this sort
 of conversation adds a force to
 the diction. *WARBURTON.*

⁷ *I have a widow aunt, &c.*]
 These lines perhaps might more
 properly be regulated thus:

*I have a Widow Aunt, a Dow-
 ager
 Of great revenue, and she hath
 no child,
 And she respects me as her only
 son;
 Her house from Athens is re-
 mov'd seven leagues,
 There, gentle Hermia, may I
 marry thee,
 And to that place ——*

And

96 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And to that place the sharp *Athenian* law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do observance to the morn of *May*,
There will I stay for thee,

Her. My good *Lyfander*,
I swear to thee by *Cupid's* strongest bow,⁸
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus'* doves,
By that, which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;

⁸ *Lyf.* — if thou lov'st me,
then

Steal forth thy father's house, &c.

Her. My good *Lyfander*,
I swear to thee by *Cupid's*
strongest bow,

By, &c. &c.

*In that same place thou hast ap-
pointed me*

*To morrow truly will I meet
with thee.*] *Lyfander* does but
just propose her running away
from her Father at midnight, and
straight she is at her oaths that
she will meet him at the place of
Rendezvous. Not one doubt or
hesitation, not one condition of
assurance for *Lyfander's* constancy.
Either she was nauseously com-
ing; or she had before jilted
him; and he could not believe
her without a thousand Oaths.
But *Shakespear* observed nature
at another rate.—The speeches are
divided wrong, and must be thus
rectified; when *Lyfander* had
proposed her running away with
him, she replies,

Her. My good *Lyfander*——
and is going on, to ask security

for his fidelity. This he per-
ceives, and interrupts her with
the grant of what she demands.

Lyf. I swear to thee by *Cupid's*
strongest bow, &c.

*By all the vows that ever men
have broke,*

*In number more than ever wo-
man spoke——*

Here she interrupts him in her
turn; declares herself satisfied,
and consents to meet him, in the
following words,

Her. —— *In that same place
thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with
thee.*

This division of the lines, be-
sides preserving the character,
gives the dialogue infinitely more
force and spirit. *WARBURTON.*

This emendation is judicious,
but not necessary. I have there-
fore given the note without al-
tering the text. The censure of
men, as oftner perjured than wo-
men, seems to make that line
more proper for the Lady.

And

And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen ;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke ;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair *Helena* ! whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay ;

Demetrius loves * you, fair ; O happy fair !

Your eyes are ⁹ lode stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching : O ! were favour so !

Yours would I catch, fair *Hermia* , ere I go ; ¹

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye ;

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody,

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O teach me, how you look ; and with what art

You sway the motion of *Demetrius*' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill !

* I. Your fair.

⁹ *Your eyes are lode stars.*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode star is the leading or guiding star, that is, the pole star. The Magnet is for the same reason called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the Sailor.

Milton has the same thought in *L' Allegro*.

*Tow'rs and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.*

¹ This emendation is taken from the *Oxford Edition*. The common reading is, *Your words I'd catch*.

VOL. I.

H

Her.

98 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. * His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lyfander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lyfander* see, ²

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lyf. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold;

To-morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass;

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;

(A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)

Through *Athens*' gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet; ³

There, my *Lyfander*, and myself shall meet;

And

* I. II. III. IV. His folly. *Helena*, is none of mine.

² Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. *Hermia* is willing to comfort *Helena*, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since *Hermia*, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness.

³ Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsels swell'd;

2

There my *Lyfander* and myself shall meet;

And thence from *Athens* turn away our Eyes,

To seek new Friends, and strange Companions.

This whole Scene is strictly in Rhyme; and that it deviates in these two Couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the Ignorance of the first, and the Inaccuracy of the later Editors: I have therefore ventur'd to restore the Rhymes, as I make no doubt but the Poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *Antithesis* to *Emptying*:

And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To seek new Friends and stranger Companies.
Farewel, sweet play-fellow ; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius* !
Keep word, *Lyfander* —— we must starve our sight
From Lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*

Lyf. I will, my *Hermia* —— *Helena*, adieu ;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you ! [*Exit Lyf.*

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be !
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinks not so :
He will not know ; what all, but he, do know.

And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste ;

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys themselves in ⁴ game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

tying : and *strange Companions*
our Editors thought was plain
Englisch ; but *stranger Companies*,
a little quaint and unintelligible.
Our Author very often uses the
Substantive Stranger adjectively ;
and *Companies*, to signify *Com-*
panions : As *Rich. II. Act. I.*

And *Hen. V.*

His Companies unletter'd, rude
and shallow. THEOBALD.

⁴ In game.] Game here sig-
nifies not contentious play, but
sport, jest. So *Spenser*,

To tread the stranger paths of
Banishments.

Twixt earnest and twixt game,

H 2

I will

I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight :
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his fight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling. 5

Quin. I S all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrawl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so * grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and

5 In this Scene *Shakespeare* takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the Players. *Bottom*, who is generally acknowledged the principal Actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon

the Stage. The same *Bottom*, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play *Pyramus*, *Thisbe* and the *Lyon* at the same time.

* I. Grow to a point.

a merry

a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;—yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: ⁶ To make all split! —

“ The raging rocks,
 “ And shivering shocks
 “ Shall break the locks
 “ Of prison gates:
 “ And *Phibbus*’ carr
 “ Shall shine from far,
 “ And make and mar
 “ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles*’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the bellows mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

⁶ *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.*
 We should read,

A part to tear a CAP in.

for as a ranting whore was called a *tear-sheet*, [2d part of *Hen. IV.*] so a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap*. For this reason it is the Poet makes *bully Bottom*, as

he is called afterwards, with for a part to tear a cap in. And in the ancient plays, the bombast and the rant held the place of the sublime and pathetic: And indeed constituted the very essence of their tragical Farces. Thus *Bale* in his *Acts of English votaries*, part 2d, says—*gripping like Termagants in a play.*

WARBURTON.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a masque; and you may speak as small as you will. 7

Bot. An' I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thisne*, *Thisne*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother. 8

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* fa-

7 This passage shews how the want of women on the old Stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a Lady's dress so much in use that it did give any unusual appearance to the Scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in *Dowden's* Memoirs of the Playhouse, that one of these counterfeited heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought

upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make Lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability.

8 ——— you must play *Thisby's Mother*.] There seems a double forgetfulness of our Poet, in relation to the Characters of this Interlude. The Father and Mother of *Thisby*, and the Father of *Pyramus*, are here mention'd, who do not appear at all in the Interlude; but *Wall* and *Moonshine* are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least Notice taken here. THEOBALD,

ther;

ther; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part: I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "let him roar again," "let him roar again."

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your ⁹ purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin. ¹ Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you,

⁹ Here *Bottom* again discovers a true genius for the Stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which

beard to chuse among many beards, all unnatural.

¹ That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in the *lues canerea*.

THEOBALD.

request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon light, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.²—[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A W O O D.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

P U C K.

HOW now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,³
Through bush, through briar,

² *At the Duke's Oak we meet*
——hold, or cut bowstrings.]

This proverbial phrase came originally from the Camp. When a Rendezvous was appointed, the militia Soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word that their *bow-strings were broke*, i.e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially——*held*

or cut bow-strings——i.e. whether the bow-string held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets*——the *silk frets*, for the passive, it is *cut* or *fretted*.

WARBURTON.

³ So Drayton in his court of Fairy,

*Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire.*

Over

Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the Fairy Queen,
 To dew her orbs ⁴ upon the green ;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be, ⁵
 In their gold coats spots you see,
 Those be rubies, Fairy favours :
 In those freckles live their favours :
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewel, thou ⁶ lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revèls here to night,
 Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.
 For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an *Indian King* :
 She never had so sweet a changeling ; ⁷
 And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
 But she per-force with-holds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.

⁴ *To dew her orbs upon the green.* to May morning.

[For *orbs* Dr. Gray is inclined to substitute *heerbs*. The orbs here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the Fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the Fairy's care to water them.

They in their courses make that round,

*In meadows and in marshes found,
 Of them so called the fairy ground.*

DRAYTON.

⁵ The cowslip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention

— *For the Queen a fitting tow'r
 Quoth he, is that fair cowslip
 flow'r.*—

*In all your train there's not a fay
 That ever went to gather May,
 But she hath made it in her way,
 The tallest there that groweth.*

⁶ — *Lob of spirits.*] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobecock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind.

⁷ — *Changeling.*] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away.

And

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,⁸
But they do square, that all their elves for fear⁹
Creep into acron cups, and hide them there.

Fai. * Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagere,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,¹
And bootless make the breathless hufwife chern:
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mis-lead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,²
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

Are

⁸ — *Shcen.*] Shining, bright,
gay.

⁹ *But they do square.*] To
square here is to quarrel.

And are you now such fools to
square for this. GRAY.

The French word *contrecarrer* has
the same import.

* I. II. III. IV. Either.

¹ *Skim milk, and sometimes la-
bour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless
hufwife chern.*

The sense of these lines is con-
fused. Are not you he, says the
fairy, that fright the country girls,
that skim milk, work in the hand-
mill, and make the tired dairy wo-
man churn without effect? The
mention of the mill is here use-
less; I would regulate the lines
thus:

*And sometimes make the breath-
less hufwife chern
Skim milk, and bootless labour in
the quern,*

Or by a simple transposition of
the line,

*And bootless, make the breathless
hufwife churn
Skim milk, and sometimes labour
in the quern.*

² *Those that Hobgoblin call you
and sweet Puck,
You do their work, —*

To these traditionary opinions
Milton has reference in *L' Allegro*,

*Then to the spicy nut brown ale, —
With stories told of many a feat.
How Fairy Mab the junks eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd she
said,*

*And he by Frier's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin
sweat*

*To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night ere glimpse of
morn*

*His shadowy flail had thresh'd
the corn*

Which

Are not you he?

Puck. I am—thou speak'st aright; 3
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jest to *Oberon* and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough: 4
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose,
And

Which ten day-labourers could not end,

Then lies him down the lubber fiend.

A like account of *Puck* is given by *Drayton*,

He meeteth Puck, which most men call,

Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.—

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,

Sull walking like a ragged colt;

And oft out of a bush doth bolt,

Of purpose to deceive us;

And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights out of the way,

And when we stick in mire and clay,

He doth with laughter leave us.

It will be apparent to him that shall compare *Drayton's* Poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received which they both represented as

accurately as they could. Whether *Drayton* or *Shakespeare* wrote first, I cannot discover.

3 *Puck.*—*Thou speak'st aright.*] I have filled up the verse which I suppose the author left complete.

It seems that in the Fairy mythology *Puck*, or *Hobgoblin*, was the trusty servant of *Oberon*, and always employed to watch or detect the Intrigues of Queen *Mab*, called by *Shakespeare* *Titania*. For in *Drayton's Nymphidia* the same fairies are engaged in the same business. *Mab* has an amour with *Pigwiggen*, *Oberon* being jealous sends *Hobgoblin* to catch them, and one of *Mab's Nymphs* opposes him by a spell.

4 *And tailor cries.*] The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. The *Oxford* Editor and Dr. *Warburton*

5 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But * make room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my mistress—Would, that we were
gone!

S C E N E II.

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his
train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairies, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash Wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,
When thou hast stoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin* fate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To am'rous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the further steep of *India*?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita*;
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night,
From

burton after him, read *and rails*
or cries, plausibly, but I believe
not rightly. Besides, the trick
of the fairy is represented as
producing rather merriment than
anger.

5 *And waxen*] And *encrease*,
as the *moon waxes*.

* I. II. III. IV. But room Fairy.
The word Fairy or Faery, was
sometimes of three syllables, as
often in *Spenser*.

6 *Didst thou not lead him*
through the glimmering night.]
We should read,

Didst

From *Periguné*, whom he ravished; 7
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since the middle summer's spring 8
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook, 9
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast distrust'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, 1

Didst thou not lead him glimmering through the night.
The meaning is, She conducted him in the appearance of fire through the dark night. WARE.

7 From *Perigenia*, whom he ravish'd:] Thus all the Editors, but our Author, who diligently perus'd *Plutarch*, and glean'd from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the Life of *Theseus*, that her Name was *Perigyne*; (or *Perigune*) by whom *Theseus* had his Son *Melampus*. She was the Daughter of *Sinnis*, a cruel Robber, and Tormentor of Passengers in the *Isthmus*. *Plutarch* and *Athenæus* are both express in the Circumstance of *Theseus* ravishing her.

THEOBALD.

8 And never since the middle Summer's spring, &c.] There are not many passages in *Shakespeare* which one can be certain he has borrowed from the Ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no dispute. Our Author's admirable description of the miseries of the Country being plainly an imitation of that which *Ovid* draws, as consequent on the grief

of *Ceres*, for the loss of her daughter.

Nescit adhuc ubi sit: terras tamen increpat omnes:

Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.

————— *Ergo illic scæva vertentia glebas*

Fregit aratra manu parilique irata colonos

Ruricolesque boves leto dedit: arvaque jussit

Fallere depositum vitæ atque femina fecit.

Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem

Sparsa jacet. Primis segetes moriuntur in herbis.

Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:

Sideraque ventique nocent.

THE middle summer's spring.] We should read THAT. For it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began.

WARBURTON.

9 Paved Fountain. A Fountain laid round the edge with stone.

1 The Winds piping. So *Milton*,

While rocking winds are piping loud.

As

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every * pelting river ² made so proud,
 That they have over-born their continents. ³
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
 The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud, ⁴
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here, ⁵

No

* II. III. IV. *Petty.*

² *Pelting river.* *Shakespear* has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*, yet it is undoubtedly right. We have *petty pelting Officer* in *Measure for Measure*.

³ *Overborn their continents.*] Born down the banks that contained them. So in *Lear*,

*Close pent guilts
 Rise their concealing continents.*

⁴ *The nine-mens morris.*] This was some kind of rural game played in a marked ground. But what it was more I have not found.

⁵ *The human mortals want their winter HERE.*] But sure it was not one of the circumstances of misery, here recapitulated, that the Sufferers wanted their *Winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical descriptions of the golden Age, it was always one cir-

cumstance of their happiness that they wanted Winter. This is an idle blunder of the Editor's. *Shakespear* without question wrote,

*The human mortals want their
 winter HERED.*

i. e. praised, celebrated. The word is obsolete: But used both by *Chaucer* and *Spencer* in this signification,

*Tho' wouldst thou learne to CAR-
 ROLL of love,*

*And HERY with HYMNES thy
 Lassè's glove.*

Spenc. Cal. Feb.

The following line confirms the emendation.

*No night is now with Hymn or
 Carol blest;*

and the propriety of the sentiment is evident. For the winter is the season of rural rejoicing, as the gloominess of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the

means.

No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air ;

That

means. Well therefore might she say, when she had described the dearths of the seasons and fruitless toil of the husbandmen, that

The human mortals want their winter heryed.

But, principally, since the coming of Christianity this season, in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *Hymn or Carrol blest* certainly alludes. Mr. Theobald says, *he should undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture unto the text, but that Shakespear seems rather fond of hallow'd. Rather than what? hallow'd is not synonymous to heryed but to blest. What was he thinking of? The ambiguity of the English word blest confounded him, which signifies either prais'd or sanctified.*

WARBURTON.

After all the endeavours of the Editors this passage still remains to me unintelligible. I cannot see why Winter is, in the general confusion of the year now described, more wanted than any other season. Dr. Warburton observes that he alludes to our practice of singing carols in December ; but though Shakespear is no great chronologer in his dramas, I think he has never so mingled true and false religion, as to give us reason for believing that he would make

the moon incensed for the omission of our carols. I therefore imagine him to have meant heathen rites of adoration. This is not all the difficulty. *Titania's* account of this calamity is not sufficiently consequential. *Men find no winter*, therefore they sing no hymns, the moon provoked by this omission alters the seasons : That is the alteration of the seasons produces the alteration of the seasons. I am far from supposing that Shakespear might not sometimes think confusedly, and therefore am not sure that the passage is corrupted. If we should read,

And human mortals want their wonted year.

Yet will not this licence of alteration much mend the narrative; the cause and the effect are still confounded. Let us carry critical temerity a little further. Scalliger transposed the lines of *Virgil's Gal'us*. Why may not the same experiment be ventured upon Shakespear.

The human mortals want their wonted year,

The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;

And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,

An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the summer,

The

That rheumatick diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the 'fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which; 6
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
 Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman. 7

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order,
 And, in the spiced *Indian* air by night,
 Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,

The chiding autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not which is which.

No night is now with hymn or carol blest;

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air;

And thorough this distemperature, we see

That rheumatick diseases do abound.

And this same progeny of evil comes

From our debate, from our dissension.

I know not what credit the reader will give to this emendation, which I do not much credit myself.

6 *By their increase.* That is, *By their produce.*

7 *Henchman.* Page of Honour. This office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. GRAY.

When

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind :
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)⁸
Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theseus*' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. * *Elves, away :*
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

8 Which she with pretty and
with swimming gate

FOLLOWING (her womb then rich
with my young squire)

Would imitate—] Following
what? she did not follow the
ship, whose motion she imitated:
for that failed on the water, she
on the land. If by following we
are to understand imitating, it
will be a mere pleonasm—imi-
tating would imitate. From the
Poet's description of the actions
it plainly appears we should read

FOLLYING—

Would imitate.

i. e. wantoning in Sport and
Gaiety. Thus the old *English*
writers—and they believe

FOLYLY and falsly — says
Sir J. Maundeville, from and in
the sense of *folâtrer*, to play the
wanton. This exactly agrees to
the action described — full of—
ten has she gossip by my side—and
—when we have laugh'd to see.

WARBURTON.

The foregoing Note is very
ingenious, but since *follying* is a
word of which I know not any
example, and the Fairy's favour-
rite might, without much licen-
tiousness of language, be said
to follow a ship that failed in the
direction of the coast, I think
there is no sufficient reason for
adopting it. The coinage of new
words is a violent remedy, not to
be used but in the last necessity.

* I. II. III. and IV. *Fairies.*

Ob. Well, go thy way ; thou shalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.——
My gentle *Puck*, come hither , thou remember'st ?

Since

9 ——— *Thou remember'st*
Since once I sat upon a promon-
tory,
And heard a mermaid on a dol-
phin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmo-
nious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at
her song ;

And certain stars shot madly from
their spheres

To hear the sea maid's musick—]
The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *Mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with *Cupid's* attack upon the *Vestal*. By the *Vestal* every one knows is meant Queen *Elizabeth*. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the *Mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with *Mary Queen of Scots*, and with no other. Queen *Elizabeth* could not bear to hear her commended ; and her successor would not forgive her satyrists. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret

meaning. She is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty and intemperate lust.

—— *Ut turpiter atrum*
Definat in piscem mulier formosa
supernè.

for as *Elizabeth* for her chastity is called a *Vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *Mermaid*. 3. An antient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor *Julian* tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *Mermaids*) contended with precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between *Mary* and *Elizabeth* had the same cause, and the same issue.

—— *On a Dolphin's back.*]
This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of *Mary's* fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of *France*, son of *Henry II.*

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The *French* writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a *Latin* oration in the great hall of the *L'ouvre*, with so much grace and

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took

At

and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song.] By the *rude sea* is meant *Scotland* encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in *France*. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: And had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea maid's musick.]

Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the *English* nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of

Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion *Shakespeare* alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*,

*O train me not, sweet mermaid,
with thy note,*

*To drown me in thy sister's flood
of tears.*

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions *Shakespeare* always excels himself. He is born away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of Verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

—Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.

WARBURTON.

1 *Cupid* all-arm'd;] Surely, this presents us with a very unclassical

116 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

At a fair Vestal, throned by the west,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
 But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the Imperial Votress pass'd on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
 It fell upon a little western flower ;
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound ;
 And maidens call it Love in idleness. ²
 Fetch me that flow'r ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league,

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*]

classical Image. Where do we read or see, in ancient Books, or Monuments, *Cupid* arm'd more than with his Bow and Arrow ; and with these we for ever see him arm'd. And these are all the Arms he had Occasion for, in this present Action ; a more illustrious One, than any, his Friends, the Classics, ever brought him upon. — The Change I make is so small, but the Beauty of the Thought so great, which this Alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For what an Addition is this to the Compliment made upon this Virgin *Queen's* Celibacy, that it alarm'd the Power of Love ? as if his Empire was in Danger, when this *Imperial Votress* had de-

clared herself for a single Life : so powerful would her great Example be in the World. — *Queen Elizabeth* could not but be pleas'd with our Author's Address upon this Head.

WARBURTON.

All-armed, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all-booted*. I am afraid that the general sense of *alarmed*, by which it is used for *put into fear or care by whatever cause*, is later than our Author.

² *And maidens call it Love in idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid* : With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing which she waking looks upon,
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love :
 And ere I take this charm off from her light,
 (As I can take it with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible, 3
 And I will over-hear their conference.

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
 The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me. 4
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood;
 And here am I, and wood within this wood; 5
 Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
 But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
 Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
 And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

3 ——— *I am invisible.*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as *Oberon*, and *Puck* his Attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their Entering; they are designed by the Poet to be suppos'd on the Stage during the greatest Part of the Remainder of the Play; and to mix, as they please, as Spirits, with the other Actors; and embroil the Plot,

by their Interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own Purpose.

THEOBALD.

4 *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] Thus it has been in all the Editions hitherto: but Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw, it must be, as I have corrected in the Text.

THEOBALD.

5 Wood, or mad, wild, rav-
 ing.

POPE.

Dem.

118 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,⁶
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone?
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;

⁶ This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient Poet.

Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief, Fie, *Demetrius*;
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love so well. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
* O'er canop'y'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.

* All the old Editions have, *lio's an unknown hand has writ-*
Quite over canopied with luscious ten lush Woodbine, which I think
woodbine. is right.
On the margin of one of my Fo-

Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* song :
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wing,
To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our * quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep :
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So good night with lullaby.*

⁷ A Roundel is a Dance in a ring.

GRAY.

⁸ Then for the third Part of a Minute hence] So the old Copies. But the Queen sets them Work, that is to keep them employ'd for the Remainder of the Night ; the Poet, undoubtedly, intended her to say, Dance your Round, and sing your Song,

and then instantly (*before* the third Part of a Minuet) begone to your respective Duties. THEOB.

Dr. Warburton reads for the third part of the Midnight.

* Quaint spirits. For this *Dr. Warburton* reads against all authority quaint sports. But *Prospero* in the *Tempest* applies quaint to *Ariel*.

2 Fairy,

2 Fairy.

*Weaving spiders come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence, away ; - now all is well :
One, aloof, stand Sentinel.*

[Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take :
Love and languish for his sake :
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit Oberon.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, *Lyfander* ; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her,

Her. Nay, good *Lyfander*; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near,

Lyf. O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;⁹
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth:
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lyfander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lyfander* ly'd.

9 O take the sense, sweet of my
innocence;

*Love takes the meaning in love's
conference.*] Here, by some
mischance or other, *Innocence* and
Conference have been jumbled in-
to one another's places, and there-
by deprived a very sensible reply
of all kind of meaning. Re-
store each to its right place and
the sense will be this;—when
she had interpreted his words to
an evil meaning, he replies,

O take the sense, sweet, of my
conference;

i. e. judge of my meaning by
the drift of my whole speech,
and do not pervert the sense of
an ambiguous word to a mean-
ing quite foreign to the discourse.
Besides, says he,

*Love takes the meaning in love's
innocence.*

i. e. The innocence of your love
may teach you to discover the in-
nocence of mine. These are
the sentiments, which were quite

lost in this awkward transposition.

WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced
of the necessity of this alteration.
Lyfander in the language of
love professes that as they have
one heart they shall have one
bed; this *Hermia* thinks rather
too much, and entreats him to
lye further off. *Lyfander* answers,

O! take the sense, sweet, of my
innocence.

understand the meaning of my in-
nocence, or my innocent meaning.
Let no suspicion of ill enter thy
mind.

*Love takes the meaning in love's
conference.*

In the conversation of those
who are assured of each other's
kindness not suspicion but *Love
takes the meaning*. No malevo-
lent interpretation is to be made,
but all is to be received in the sense
which *love* can find and which
love can dictate.

But,

But, gentle friend, for love and curtesie,
Lye further off; in human modesty.
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night; sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love:
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the *Athenian* maid,
And here the maiden sleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lye
Near this lack-love kill-curtesie.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*!

Dem.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed, and attractive, eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.

Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*

Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.

What wicked, and dissembling, glass of mine

Made me compare with *Hermia's* spherish eyne?

But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:

Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:

Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent *Helen*, nature here shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so;

What tho' he love your *Hermia*, lord, what tho'?

Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? no: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent;

Not *Hermia*, but *Helen* now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says, you are the worthier maid.

Things, growing, are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason;

And,

And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,¹
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do.
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness;
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit and my heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And all my pow'rs address your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [*Exit.*]

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me thought, a serpent eat my heart away;
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost, with fear.

¹ Reason becomes the marshal to my will. That is, My Will now follows reason.

No?

No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.*

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tying houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'raken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell

* In the time of *Shakeſpear* there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this

Scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. *Bottom* was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an *Aſs's* head.

them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play; open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns

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thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the Person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (says the story) did talk thro' the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse you parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An Actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby*, dear;
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit;²

And, by and by, I will to thee appear.

[*Exit Pyramus.*

² In the old Editions, — *stay thou here a while*;] The Verses should be alternately in Rhyme: but *sweet* in the Close of the first Line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The Author, doubtless, gave it;

—— *stay thou but here a whit*; i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no Price, or Consideration; a trifle: in which Sense it is very frequent with our Author. THEOBALD.

Puck.

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aside.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's* tomb.

Quin. *Ninus's* tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet: that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter Bottom, with an Ass's head.

This. O, — As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray, masters; fly, masters; help! [*The Clowns exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
bryer; ³

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee? ¹

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? *Enter*

³ Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps it was written, *through bog, through mire.*

VOL. I.

¹ It is plain by *Bottom's* answer that *Snout* mentioned an *Ass's Head*. Therefore we should read,

K

Snout.

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee ; thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they can ; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can ; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.]

The Ousef cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The thrush with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?
[Waking.]

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, *[Sings.]*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ?
who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry *cuckoo*
never so ?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again ;
4 Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;

Snout. O *Bottom*, thou art
changed, what do I see on thee ?
An Ass's Head ?

4 These lines are in one quar-
to of 1600, the first folio of
1623, the second of 1632, and
the third of 1664, &c. ranged
in the following order :

*Mine ear is much enamour'd of
thy note,
On the first view to say, to swear,
I love thee ;*

*So is mine eye enthralled to thy
shape,*

*And thy fair virtue's force (per-
force) doth move me.*

This reading I have inserted not
that it can suggest any thing bet-
ter than the order to which the
lines have been restored by Mr.
Theobald from another 4to, but to
shew that some liberty of con-
jecture must be allowed in the re-
vival of works so inaccurately
printed and so long neglected.

And

And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can sgleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whither thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

S C E N E III.

Enter Four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3. *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I: where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gamble in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,

5 —gleek.] Joke or scoff. POPE.

K 2

And

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, ⁶
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
 Nod to him, elves, and do him curtesies.

¹ *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

² *Fair.* Hail! —

³ *Fair.* Hail! —

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech,
 your worship's name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good
 master *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold
 with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

Pease. *Peaseblossom.*

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash*
 your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good
 master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more ac-
 quaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. *Mustardseed.*

Bot. Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your ⁷ pa-
 tience well: that same cowardly giant-like Ox-beef
 hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I
 promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water
 ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good
 master *Mustardseed*.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
 And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ — *the fiery glow-worm's* in his eyes, which is only in his
 eyes.] I know not how *Shake-* tail.
speare, who commonly derived
 his knowledge of nature from
 his own observation, happened
 to place the glow-worm's light

⁷ — *patience.*] The *Ox-*
ford Edition reads, *I know your*
parentage well. I believe the
 correction is right.

S C E N E IV.

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd :
Than what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, ⁸ rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* nuptial day.
The shallow't thick-skin of that barren fort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Ass's ⁹ nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my * minnock ¹ comes: when they him spy.
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in fort, ²
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

⁸ — *patches.*] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *rag-gamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*.

⁹ — *nowl.*] A head. Saxon.

* II. *Mimick*, so III. and IV.

¹ — *minnock.*] This is the

reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minneken*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt.

² — *fort.*] Company. So above, *that barren fort*; and in *Waller*, *A sort of lusty shepherds' strive.*

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So at his sight, away his fellows fly;
 And, at our ³ stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
 4 Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd ⁵ the *Athenian's* eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
 And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
 That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

3 *And at our stamp.*] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of *Puck* from those of their own companions. I read,

And at a stump here o'er and o'er one falls.

So *Drayton*,

*A pain he in his head-piece feels,
 Against a stubbed tree he reels,
 And up went poor Hobgoblin's
 heels;*

*Alas his brain was dizzy.—
 At length upon his feet he gets,
 Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
 And as again he forward sets,
 And through the bushes scram-
 bles,*

*A stump doth trip him in his
 pace,
 Down fell poor Hob upon his face,
 And lamentably tore his case
 Among the briars and brambles.*

4 *Some sleeves, some hats.*] There is the like image in *Drayton* of *Queen Mab* and her Fairies flying from Hobgoblin.

*Some tore a ruff, and some a
 gown,*

*'Gainst one another jostling;
 They flew about like chaff i'th'
 wind,
 For haste some left their masks
 behind,*

*Some could not stay their gloves to
 find,*

*There never was such bustling.
 5 — latch'd, or lech'd, lick't
 over, lecher, to lick; French.*

HANMER.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse:
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, ⁶ plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so * dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men.

O! once tell true even for my sake,

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake!

⁶ *Being o'er shoes in blood.*] An allusion to the Proverb, *Over shoes, over boots.*

* I. II. III. IV. all read *so dead*, in my copy of III. some reader has altered *dead* to *dread*.

136 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!⁷
 Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
 An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:⁸
 I am not guilty of *Lyfander's* blood,
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;
 And from thy hated presence part I so:
 See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
 For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his Tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding
 troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 And *Helena of Athens*, see, thou find.
 All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;
 With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;
 By some illusion, see, thou bring her here;
 I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

7 — O brave touch.] Touch in *Shakespeare's* time was the same with our exploit, or rather stroke. A brave touch, a noble stroke, in grand coup. *Mason* was very merry, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters.

ASCHAM.

8 — mispris'd.] Mistaken; so below misprision is mistake.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow. *[Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy-band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be?

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in
scorn;

Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. Yo do advance your cunning more and more;
When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy, fray!

These

These vows are *Hermia's*: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high *Taurus*' snow,⁹

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss

This Princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.¹

Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls² to mock me too?

If you are men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so:

To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,

And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of nobler sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort³

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

⁹ — *Taurus' snow.*] *Taurus* is the name of a range of mountains in *Asia*.

¹ — *seal of bliss.*] He has elsewhere the same image,

But my kisses bring again

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

² — *join in souls.*] This is surely wrong. We may read, *Join in scorns*, or *join in scoffs*.

³ *Extort a poor soul's patience.*] Harrafs, torment.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

4 My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.

Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander*'s love, that would not let him bide,

4 *My heart to her.*] We should
read,

*No matter what beauties I saw
in my way,*

*They were but my visits, but then
not my home.*

*My heart with her but, as guest-
wife, sojourn'd.*

So Prior,

Fair

Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
 Than all yon fiery O's ⁵ and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
 The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not, as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
 Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spight to me. ⁶
 Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
 All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition;
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
⁷ Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love afunder,

⁵ — *all yon fiery O's.*] I would willingly believe that the poet wrote *fiery orbs*.

⁶ — *in spite of me.*] I read, *in spite to me*.

⁷ *Two of the first Life, coats in Heraldry,*

Due but to One, and crowned with one Crest.] The true

Correction of this Passage I owe to the Friendship and Communication of the ingenious *Martin Folks*, Esq;—Two of the *first*, *second*, &c. are Terms peculiar in *Heraldry* to distinguish the different *Quarterings* of *Coats*.

THEOBALD.

To

To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
 (Who even but now, did spurn me with his foot)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial ? wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
 But by your setting on, by your consent ?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back ;
 Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up :
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument :^s
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena* ; hear my excuse ;
 My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena* !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot intreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :
 Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
 Prayers.

^s — *such an argument.*] Such a *subject* of light merriment.

Helen,

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
 I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say'st so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come——

Her. *Lyfander*, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope* !

Dem. No, no, he'll seem

To break away ; take on as he would follow,
 But yet come not :——you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ; vile thing, let
 loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? What change is
 Sweet love ! [this ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny *Tartar*, out ;
 Out, loathed medicine : hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,
 A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
 dead ?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?
 Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?
 Am not I *Hermia* ? are not you *Lyfander* ?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while. [me ;
 Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night, you left
 Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it !)
 In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;
 And never did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt ;
 Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest ;
 That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her.

Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stoll'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith! Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet; why, so: ay, that way goes the
game.

Now, I perceive, that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.——

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me,
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.

You

You see, how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't, that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You ⁹ Minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in *Helena*.

Dem. follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exeunt: Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

⁹ You Minimus,—] *Shake-* i. e. You *Diminutive* of the Crea-
spear might have given it, tion, you *Reptile*, as in *Milton*.
You Minim, you, ————— THEOBALD.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* eyes;
And so far am I glad it did so fort,¹
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime, frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,²
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.

¹ — *so fort.*] So happen lufiferous. So he calls, in the
in the issue. Tempest, *Poisonous dew*, wicked

² — *virtuous property.*] Sa- dew.

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Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yard ; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light ;
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort ;
I with the morning light have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay ;
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit *Ob.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou proud *Demetrius* ? speak thou
now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art
thou ?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.

Enter

Enter Demetrius.

*Dem. Lyfander, fpeak again ;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled ?
Speak in fome bufh : where doft thou hide thy head ?*

*Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ftars,
Telling the bufhes that thou look'ft for wars,
And wilt not come ? come, recreant ; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod ; he is defil'd,
That draws a fword on thee.*

Dem. Yea, art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Lyfander comes back.

*Lys. He goes before me, and ftill dares me on ;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I :
I follow'd faft, but fafter he did fly ;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reft me. Come, thou gentle day :*

[Lyes down.]

*For if but once thou fhew me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this fpirit.*

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'eft thou not ?

*Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ft : for well I wot,
Thou runn'ft before me, fhifting every place ;
And dar'ft not ftand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou ?*

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

*Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ft me ; thou fhalt buy
this dear, ³*

³ — buy this dear ; that is, dear. So in another place, thou
thou fhalt pay dearly for this. fhalt abuy it. So Milton,
Though this is fenfe, and may
well enough ftand, yet the poet
perhaps wrote thou fhalt 'by it
How dearly I abide that boaft
fo vain.

148 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

If ever I thy face by day-light see.
 Now, go thy way; faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.
 By day's approach look to be visited. [Lyes down.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the East:
 That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
 From these, that my poor company detest;
 And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
 Steal me a while from mine own company. [Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
 Two of both kinds make up four.
 Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
 I can no further crawl, no further go;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires:
 Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.
 Heav'n's shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray! [Lyes down.]

Puck. On the ground
 Sleep found,
 I'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]
 When thou wak'st,
 Thou tak'st
 True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.

}

*Jack shall have Jill,
Naught shall go ill,*

The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[*Exit Puck. [They sleep.*

* ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The Wood.

*Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,
and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,³
And stick musk roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head *Peaseblossom*. Where's monsieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to

* I see no good reason why the fourth act should begin here when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600 there is no division of acts, which seems to

have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure.

3 —do coy.] To coy is to sooth.

SKINNER.

L 3

have

have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neife, monsieur *Mustardseed*; pray you leave your curtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help *Cavallero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet [love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Musick, Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: ⁴
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, ⁵

Gently

⁴ In the former Editions, ——— and be always away.] What! was She giving her Attendants an everlasting Dismission? No such Thing; they were to be still upon Duty. I am convinc'd, the Poet meant;

————— and be all ways away.

i.e. disperse your selves, and scout

out severally, in your Watch that danger approach us from no Quarter.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads,

And be away—away.

⁵ So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist; the FEMALE Ivy
so

Enrings

Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; see'st thou this sweet
sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet * favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent

*Enrings the barky fingers of the
Elm.]* What does the *wood-
bine* entwist? The *boney-suckle*.
But the *woodbine* and *boney-suckle*
were, till now, but two names
for one and the same plant. *Flo-
rio*, in his *Italian Dictionary*, in-
terprets *Madre Selva* by *wood-
binde* or *bonnie-suckle*. We must
therefore find a support for the
woodbine as well as for the *Ivy*.
Which is done by reading the
lines thus,

*So doth the woodbine, the sweet
boney-suckle,*

*Gently entwist the MAPLE; Ivy
so*

*Enrings the barky fingers of the
Elm.*

The corruption might happen by

the first blunderer dropping the
p in writing the word *maple*,
which word thence became *male*.
A following transcriber, for the
sake of a little sense and measure,
thought fit to change this *male*
into *female*; and then tacked it
as an epithet to *Ivy*.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads,

*So doth the woodbine the sweet
boney-suckle,*

for bark of the wood. *Shake-
speare* perhaps only meant so,
the leaves involve the flower,
using *woodbine* for the plant and
boney-suckle for the flower; or per-
haps *Shakespeare* made a blunder.

* 1. Favours.

To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eye;
 And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of the *Atbenian* swain;
 That he, awaking, when the others do,
 May all to *Athens* back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first, I will release the Fairy Queen;

*Be, as thou wast wont to be ;
 See, as thou wast wont to see :
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flow'r
 Hath such force and blessed power. 6*

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon*! what visions have I seen!

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while——*Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense. 7

Queen. Musick, ho! musick: such as charmeth
 sleep.

Still Musick.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
 peep.

6 *Dian's Bud, or Cupid's flow'r.*] Thus all the Editions. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* gave me the Correction, which I have inserted in the Text. THEOBALD.

7 *Titania, Musick call, and strike more dead*

Than common Sleep. Of all these five the Sense.] This

most certainly, is both corrupt in the Text, and Pointing. My Emendation needs no Justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the Stage, were, *Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena* and *Bottom.*——Dr. *Thirlby* likewise communicated this very Correction. THEOBALD.

Ob.

Ob. Sound, music; come, my Queen, take hand
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke *Theſeus*' house triumphantly,

And bleſs it to all fair * poſterity; ⁸

There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad; ⁹

Trip we after the night's ſhade;

We the globe can compaſs ſoon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight

Tell me how it came this night,

That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lie ſtill.*

With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his Train.

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,

For now our obſervation is perform'd, ¹

And

* I. *Proſperity.*

⁸ *Dance in Duke Theſeus' house triumphantly,*

And bleſs it to all FAIR poſte- rity;] We ſhould read,

—to all FAR poſterity.

i. e. to the remotest poſterity.

WARBURTON.

⁹ *Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad,*

Trip we after the night's

ſhade.] Mr. Theobald ſays,

why ſad? Fairies are pleaſed to follow night. He will have it fade; and ſo, to mend the rhyme,

ſpoils both the ſenſe and gram- mar. But he miſtakes the mean- ing of *ſad*; it ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. — So *Winter's Tale*, Act 4. *My father and the gentleman are in ſad talk.* For grave or ſerious. WARBURTON.

¹ *Our obſervation is performed.]*

The honours due to the morn- ing of May. I know not why *Shakeſpear* calls this play a *Mid- ſummer-*

And since we have the vaward of the day,
 My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the western valley, go——
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
 We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
 When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
 So * flew'd, so † fanded, and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Thessalian* bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theffaly*:
 Judge, when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are
 these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
 And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
 This *Helena*, old *Nedar's* *Helena*;
 I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
 The Rite of *May*; and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
 But speak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
 That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

summer-Night's Dream, when he mouthed. *Flews* are the large
 so carefully informs us that it Chaps of a deep mouthed Hound.
 happened on the night preceding HANMER.
May day. † So fanded. So marked with

* So flew'd. That is, so small spots.

The.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 155

The. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and Shout within: Demetrius, Lyfander, Hermia and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyf. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up:

I know, you two are rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyf. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here:

But as I think, for truly would I speak,

And now I do bethink me, so it is;

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be

Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;

I beg the law, the law upon his head:

They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,

Thereby to have defeated you and me;

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them;

Fair *Helena* in fancy following me. ²

But

² Fair *Helena* in fancy following me.] *Fancy* is here taken for love or affection, and is opposed to fury, as before.

Sighs and tears poor *Fancy's* followers.

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in his *Fancy*.

156 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by some power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the snow; seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon,
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
But like a sickness did I loath this food;
But as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it;
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, *Hippolita*. [*Exe. Duke, Hippol. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted Eye;
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So, methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel, 3

Mine

Fancy. Flower fancier, for a florist, and Bird fancier, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words.

3 And I have found *Demetrius* like a JEWEL,

Mine own, and not mine own.]
Hermia had observ'd that things

appeared double to her. *Helena* replies, so methinks; and then subjoins, that *Demetrius* was like a jewel, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to some thing which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another.

Not

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E III.

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, most fair *Pyramus* ——— hey, ho, ——— *Peter Quince*, *Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snout* the tinker! *Starveling*! god's my life! stoll'n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had ——— But man is but a patch'd fool, & if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand

Not the property sure of a *jewel*:
or if you will, of none but a
false one. We should read,

*And I have found Demetrius
like a GEMELL,*

Mine own, and not mine own.

From *Gemellus* a *Twin*. For
Demetrius had that night acted
two such different parts, that she
could hardly think them both
played by one and the same *De-*
metrius; but that there were twin
Demetrius's like the two *Sofia's*
in the *Farce*. — From *Gemel-*

lus comes the *French*, *Gemeau* or
Jumeau, and in the feminine,
Gemelle or *Jumelle*: So in *Ma-*
con's translation of the *Decame-*
ron of *Bocace* ——— *Il avoit trois*
filles plus aage'es que les masses, des
quelles les deux qui estoient ju-
MELLES avoient quinze ans.
Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious
enough to deserve to be true.

4 *Patch'd fool*. That is, a
fool in a particoloured coat.

is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it has no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after Death. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Town.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. HAVE you sent to *Bottom's* house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt? he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

5 In former Editions: *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her Death.* At whose Death? In *Bottom's* Speech there is no mention of any She Creature, to whom this Relative can be coupled. I make not the least Scruple, but *Bottom*, for the sake of a Jest, and to render his *Voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said; — *I shall sing it after Death.* He, as *Pyramus*, is kill'd upon the Scene; and so might promise to rise again at the Con-

clusion of the Interlude, and give the Duke his Dream by way of Song. — The Source of the Corruption of the Text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar Pronunciation, the Copyist might write it from the Sound, — *a'ter*: which the wise Editors not understanding, concluded, two Words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *b*, produced the present Reading — at her

THEOBALD.

Flu.

Flu. You must say, paragon; a paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of nought.⁶

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.⁷

Flu. O sweet bully *Bottom*! thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him, six-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: He would have deserv'd it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottom*! ——— O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let *Thisby* have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them

⁶ A thing of nought, which Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to a thing of naught, is, a good for nothing Thing.

⁷ In the same sense as in the *Tempest*, any monster in England makes a man.

say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words; away;
go away. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

HIPPOLITA.

TIS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers
speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe⁸
These antick fables, nor these fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some joy,
He comprehends some bringer of that joy;

⁸ These beautiful lines are in of metre. They are very well
all the old Editions thrown out restored by the later Editors.

Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witneffeth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,⁹
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

The. Come now, what masks, what dances shall
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call *Philstrate*.

Enter Philstrate.

Philost. Here, mighty *Thefeus*.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What mask? What musick? how shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:*

Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

[*Giving a Paper.*

The. reads.†] *The battel with the Centaurs, to be sung*

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that. 'That I have told my love,

⁹ *Constancy.* Consistency; Stability; Certainty.

* One of the quartos has *ripe*, the other, with II. III. IV. *rise*.

† This is printed as Mr. *Theo-*

bald gave it from both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following Editions, *Lyfander* reads the catalogue, and *Thefeus* makes the remarks.

In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
 That is an old device ; and it was plaid,
 When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
 That is some satire, keen and critical ;
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisby ; very tragical mirth.
 Merry and tragical ? tedious and brief ?
 That is hot Ice, and wonderous strange Snow. ¹
 How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief, as I have known a play
 But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ;
 Which makes it tedious : for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
 And tragical, my noble lord, it is :
 For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.
 Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
 Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
 The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it ?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,

Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now ;
 And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
 With this same play against your nuptials.

¹ *Merry and tragical ? tedious and brief ?*

That is hot Ice, AND wonderous strange snow.] The nonsense of the last line should be corrected thus,

That is, hot Ice, a wonderous strange snow !

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably,
And wonderous strange black snow.

The.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,²
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Phil.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we to give them thanks for no-
thing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do,³
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,

² Unless you can find sport in their intents. generosity receives as an act of ability though not of merit. The

Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to stretch and con an intent, I suspect a line to be lost. dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though

³ And what poor duty cannot do, not the power, of complete performance.

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this. What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful ge- We should therefore read,
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes not in might, but merit.

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of fawcy and audacious eloquence.
 Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. So please your Grace, the prologue is addrest.

The. Let him approach.

[*Flour. Trum.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Quince, for the prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.—
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then—we come but in despite—

We do not come, as minding to content you—
 Our true intent is.—all for your delight,

We are not here.—that you should here repent you,
 The actors are at hand;—and by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
 he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It
 is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a
 child on the recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
 impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine,
and Lion, as in dumb shew.*

Prol. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this shew,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous lady *Thisbe* is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-
tent

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moon-shine: For, if you will know,
By moon shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name *Lion* hight,⁴
The trusty *Thisbe*, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty *Thisbe's* mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade⁵
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.
And *Thisbe* tarrying in the mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

⁴ ——— which *Lion* hight
by name.] As all the other Parts
of this Speech are in *alternate*
Rhyme, excepting that it closes
with a *Couplet*; and as no Rhyme
is left to, *name*; we must con-
clude, either a Verse is slip't out,
which cannot now be retriev'd:
or, by a Transposition of the
Words, as I have placed them,
the Poet intended a *Triplet*.

THEOBALD.

⁵ Mr. Upton rightly observes
that *Shakespeare* in this line ridi-
cules the affectation of beginning
many words with the same letter.
He might have remarked the
same of

The raging Rocks
And shivering Shocks.

Gascoigne, contemporary with
our poet, remarks and blames
the same affectation.

Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* by name, present a Wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyr'mus* and *Thisby*,
Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

The. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
black!

O night which ever art, when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear, my *Thisby's* promise is forgot.

And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine;

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne.

Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this!

But what see I? no *Thisby* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The.

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,* is *Thisby's* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

Thisf. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;
To spy, an I can hear my *Thisby's* face.

Thisby!

Thisf. My love! thou art, my love, I think,

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still. 6

Thisf. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Thisf. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thisf. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straight-
way?

Thisf. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part discharged so:

And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the Mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wil-
ful, to hear without warning. 7

Hip.

6 *Limander* and *Helen*, are spo-
ken by the blundering player,
for *Leander* and *Hero*, *Shafalus*
and *Procrus*, for *Cephalus* and
Procris.

7 *Thisf.* Now is the Mural
down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord,
when walls are so wilful to HEAR
without warning.] *Shakespeare*

could

Hip. This is the filliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, ⁸ a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

could never write this nonsense; we should read ——— to REAR without warning. i. e. It is no wonder that walls should be suddenly down, when they were as suddenly up; ——— rear'd without warning. WARBURTON.

⁸ Here come two noble Beasts in a Man and a Lion.] I don't think the Jest here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the Old Copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true Reading, viz.

*Here come two noble Beasts——
in a Man and a Lion.*

immediately upon *Theseus* saying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonshine*. It seems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote

—— in a Moon and a Lion.

the one having a *Crescent* and a *Lantern* before him, and representing the *Man in the Moon*; the other in a *Lion's* hide.

THEOBALD.

The.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 169

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present: Myself the man i'th'moon doth seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i'th'moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you see, it is already in snuff.*

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would, he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes *Thisbe*.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Ninny's* tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.— [*The Lion roars, Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

The. Well run *Thisbe.*

Hip. Well shone, *Moon.*

Truly, the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

The. Well mouz'd, *Lion.*

* An Equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger.

Dem.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest *Thisby*'s sight.

But stay: O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, you furies fell:

O fates! come, come!

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vile hath here devour'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound:

Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled,

My

My soul is in the sky;
Tongue, loose thy light,
Moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.
Dem. No die but an ace for him; for he is but
one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
nothing.

The. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet re-
cover, and prove an afs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonshine* is gone, before
Thisby come back and finds her lover?

Enter Thisbe.

The. She will find him by star-light.
Here she comes; and her passion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for
such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyra-
mus*, which *Thisbe*, is the better. *

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet
eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.———⁹

This. Asleep, my love?

What dead, my dove?

O *Pyramus*, arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes,

These lilly brows,¹

This cherry nose,

These

* I. Makes this speech a little
longer but not better.

⁹ And thus she means——]
Thus all the Editions have it.
It should be, thus she *moans*; i.
e. laments over her dead *Pyra-
mus*.

THEOBALD.

¹ These lilly Lips, this cherry

Nose.] All *Thisby's* Lamentation,
till now, runs in regular Rhyme
and Metre. But both, by some
Accident, are in this single In-
stance interrupted. I suspect the
Poet wrote;

These lilly Brows,
This cherry Nose,

Now

These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 Are gone, are gone :
 Lovers, make moan !
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk ;
 Lave them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word ;
 Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 And farewell, friends,
 Thus *Thisbe* ends ;
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.]

The. Moonshine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbe's* garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your bergomask ; let your Epilogue alone. [Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed ; 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have over watch'd.

Now *black* Brows being a Beauty a *cherry* Nose, *green* Eyes, or
lilly Brows are as ridiculous as *Cowslip* Cheeks. THEOBALD.

This palpable grofs Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Puck:

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon : ²
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, schrieking loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide ;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecat's* team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick ; not a mouse,
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :

² In the old copies: *And the Wolf beholds the moon :*] As 'tis the Design of these Lines to characterize the Animals, as they present themselves at the Hour of Midnight ; and as the Wolf is not justly characteriz'd by saying he *beholds* the Moon ; which all other Beasts of Prey, then awake, do : and as the

that Season, seem also intended to be represented ; I make no Question but the Poet wrote ;

And the Wolf behowls the Moon.

For so the Wolf is exactly characteriz'd, it being his peculiar Property to *howl at the Moon*. (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beseem*, and an hundred others.)

WARBURTON.

I am

174 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

I am sent with broom before. ³
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light, ⁴
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf, and fairy spirit,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.

Ob. Now until the break of day, ⁵
Through this house each Fairy stray.

To

³ *I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the
door.*

Cleanliness was always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of Fairies.

*These make our Girls their slutt'ry
rue*

*By pinching them both black and
blue,*

*And put a penny in their shoe
The house for cleanly sweeping.*

DRAYTON.

⁴ *Through this house give glim-
mering light,*

Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought.

*Glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a
gloom.* Il Penseroso.

So Drayton.

*Hence shadows seeming idle
shapes*

*Of little frisking Elves and
Apes.*

*To earth do make their wanton
scapes,*

*As hope of pastime hasties
them.*

I think it should be read,

*Through this House in glimmering
Light.*

⁵ This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the Edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders

To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be :
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate ;
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be :
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field dew consecrate,
 Every *Fairy* take his gait,
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace.
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away,
 Make no stay ;
 Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, and all is mended ;
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle dream
 No more yielding but a dream.
 Gentles, do not reprehend ;
 If you pardon, we will mend.

ders to the Fairies now to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song ?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the Scene is this ; after the speech of *Puck*, *Oberon* enters, and calls his Fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next

Titania leads another song which is indeed lost like the former, though the Editors have endeavoured to find it. Then *Oberon* dismisses his Fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

And

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And as I am honest *Puck*,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends ere long:
 Else the *Puck* a liar call:
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends; 7
 And *Robin* shall restore amends. [Exeunt omnes. *]

6 Now to 'scape the serpent's
 tongue.
 That is, If we be dismiss'd with-
 out hisses.

7 Give me your hands.
 That is, Clap your hands. Give
 us your applause.

* Of this play there are two
 editions in quarto, one printed
 for *Thomas Fisher*, the other for
James Roberts, both in 1600.

I have used the copy of *Roberts*,
 very carefully collated, as it
 seems, with that of *Fisher*. Nei-
 ther of the editions approach to
 exactness. *Fisher* is sometimes
 preferable, but *Roberts* was fol-
 lowed, though not without some
 variations, by *Hemings* and *Condell*,
 and they by all the folios that
 succeeded them.

THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

VOL. I.

N.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, *Father to Sylvia.*

Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Sylvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

The SCENE, sometimes in Verona ; sometimes in Milan ; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.

Of this play we have no edition more early than that of 1623 in Folio.

THE

T H E
T W O G E N T L E M E N
O F
V E R O N A.¹

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

V A L E N T I N E.

C E A S E to persuade, my loving *Protheus* ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits ;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,

I rather

¹ It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the stile of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this Author's, tho' supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted, whether *Shakespeare* had any other hand in this play than the en-

livening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished as being of a different stamp from the rest. HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of *Shakespeare's* worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other.

I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad ;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)

Mr. *Upton* peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise, says he, do painters distinguish copies from originals, and have not authours their peculiar style and manner from which a true critick can form as unerring a judgment as a Painter ? I am afraid this illustration of a critick's science will not prove what is desired. A Painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling these by which criticks know a translation, which if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from original's even when the painter copies his own picture ; so if an authour should literally translate his work he would lose the manner of an original.*

Mr. *Upton* confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known, but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas ; this recurrence produces that repeti-

tion which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye and the hand, the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other ; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of *Raphael* and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers ; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the authour with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play I cannot but think that I discover both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of *Shakespeare*. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions, it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life, but it abounds in *images* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription.

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.²
 But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein :
 Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? sweet *Valentine* adieu ;
 Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, see'st
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy Grievance to my holy prayer ;
 For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love.

How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love ;
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the boots ? nay, give me not the boots.³

Val. No, I will not ; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
 groans ;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs ; one fading mo-
 ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain :

If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;

⁴ However, but a folly bought with wit ;

Or

² — *shapeless idleness*.] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.

WARBURTON.

³ — *nay, give me not the Boots*.] A proverbial Expression, tho' now disused, signifying, don't

make a laughing Stock of me ; don't play upon me. The *French* have a Phrase, *Bailler foin en Corne* ; which *Cotgrave* thus interprets, *To give one the Boots* ; to sell him a Bargain. THEOBALD.

⁴ *However, but a folly*.] This love will end in a foolish action,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master ; for he masters you.

And he that is so yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronick'd for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells ; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow ;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud ;
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more, adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no : now let us take our leave.
At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love ; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend :
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan* !

Val. As much to you at home ; and so, farewell ! [*Exit.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love ;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

to produce which you are long will be over-powered by the
to spend your wit, or it will end folly of love.
in the loss of your wit, which

War

War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, ⁵heart sick with thought.

SCENE II.⁶

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Prothous*, save you ; saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, rimbark for *Milan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me ; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the

⁵ *Made wit with musing weak.*] For *'made* read *make*. *Thou*, *Julia*, *hast made me war with good counsel, and make wit weak with musing*.

⁶ This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe were written by *Shakespeare*, and others interpolated by the players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of

the age he lived in ; *Populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave them out ; but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. *POPE*.

That this, like many other Scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed ; but that it was interpolated by the players seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism.

shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to *Julia*?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton, 7 and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 8 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she: did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddly.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said she did nod: And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

7 I, a lost Mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd Mutton;] *Speed* calls himself a lost Mutton, because he had lost his Master, and because *Protheus* had been proving him a Sheep. But why does he call the Lady a lac'd Mutton? Wenchers are to this Day called Mutton-mongers: and consequently the Object of their Passion must, by the Metaphor, be the Mutton. And *Cotgrave* in his *English-French Dictionary*, explains *Lac'd Mutton*, *Une Garçonne, putain, fille de Joye*. And Mr.

Motteux has rendered this Passage of *Rabelais*, in the Prologue of his fourth Book, *Cailles coïbbees mignonement chantans*, in this manner; Coated Quails and laced Mutton waggishly singing. So that lac'd Mutton has been a sort of Standard Phrase for Girls of Pleasure.

THEOBALD.

8 Nay, in that you are a stray.] For the Reason *Protheus* gives, Dr. *Thirlby* advises that we should read, a Stray, i. e. a stray Sheep; which continues *Protheus's* Banter upon *Speed*. THEOBALD,

Pro.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marty, Sir, the letter very orderly;
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being so hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains.
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd
me: 9

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourself: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:

9 — you have testern'd me.] *tester, testen, or testen,* that is,
You have gratified me with a with a sixpence.

I fear,

I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post:

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to Julia's Chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. **B**UT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew my
mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as on all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!¹

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see, it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the proff'rer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a teasy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod?

¹ — a goodly broker.] A broker was used for matchmaker,
sometimes for a procureress.

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,²
 And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
 Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye, where it concerns;
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
 Give me a note; your ladyship can fer.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:

² ——— *Stomach on your meat.*] *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*.

How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy. [Boxes her.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :

There wanteth but a mean, to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus*.³

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation ! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lye :

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends :

Look, here is writ *kind Julia* ;——Unkind *Julia* !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones ;

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,

³ *Indeed I bid the base for Protheus.*] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base* in music to a country exercise

Bid the Base : In which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend, by this, to say, indeed I take pains to make you a cap-

tive to *Protheus's* passion. — He uses the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*.

To bid the quinds a base he now prepares.

and in his *Cymbaline* he mentions the game,

—— *Lads more like*

To run the country Base. WARB.

Shall

Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sov'reign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one Line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus.
To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see:
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Anthonio's House.

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that, ⁴

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
Some, to discover Islands far away ; ⁵
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet :
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home ;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time ;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world :
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

⁴ — *what sad talk.*] *Sad* is the same as *grave* or *serious*.

⁵ *Some to discover islands far away.*] In *Shakespeare's* time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of *America* were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families

in *England*, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the *Fortescues*, *Collitons*, *Thorn-hills*, *Farmers*, *Pickerings*, *Littletons*, *Willoughbys*, *Chesters*, *Hawleys*, *Bromleys*, and others. To this prevailing fashion, our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it.

WARBURTON.

And

And perfected by the swift course of time,
Then tell me; whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court. ⁶

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor;
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time,—now will we break with him. ⁷

⁶ *Attends the Emperor in his Royal Court.*] The Emperor's Royal Court is properly at *Vienna*, but *Valentine*, 'tis plain, is at *Milan*; where, in most other Passages, 'tis said he is attending the Duke, who makes one of the Characters in the *Drama*. This seems to convict the Author of a Forgetfulness and Contradiction; but, perhaps, it may be solved thus, and *Milan* be called the Emperor's Court; as, since the Reign of *Charlemagne*, this Dukedom and its Territories have belong'd to the Emperors. I wish I could as easily solve

another Absurdity, which encounters us; of *Valentine's* going from *Verona* to *Milan*, both Inland Places, by Sea. THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald* discovers not any great skill in history. *Vienna* is not the court of the Emperour as Emperour, nor has *Milan* been always without its princes since the days of *Charlemagne*; but the note has its use.

⁷ — in good time.] *In good time* was the old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, as the *French* say, *a propos*.

Enter

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his wish:
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthien*; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:

VOL. I.

O

I fear'd

I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
 Left he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse,
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 Oh, how this spring of love resembleth⁸
 Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
 Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto:
 And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

⁸ At the end of this verse there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and therefore shall leave it to some happier critick. But I suspect that the Authour might write thus,

*Oh, how this spring of love re-
 sembleth right,
 Th' uncertain glory of an April
 day;*

*Which now shows all the glory
 of the light,
 And, by and by, a cloud takes
 all away.*

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it erroneously written, and left it out.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Changes to Milan.**An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.**Enter Valentine and Speed.*

SPEED.

SIR, your glove——

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.*Val.* Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine !

*Ah Silvia ! Silvia !**Speed.* Madam *Silvia* ! Madam *Silvia* !*Val.* How now, Sirrah ?*Speed.* She is not within hearing, Sir.*Val.* Why, Sir, who bad you call her ?*Speed.* Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.*Val.* Go to, Sir ; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia* ?*Speed.* She, that your worship loves ?*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love ?*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks ; first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content ; to relish a love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast* ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his *A. B. C* ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak pul-

ing, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*.⁹ You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would:¹ But you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well-favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

[⁹ *Hallowmas*.] That is, about the feast of *All-Saints*, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable.

[¹ *None else would*.] None else would be so simple.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her. And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she injoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them: Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

198 THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?

That my master, being the scribe, to himself should
write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you * reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to yourself?

Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

"For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,

"Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

"Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind

"discover.

"Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto

"her lover."

* That is *discourfing*, *talking*. An Italianism.

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All this I speak in print; for in print I found it. —
Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir: tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Julia's House at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'ersteps me in the day.
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake;
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer, than I should:

[*Exit Julia.*]

Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to a Street.

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. **N**AY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the sowrest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog: ² oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so; now come I to my father;

² *I am the dog, &c.*] This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir J. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himself and I am me, the dog*

is the dog, and I am myself. This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the Authour intended to bestow on *Launce's* soliloquy.

father,

father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that she could speak now!—³ like a wood woman! well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see, how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? away, afs, you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost, for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'l't lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,——why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale?

Pant. In thy tail?——

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? why, man, if

³ *Like a wood Woman!*] The first *Folio's* agree in *would-we-man*; for which, because it was a Mystery to Mr. *Pope*, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould Woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood Woman*. i. e. crazy, frantick with Grief; or distracted, from any other Cause. The word is very frequently used in *Chaucer*; and sometimes writ, *wood*, sometimes, *wode*. THEOBALD.

the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. **S**ervant, —

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health; What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val.

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation;
And, not without desert, so well reputed. ⁴

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And tho' myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises, that I now bestow;)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*:

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

⁴ Not without desert.] And not dignified with so much reputation
without proportionate merit.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind: and, being
blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself:

Upon a homely object love can wink.

S C E N E VI.

Enter *Protheus*.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: mistress, I beseech
you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant,
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No. That you are worthless. ⁵

⁵ *No. That you are worthless.]* I have inserted the particle *no* to
fill up the measure.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you. ⁶

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio*,

Go with me. And once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit Sil. and Thu.*]

S C E N E VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you?

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now; I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me⁷ With bitter fasts, with penitential groans; With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.

⁶ *Thur.* Madam, my Lord your Father.] This Speech in all the Editions is assigned improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the Stage, and could not know that the Duke wanted his Daughter. Besides, the first Line and half of *Silvia's* Answer is evidently address'd to two Persons. A Servant, therefore, must

come in and deliver the Message; and then *Silvia* goes out with *Thurio*. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Whose high imperious.*] For whose I read those. I have contemned love and am punish'd. Those high thoughts by which I exalted myself above human passions or frailties, have brought upon me fasts and groans.

For,

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For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
 O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,⁸
 Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
 Now no discourse, except it be of love;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
 Was this the idol, that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills:
 And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
 Yet let her be a principality,⁹
 Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
 She shall be dignified with this high honour,
 To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
 And, of so great a favour growing proud,

⁸ *No woe to his correction.]*
 No misery that can be compared
 to the punishment inflicted by
 love. *Herbert* called for the
 prayers of the *Liturgy* a little
 before his death, saying, *None to*
them, none to them.

⁹ *A principality.]* The first or
 principal of women. So the old
 writers use *state*. *She is a lady,*
a great state. LATYMER. *This*
lock is called in states warlike, in
others otherwise. Sir T. MORE.

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower ;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus* ; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone. *

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine
own ;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after ;
For love, thou know'st it is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd ; nay more, our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of ; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

[Exit Val.]

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another ;

* *She is alone*] She stands by herself. There is none to be compared to her.

So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
 It is mine Eye, or *Valentino's* Praise,
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
 She's fair; and so is *Julia*, that I love;
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
 And that I love him not, as I was wont.
 O! but I love his lady too, too, much:
 And that's the reason, I love him so little.
 How shall I doat on here with more advice,
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazeled my reason's light:
 But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

1 *It is mine THEN, or Valentino's Praise,*] Here *Protheus* questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or *Valentine's*, that makes him fall in love with *Valentine's* mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him. In all the old editions, we find the line printed thus,

Is it mine, or Valentino's praise?
 A word is wanting. The line was originally thus,

Is it mine EYE, or Valentino's praise?

Protheus had just seen *Valentine's* mistress, whom her lover had been lavishly praising. His encomiums therefore heightening *Protheus's* idea of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain which had made the strongest impression, *Valentine's* praises, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

2 *With more advice.*] With more prudence, with more discretion.

3 *'Tis but her picture.*] This is evidently a slip of attention, for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms offered her his service.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to a Street.**Enter Speed and Launce.*

Speed. **L**AUNCE, by mine honesty, welcome to
* *Milan.*

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me. ⁵

* ——— It is Padua in the former editions. See the note on Act 3. POPE.

⁵ This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by

Milton in his great Poem. B. VI.

—The terms we sent were terms of weight,

Such as we may perceive, amaz'd them all

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay: it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it so. But *Launce*, how, say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover;

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

*And stagger'd many; who receives
them right*

*Had need from head to foot well
understand,*

*Not understood, this gift they
have besides*

*To shew us when our foes stand
not upright.*

SCENE

S C E N E IX. *

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn;
 To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn;
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
 And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 O sweet-suggesting love! ⁶ if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose Sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
 But there I leave to love, where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself:
 If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For *Valentine*, myself; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.——

* It is to be observed that in the first folio edition, the only Edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the scenes; they have been added by the later Editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of *Protheus* is so proper in the street.

⁶ *O sweet-suggesting love.*]
 To *suggest* is to tempt in our Author's language.

So again,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested.

The sense is. O tempting love, if thou hast influenced me to sin, teach me to excuse it. Dr. Warburton reads, if I have sinn'd; but, I think, not only without necessity, but with less elegance.

I to myself am dearer than a friend ;
 For love is still more precious in itself :
 And *Silvia*, witness heav'n, that made her fair !
 Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembring that my love to her is dead :
 And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine* :
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial *Silvia*'s chamber-window ;
 Myself in counsel his competitor.¹
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight ;²
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine* :
 For *Thurio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some fly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift !³ [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Changes to Julia's House in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Counsel, *Lucetta* — Gentle girl, assist me ;
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

¹ *Myself, who am his competitor or rival, being admitted to his counsel.*

² *Pretended flight.*] We may read intended flight,

³ I suspect that the authour

concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act ; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow;
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean,
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

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Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your
breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin.
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear;
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances * as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern *Protheus*' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

* Of infinite. Old Edit.

His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth;

Only deserve my love, by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note, of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come, answer not; but do it presently;

I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace, in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

D U K E.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit *Thur.*

Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;

But when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that,

Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend

This night intends to steal away your daughter:

Myself

Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
 On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates :
 And should she thus be stoll'n away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift;
 Than by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen.
 Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court :
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd;)
 I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone;
 And this way comes he with it presently:
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discov'ry be not aimed at;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

7 *Be not aim'd at.] Be not*
guessed.

8 *Of this pretence.] Of this*
claim made to your daughter.

Duke.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The Tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me awhile ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near ; wherein thou must be secret :
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter,

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, fullen, fro-
ward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding dower,

For

For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, Sir, in *Milan*, here,⁸
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)⁹
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present, that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends

⁸ Sir, in *Milan* here.] It ought to be thus, instead of — in *Verona* here — for the scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear from several passages in the first *Act*, and in the beginning of the first Scene of the fourth *Act*. A like mistake has crept into the eighth

Scene of *Act* II. where Speed bids his fellow servant Launce, welcome to *Padua*. POPE.

⁹ The fashion of the time.] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies.

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And buile so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
 And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
 Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
 Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying:
 My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
 While I, their King, that thither them importune,
 Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
 Because myself do want my servant's fortune;
 I curse myself, for they are sent by me,¹
 That they should harbour, where their lord would be.
 What's here? Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee:
 'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.
 Why, Phaëton, for thou art Merops' ² son,
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
 And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence;
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love,
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself:
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.*

[Exit.]

¹ — *for they are sent by me.]*
For is the same as for that, since.

² *Merops' son.]* Thou art
Phaëton in thy rashness, but with-
 out his pretensions; thou art not

the son of a Divinity, but a
terræ filius, a lowborn wretch;
Merops is thy true father, with
 whom *Phaëton* was falsely re-
 proached.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
 To die, is to be banish'd from myself:
 And *Silvia* is myself; banish'd from her,
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
 Unless it be to think, that she is by;
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no musick in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon:
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;³
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho! ———

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. Valentine, ———

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

³ *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom.*] *To fly his doom*, used for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a gallicism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sen-

tence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself.

Val.

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you—

Pro. I say, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath possess't them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*!
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are van-
nish'd:

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit,
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word, that thou
speak'it,

Have some malignant power upon my life,
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
Besides thy staying will abridge thy life,
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate ;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an' if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out. Come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia* ! hapless *Valentine* !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

S C E N E IV.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but
that's all one, if he be but one knave. ⁴ He lives
not now that knows me to be in love ; yet I am in
love ;

⁴ *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you, but that's all one, if he be but one
you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave ; or, if you won't allow the
V L. 1. Q Speaker

love ; but a team of horse ^s shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman ; but what woman I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid ; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had goffips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages : she hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat log [*Pulling out a Paper*] of her conditions ; *Imprimis*, she can fetch and carry ; why, a horse can do no more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore she is better than a jade. *Item*, she can milk ; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior *Launce* ? what news with your mastership ?

Laun. With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea. ⁶

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word : what news then in your paper ?

Speaker that, where is the humour of this speech ? Nothing had given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was become double, like *Antipholus* in the *Comedy of Errors*. The last word is corrupt. We should read,

— if he be but one KIND.

He thought his master was a kind of knave ; however, he keeps himself in countenance with this reflexion, that if he was a knave but of one kind, he might pass well enough amongst his neighbours. This is truly humorous.

WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and specious, yet I know not whether, in *Shakespeare's* language, one knave may not signify a knave on only one occasion, a single knave. We still use a double villain for a

villain beyond the common rate of guilt.

⁵ *A team of horse shall not pluck.*—] I see how *Valentine* suffers for telling his love secrets, therefore I will keep mine close.

⁶ In former editions it is, *With my Mastership ? why it is at Sea.*] For how does *Launce* mistake the word ? *Speed* asks him about his Mastership, and he replies to him *litteratim*. But then how was his Mastership at Sea, and on Shore too ? The Addition of a Letter and a Note of *Apostrophe* makes *Launce* both mistake the Word, and sets the Pun right : It restores, indeed, but a mean Joke ; but, without it, there is no Sense in the Passage. Besides, it is in Character with the rest of the Scene ; and, I dare be confident, the Poet's own Conceit. THEOBALD.

Iaun.

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou can'st not read.

Speed. Come fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. *Nicholas* be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Bastard Virtues*; that indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

7—*St. Nicholas be thy Speed.*] *Old Nick*, Highway-men, in the first part of *Henry* the fourth, are called *Nicholas's Clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between *Nicholas* and

WARBURTON.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. *Item*, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast ; read on.

Speed. *Item*, she hath a sweet mouth. ⁸

Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.

Speed. *Item*, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. *Item*, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain ! that set down among her vices ! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. *Item*, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too : it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. *Item*, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. *Item*, she is curst.

Laun. Well ; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. *Item* ; she will often * praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall ; if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

Speed. *Item*, she is too liberal. ⁹

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she is slow of ; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut ; now of another thing she may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item*, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

⁸ — *sweet mouth.*] This I take to be the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats.

* — *praise her liquor.*] That

is, shew how well she likes it by drinking often.

⁹ — *she is too liberal.*] *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. So in *Othello*, *Is he not a profane and very liberal counsellor.*

Laun.

Laun. Stop here ; I'll have her ; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item ; she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be ; I'll prove it : the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt ; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit ; for the greater hides the less.

What's next ?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous : oh, that that were out !

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious : well, I'll have her ; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.——

Speed. What then ?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me ?

Laun. For thee ? ay ; who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him ?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner ? . pox on your love-letters !

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter : an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—— I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

Q 3

That

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
 1 Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
 Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
 And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*? Is your countryman,
 According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
 (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
 Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
 The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
 How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
 What might we do to make the girl forget
 The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
 With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent:
 Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
 Therefore it must, with circumstance, 2 be spoken

1 *Trenched in ice.*] Cut, carved the addition of such incidental
 in ice. *Trencher*, to cut, *French*. particulars as may induce be-

2 — *with circumstance.*] With lief.

By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love³ from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
You are already love's firm votary;
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;
You must lay * lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

3 — as you unwind her love.] wife's term for a ball of thread
As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on a bottom of thread.
which you wind it. The house-

* That is, birdlime.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie,

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write, 'till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity : —
For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poets' sinews ; 4
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert : to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump ; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance,
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick ;
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after supper ;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. 5

[*Exeunt.*

4 For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poet's sinews.] This shews *Shakespeare's* knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns *Orpheus* his true character of legislator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagin'ry ex-

quisitely beautiful. For by his lute is to be understood his *system of laws* : and by the *poet's sinews*, the power of numbers, which *Orpheus* actually employed in those laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. WARBURTON.

5 — *I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

I OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you;
If not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you. 6

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains, that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, ———

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

6 — we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.] The meaning of this as it stands, is, *If you do not deliver we'll make you deliver, and then plunder you.* This is not the language of a very cunning robber. We may better read,
If not, we'll take you, Sir, and rifle you.

3 *Out.*

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banished for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of * *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were the King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, Villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men; 7
Myself was from *Verona* banished,
For pactising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke. 8

2 *Out.*

* *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of Robbers, and was much inclined to rob Churchmen.

7 — [awful men.] Reverend, worshipful, such as Ma-

gistrates, and other principal members of civil communities.

8 All the Impressions, from the first downwards, *An Heir and Niece ally'd unto the Duke.* But our Poet would never have

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-
fort?
Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews.
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

have expressed himself so stu-
pidly, as to tell us, this Lady
was the Duke's *Niece*, and *ally'd*
to him; For her Alliance was
certainly, sufficiently included in
the first Term. Our Author

meant to say, she was an *Heiress*,
and *near ally'd* to the Duke; an
Expression the most natural that
can be for the Purpose, and very
frequently used by the Stage-
Poets.

THEOBALD.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Changes to an open Place, under Silvia's Apartment, in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. **A** Lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer,
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend ;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,⁹
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*; are you crept before us ?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

⁹ — *sudden quips.*] That is, dred sense said to be *sudden*, that
hasty passionate reproaches and is, irascible and impetuous.
scoffs. So *Macbeth* is in a kin-

Pro.

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks, you're
allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you
where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvio? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her Eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*[Beauty lives with kindness.] Beauty without kindness dies un-
enjoyed, and undelighting.*

Then

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have One play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.²

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

² *Out of all nick.*] Beyond all things are kept upon nicked or reckoning or count. Reckon- notched sticks or tallies.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At *St. Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt Thurio and musick.*]

S C E N E IV.

Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this, ³
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night, I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide myself,
Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

³ *You have your wish.*] The tells him, if he wants her *will*
word *will* is here ambiguous. he has it.
He wishes to gain her *will*: she

Sil.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine,

Jul. [*aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well *
To worship shadows; and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* *Protheus* and *Silvia*.]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Host. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis
almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

*This is hardly sense. We may read, with very little alteration, *But since you're false, it should become you well.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that *Madam Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind :
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam !

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ; :
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself :
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd ;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine* !
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd ;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode :
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company ;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour* ;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;
And on the justice of my flying hence ;
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.

Vol. I.

R

I do

I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me :
 If not ; to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ; *
 Which, since, I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you ;
 Recking as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you,
 When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell ;
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship :
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launce with his Dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as a present to mistress *Silvia* from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog † indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take

* *Grievances.*] Sorrows, sorrowful affections.

† I believe we should read,

I would have, &c. one that takes upon him to be a dog, to be a dog indeed, to be, &c.

a fault.

a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bleis the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt them. Out with the dog, says one; what cur is that? says another; whip him out, says the third: hang him up, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn, I have sate in the stocks for the puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for the geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please—I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt——How now, you whore-
son peasant, [To Launce.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog,
you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur: and tells you, curriish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stoll'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame,

[*Exit* Launce,

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt:

But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;

Which, if my augury deceives me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth;

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee;

Go presently, and take this ring with thee;

Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives,

Jul. Alas!

4 *It seems you lov'd her not to leave her token.*

It seems you lov'd her not, not leave her token.

Protheus does not properly leave his Lady's token, he gives it away. The old Edition has it,

I should correct it thus,

It seems you lov'd her not, nor love her token.

Pro.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give there-
withal

This letter;—that's her chamber:—tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas?—Poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him:

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will.

And now I am, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

^s To carry that which I would
have refus'd.]

The sense is, To go and pre-

sent that which I wish to be not
accepted, to praise him whom I
wish to be dispraised.

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
 As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day; I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
 One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter,
 —Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
 I know, they're stuff with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
 As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
 For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
 Tho' his false finger have profan'd the ring,
 Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her ;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well, as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that *Protheus* hath forsook
her.

Jal. I think, she doth ; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is :
When she did think, my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away ;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, 6

6 But since she did neglect her
looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling
mask away ;

The air hath starv'd the roses in
her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lilly tincture
of her face,

That now she is become as black
as I.]

To *starve* the Roses is certainly
a very proper expression : but
what is *pinching a tincture* ? How-
ever *starved*, in the third line,
made the blundering Editors
write *pinch'd* in the fourth : tho'
they might have seen that it was
a tanning scorching, not a freez-
ing air that was spoken of. For
how could this latter quality in
the air so affect the whiteness of
the skin as to turn it black. We
should read,

And pitch'd the lilly-tincture
of her face.

i. e. turned the white tincture
black, as the following line has
it,

That now she is become as black
as I.

and we say, in common speech,
as black as pitch.—By the roses
being *starv'd*, is only meant their
being withered, and losing their
colour.

WARBURTON.

This is no emendation,—none
ever heard of a face being *pitched*
by the weather. The colour of
a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is
commonly termed, *black and*
blue. The weather may therefore
be justly said to *pinch* when it pro-
duces the same visible effect. I
believe this is the reason why the
cold is said to *pinch*.

248. THE TWO GENTLEMEN

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Ful. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam *Julia's* gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know, she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part,
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Teseus'* perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel. [Exit Silvia.]

Ful. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold;
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas! how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;

Ay,

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.⁷
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in myself;
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come; and take this shadow up;
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.⁸
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR, *solus.*

THE fun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:

⁷ *Her forehead's low.*] A high forehead was in our Authour's time, accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So in the History of *Guy of Warwick*, *Felice* his Lady is said to have the same high forehead as *Venus*.

⁸ *My substance should be statue in thy stead.*

It is evident this noun should be a participle STATUED, *i. e.* placed on a pedestal, or fixed in a shrine to be adored.

WARBURTON.

Statued is, I am afraid, a new word, and that it should be received, is not quite evident.

So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*.
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're sure enough. 9 *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. **S**IR *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was.
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. *[Aside.]*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

9 *Sure is safe, out of danger.*

Pro.

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

[*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them. [*Aside.*

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this Ev'n, and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads tow'ards *Mantua*, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[*Exit Duke.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That

That flies her fortune where it follows her :
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
 Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
 Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring
 you to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman, that was with
 her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
 But *Moyfes* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to th'west end of the wood,
 There is our captain: follow him, that's fled.
 The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
 cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*The Out-laws Cave in the Forest.**Enter Valentine.*

Val. **H**OW use doth breed a habit in a man!
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
 O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was.
 Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
 —What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 They've some unhappy passenger in chase.
 They love me well, yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

[*Val. steps aside.*]*Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.*

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you.
 (Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
 That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
 Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[*Aside.*
Sil. O]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd;
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,

Thou

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine! ———

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;

For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,

I'm sorry, I must never trust thee more,¹
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

¹ The private wound is deep'st. Oh time, most curst!
'Mong'st all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me:

Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.²

¹ *The private wound, &c.*] I have a little mended the measure. The old edition, and all but Sir T. Hanmer, read,

The private wound is deepest, oh time most accurst.

² It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alleg'd. But our author probably follow'd the stories just as he found them in his novels as well as histories. POPE.

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from *Shakespeare*; for it is impossible he could make *Valentine* act and speak so much out of character, or give to *Silvia* so unnatural a behaviour as to take no notice of this strange concession if it had been made. HANMER.

Jul.

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

[*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag; how now? what's the matter? look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

[*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How? let me see:

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*. [*Shews another ring.*]

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herself did give it me.
And *Julia* herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?³
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment, if shame live*
In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n!
were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia*'s with a constant eye?

³ How oft hast thou with per-
jury cleft the root.] Sir T. Han-
mer reads, cleft the root o'n's.

* That is, if it be any shame
to wear a disguise for the purposes
of love.

Val.

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n,
I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

S C E N E V.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the Duke.
—Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the ⁴ measure of my wrath.

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,——

Milan shall not behold thee. ⁵ Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,——

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I——

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not.

I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

⁴ *The measure*, the length of my sword, the reach of my anger.

⁵ All the Editions, *Verona shall not hold thee*. But, whether thro' the Mistake of the first Editors, or the Poet's own Carelessness, this Reading is absurdly faulty. For the Threat here is to *Thurio*, who is a *Milanese*; and has no Concern, as it appears, with *Verona*. Besides, the

Scene is betwixt the Confines of *Milan*, and *Mantua*, to which *Silvia* follows *Valentine*, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these Circumstances, I ventur'd to adjust the Text, as, I imagine, the Poet must have intended: i. e. *Milan, thy Country shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.* THEOBALD.

To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs;

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recalled from their exile.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd. I pardon them and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will * include all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.

What think you of this Page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes,

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please, you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.

Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear

The story of your loves discovered:

* Sir Tho. Hanmer reads conclude.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.* 5

5 In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the authour conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the Emperour at *Milan* and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes *Pro-*

theus, after an interview with *Silvia*, say he has only seen her picture, and, if we may credit the old copies, he has by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

M E A S U R E

FOR

M E A S U R E

M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.

Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Eſcalus, } *An ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in
the Deputation.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantastick.*

Two other like Gentlemen.

* Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*

Peter,

A Justice.

Elbew, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Franciſca, *a Nun,*

Miſtreſs Over-done, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

* *Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing.*

S C E N E, Vienna.

Of this Play the firſt known Edition is in the Folio of 1623.

Editions from which the various Readings are collected.

I. Folio 1623.

II. Folio 1632.

III. Folio 1664.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's PALACE.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.

ESCALUS,——
Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'un-
fold,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse.

Since I am † not to know, that your own Science

Exceeds, in that, the lifts of all advice ²

My strength can give you: then no more remains: ³

But

* There is perhaps not one of *Shakepear's* plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its Authour, and the unskillfulness of its Editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription.

¹ The story is taken from *Cinthio's* Novels, Decad 8. Novel 5.
POPE.

† I. II. III. put to know. Perhaps rightly.

² *Lifts.*] Bounds, Limits:

³ —— *Then no more remains,*
&c.

This is a passage which has exercised the sagacity of the Editors, and is now to employ mine.

—— *Then no more remains:*
Put that to your Sufficiency, as
your Worth is able,

And let them work.] I doubt not, but this Passage, either from
the

But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms

For

the Impertinence of the Actors, or the Negligence of the Copyists, has come maim'd to us. In the first Place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious, Verse have we here; and, then, how lame is the Sense! What was *Escalus* to put to his *Sufficiency*? Why, his *Science*. But his *Science* and his *Sufficiency* were but One and the same Thing. On what then does the Relative, *them*, depend? The old Editions read thus.

—Then no more remains.

But that to your *Sufficiency*, as
your *Worth* is able,
And let them work.

Here, again, the Sense is manifestly lame and defective, and as the Versification is so too, they concur to make me think, a Line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, something like This might supply our Author's Meaning.

—Then no more remains.

But that to your *Sufficiency* you
add

Due Diligency, as your *Worth*
is able;

And let them work.

By some such Supplement both the Sense and Measure would be cur'd. But as the Conjecture is unsupported by any Authorities, I have not pretended to thrust it into the Text; but submit it to Judgment. They, who are acquainted with Books, know,

that, where two Words of a similar Length and Termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for Transcribers to glance their Eye at once from the *first* to the *undermost* Word, and so leave out the intermediate part of the Sentence,

THEOBALD.

Since I am not to know, that
your own *Science*

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all
advice

My strength can give you: then
no more remains:

Put that to your *sufficiency*, as
your *worth* is able,

And let them work.

To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and says, *What was Escalus to put to his sufficiency! why his science: But his science and sufficiency were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative them depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropt, which he attempts to restore by *due diligence*. *Nodum in scirpo querit*. And all for want of knowing, that by *sufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the Duke to *Escalus*. The plain meaning of the word being this: *Put your skill in governing* (says the Duke) *to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Tho. Hamner having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a
line

For common justice, y'are as pregnant in, ⁴
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember. There is our Commission,
 From which we would not have you warp. Call
 hither,

I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:
 What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul ⁵

Elected

line was lost, endeavours to supply it thus.

—Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency you join

A will to serve us, as your worth is able.

He has by this bold conjecture undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps not, even in his own opinion, the meaning of *Shakespear*.

That the passage is more or less corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the Editors. I am not convinced that a line is lost, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after some other Editor, will amend the fault. There was probably some original obscurity in the expression, which gave occasion to mistake in repetition or transcription. I therefore suspect that the Author wrote thus,

—Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled,

And let them work.

Then nothing remains more than to tell you that your Virtue is now invested with power equal to your knowledge and wisdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your vir-

tue now work together. It may easily be conceived how *sufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *sufficiency* as, anyhow *abled*, a word very unusual was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. *Lear* uses it in the same sense or nearly the same, with the Duke. As for *sufficiencies*, *D. Hamilton*, in his dying speech, prays that *Charles II.* may exceed both the virtues and sufficiencies of his father.

4 ———The terms

For common justice you're as pregnant in]

The latter Editions all give it, without authority, the terms of justice, and Dr. Warburton makes terms signify bounds or limits. I rather think the Duke meant to say, that *Escalus* was pregnant, that is, ready and knowing in all the forms of law, and, among other things, in the terms or times set apart for its administration.

5 For you must know we have with special soul.

Elected him our absence to supply.] This nonsense must be corrected thus,

—with special ROLL

i. e. by a special commission.

For

Elected him our Absence to supply;
 Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love;
 And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
 Of our own Power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord *Angelo*.

S C E N E II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,⁶
 That to th' observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

For it appears, from this scene,
 that *Escalus* had one commission,
 and *Angelo* another. The Duke
 had before delivered *Escalus* his
 commission. He now declares
 that designed for *Angelo*: and
 he says, afterwards, to both,

*To th' hopeful execution do I leave
 you
 Of your commissions.*

Why *Angelo's* was called the *spe-
 cial* roll was because he was in
 authority superior to *Escalus*.

—old *Escalus*,
*Tho' first in question, is thy secon-
 dary.*

WARBURTON.

This Editor is, I think, right
 in supposing a corruption, but

less happy in his emendation. I
 read,

*We have with special seal
 Elected him our absence to sup-
 ply.*

A special seal is a very natural
 Metonymy for a special commis-
 sion.

⁶ *There is a kind of character
 in thy life,
 That to th' observer, &c.]*

Either this introduction has
 more solemnity than meaning, or
 it has a meaning which I cannot
 discover. What is there peculiar
 in this, that a man's life informs
 the observer of his history?
 Might it be supposed that *Shake-
 spear* wrote this?

*There is a kind of character in
 thy look.*

Thy-

Thyself upon thy virtues ; them on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues,
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends⁸
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise ;⁹
 Hold therefore, *Angelo* :¹
 In our Remove, be thou at full our self.
 Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
 Live in thy tongue and heart : old *Escalus*,
 Though first in question,² is thy Secondary.
 — Take thy Commission.

7 — for if our virtues, &c. *Paulum sepulchæ distat inertie
 Celata virtus.* — HOR.

WARBURTON.

⁸ To fine issues.] To great consequences. For high purposes.

⁹ — I do bend my speech

To One that can my part in him advertise.]

This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern : *my part in him*, signifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise* ; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him* ; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression, the *Oxford Editor* seems sworn to extirpate ; that is, to take away one of *Shakespeare's*

characteristic marks ; which, if not one of the comeliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to

To one that can, in my part, me advertise.

A better expression indeed, but, for all that, none of *Shakespeare's*.

WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read,

One that can my part to him advertise.

One that can inform himself of that which it would be otherwise *my part* to tell him.

¹ Hold therefore *Angelo*.]

That is, continue to be *Angelo*, hold as thou art.

² First in question.] That is, first called for ; first appointed.

Ang.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice ³
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestiō'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare ye well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it.
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple ; your scope is as mine own, ⁴
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes ;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement ;

³ *We have with a leaven'd
and prepared choice.]*
Leaven'd has no sense in this
place : we should read LEVEL'D
choice. The allusion is to archery,
when a man has fixed upon
his object, after taking good aim.

WAREURTON.

No emendation is necessary.
Leaven'd choice is one of *Shake-
spear's* harsh metaphors. His
train of ideas seem to be this.
I have proceeded to you with choice

mature, concocted, fermented,
leaven'd. When Bread is *leaven'd*, it is left to ferment : a
leaven'd choice is therefore a
choice not hasty, but considerate,
not declared as soon as it fell in-
to the imagination, but suffered
to work long in the mind. Thus
explained, it suits better with *pre-
pared* than *levelled*.

⁴—*Your scope is as mine own.]*
That is, Your amplitude of
power.

Nor

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare ye well.

Ang. The heav'n's give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare ye well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, and two gentlemen.

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not
to composition with the King of Hungary,
why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King
of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious Pi-
rate, that went to sea with the ten Commandments,
but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?—

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a Commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions; they
put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that,
in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the peti-
tion well that prays for Peace.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? * in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion,⁵ or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, despite of all controversy;⁶ as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of sheers between us.⁷

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an *English* kersey, as be pil'd,

* In the primers, there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in *Shakespeare's* time.

5 *In any proportion, &c.*] The *Oxford Editor* gives us a dialogue of his own instead of this: And all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which signifies *measure*: and refers to the question, *What, in meeter?* WAREURTON.

6 *Despite of all controversy.*] Satirically insinuating that the *controversies* about *grace* were so intricate and endless, that the disputants unsettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in spite of controversy, still remained certain. WAREURTON.

I am in doubt whether *Shakespeare's* thoughts reached so far into ecclesiastical disputes. Every

Commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profession. The question is whether the *second Gentleman* has ever heard grace. The *first Gentleman* limits the question to *Grace in meeter*. *Lucio* enlarges it to *Grace in any form or language*. The *first Gentleman*, to go beyond him, says, or *in any religion*, which *Lucio* allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; Grace is as immutably Grace, as his merry antagonist is a wicked villain. Difference of religion cannot make a Grace not to be Grace, a Prayer not to be holy; as nothing can make a villain not to be a villain. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is.

7 *There went but a pair of sheers between us.*] We are both of the same piece.

as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet.⁸ Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent*. I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent*. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent*. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent*. To what I pray?

1 *Gent*. Judge.

2 *Gent*. To three thousand dollars a year.⁹

1 *Gent*. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 *Gent*. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am found.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say healthy; but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

8 *Piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet.*] The jest about the pile of a *French* velvet, alludes to the loss of hair in the *French* disease, a very frequent topick of our authour's jocularity. *Lucio* finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feelingly*, promises, to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget to drink after him. It was the opinion of *Shakespeare's* time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious.

9 A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*.

1 *A French Crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of money so call'd, but that *Venereal* Scab which among the Surgeons is stil'd *Corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our Author likewise makes *Quince* allude in *Midsommer-Night's Dream*.

Some of your French Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

For where these Eruptions are, the Skull is carious, and the Party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so. I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose,

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exe.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,² what with the gallows, and what with pover-

2 *What with the sweat.*] This may allude to the *Sweating-sickness*, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of *Shake-*

spear: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in Brothels.

ty, I am custom shrunk. How now, what's the news with you?

S C E N E V.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth. What shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered,

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Exit Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,³
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.—
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to

³ Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.] The wrong pointing of the second line hath made the passage unintelligible. There ought to be a full stop at *weight*. And the sense of the whole is this: *The Demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little*

to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus,—I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrollable will, and yet who can say what dost thou.——Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight, is a fine expression, to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by weight, which is always exact; not so by tale, on account of the practice of diminishing the species. WARBURT.
I suspect that a line is lost.

say

say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good.
Is letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract

I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
(You know the lady) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;⁴
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, let's it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,

⁴ —the fault and glimpse of newness] that both can scarcely be right;
Fault and glimpse have we may read *flash* for *fault*.
so little relation to each other,

276 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in :) but this new Governor
 Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
 So long that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,⁵
 And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act
 Freshly on me.—'Tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is. And thy head stands so tickle
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
 may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to
 him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
 I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her Approbation.
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict Deputy; bid herself assay him;
 I have great hope in that; for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,⁶
 Such as moves men! beside, she hath prosp'rous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,

⁵ *So long that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round.*] The Duke in the Scene immediately following, says,

*Which for these fourteen Years
 we have let slip.*

The Author could not so disagree with himself. 'Tis necessary to make the two Accounts correspond.

—THEOBALD.

⁶ —*prone and speechless dialect*] I can scarcely tell what signification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and translated senses are well known. The authour may, by a *prone* dialect,

mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as those actions seem to which we are *prone*. Either of these interpretations is sufficiently strained; but such distortion of words is not uncommon in our authour. For the sake of an easier sense we may read,

In her zenith

*There is a pow'r, and speechless
 dialect,*

Such as moves men.

Or thus,

*There is a prompt and speechless
 dialect.*

An

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; 7 as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours, —

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father--Throw away that thought--
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
8 Can pierce a compleat bosom; why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
A man of stricture and firm abstinence 9

7 — under grievous imposition.] I once thought it should be inquisition, but the present reading is probably right. The crime would be under grievous penalties imposed.

8 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a compleat bosom.—]

Think not that a breast compleatly armed can be pierced by the dart of love that comes fluttering without force.

9 A man of STRICTURE and firm abstinence.] Stricture makes no sense in this place. We should read,

A man

My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
 And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
 For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
 You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes and most biting Laws,
 The needful bits and curbs for head-strong Steeds,¹
 Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;²
 Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their Children's sight,
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our Decrees,

*A man of STRICT URE and
 firm abstinence.*

i. e. a man of the *exactest conduct*, and practised in the sub-
 dual of his passions. *Ure* an old
 word for use, practice, so *enur'd*,
 habituated to. *WARBURTON.*

Stricture may easily be used for
strictness; *ure* is indeed an old
 word, but, I think, always ap-
 plied to things, never to persons.

¹ In the copies, *The needful
 Bits and Curbs for headstrong
 Weeds*:] There is no matter
 of Analogy or Consonance, in
 the Metaphors here: and, tho'
 the Copies agree, I do not think,
 the Author would have talk'd of
Bits and Curbs for Weeds. On
 the other hand, nothing can be
 more proper, than to compare
 Persons of *unbridled Licentiousness*
 to head strong *Steeds*: and, in this
 View, *bridling the Passions* has
 been a Phrase adopted by our
 best Poets. *THEOBALD.*

² In former editions, *Which
 for these fourteen years we have*

let slip.] For fourteen I have
 made no Scruple to replace nine-
 teen. I have alter'd the odd
 Phrase of *letting the Laws slip*:
 for how does it fort with the
 Comparison that follows, of a
 Lion in his Cave that went not
 out to prey? But letting the
 Law *sleep*, adds a particular Pro-
 priety to the thing represented,
 and accords exactly too with the
Simile. It is the Metaphor too,
 that our Author seems fond of
 using upon this Occasion, in se-
 veral other Passages of this Play.

*The Law hath not been dead,
 tho' it hath slept;*

———*'Tis now awake.*

And so, again,

———*but this new Governor
 Awakes me all th' enrolled Pe-
 nalties;*

———*and for a Name
 Now puts the drowsy and neg-
 lected Act*

Freshly on me.

THEOBALD.

Dead

Dead to infliction; to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks Justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T' unloose this ty'd up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th'ambush of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the sight
To do it slander.³ And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both prince and people. Therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear,
Like a true Friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord *Angelo* is precise;
Stands at a guard⁴ with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

³ The text stood, *So do in slander.* Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus,

To do it slander.
⁴ *Stands at a guard.* Stands on terms of defiance.

S C E N E VIII.

A N U N N E R Y .

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. **A**ND have you Nuns no further privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [*within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice. Gentle *Isabella*,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
 You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the Prioress;
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Franc.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks;

He

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story. ⁵

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar
sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, ⁶ and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus.
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time ⁷
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,

⁵ — make me not your story.]
Do not, by deceiving me, make
me a subject for a tale.

⁶ ——— 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lap-
wing,—] The Oxford Edi-
tor's note, on this passage, is in
these words. *The lapwings fly
with seeming fright and anxiety
far from their nests, to deceive
those who seek their young* And
do not all other birds do the
same? But what has this to do
with the infidelity of a general
lover, to whom this bird is com-
pared. It is another quality of
the lapwing, that is here alluded
to, viz. its perpetually flying so
low and so near the passenger,
that he thinks he has it, and then
is suddenly gone again. This
made it a proverbial expression

to signify a lover's falshood: and
it seems to be a very old one;
for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's
Tale*, says—*And lapwings that
well conit lie.* WARBURTON.

⁷ — as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare
fallow brings

To teeming foison; so—] As
the sentence now stands it is ap-
parently ungrammatical, I read,

At blossoming time, &c.
That is. *As they that feed grow
full, so her womb now at blossom-
ing time, at that time through
which the seed time proceeds to the
harvest*, her womb shows what has
been doing. *Lucio* ludicrously
calls pregnancy *blossoming time*,
the time when fruit is promised,
though not yet ripe.

By

By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen,⁸ myself being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line⁹ of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He, to give fear to^{*} use and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions, hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace¹ by your fair prayer
To soften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of business²
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant

⁸ Bore many gentlemen —

In hand and hope of action; —
To bear in hand is a common
phrase for to keep in expectation
and dependence, but we should
read,

With hope of action.

⁹ — *with full line.*] With full
extent, with the whole length.

^{*} — *give fear to use.*] To in-
timidate *use*; that is, practices long
countenanced by *custom*.

¹ *Unless you have the grace —*
That is, the acceptableness, the
power of gaining favour.

² — *pith of business.*] The
inmost part, the main of my
message.

For's

For's execution.

Ifab. Alas ! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Ifab. My power ? Alas ! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors ;
And made us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like Gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Ifab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Ifab. I will about it strait ;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you ;
Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Ifab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Attendants.

ANGELO.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,

3 — *the mother.*] The abbess, or prioress.

Than

Than fall, and bruise to death.⁴ Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;
Let but your Honour know,⁵
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th'effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? ⁶'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
⁷For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your wisdom will.

Ang.

⁴ *Than FALL, and bruise to death.*] I should rather read
FELL, i. e. strike down. So in
Timon of Athens,

*All, save thee, I FELL with
curfes.* *WARBURTON.*

⁵ *Let your honour know.*] To
know is here to examine, to take
cognisance. So in *Midsummer-*
Night's Dream,

*Therefore, fair Hermia, question
your desires,*

Know of your youth, examine
well your blood.

⁶ —'tis very pregnant.] 'Tis
plain that we must not act with
bad as with good; we punish the
faults, as we take the advantages,
that lie in our way, and what we
do not see we cannot note:

⁷ *For I have had.*] That is,
because, by reason that I have had
faults.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.— [*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!

^s Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

S C E N E II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors?

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. * This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

^s *Some rise, &c.*] This line is in the first folio printed in Italicks as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line,

Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none.

* *This comes off well.*] This is nimbly spoken; this is volubly uttered.

Ang.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; ⁹ which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour,——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-done's* means, * but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and long-ing (saying your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes;

⁹ — *she professes a hot-house.* }
A hot-house is the English name
for a bagnio.

*Where lately harbour'd many a
famous whore,
A purging bill now fix'd upon
the door,
Tells you it is a hot house, so it
may,*

And still be a whore-house.

JOHNSON.

* Here seems to have been some mention made of *Froth*, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable.

Sir

Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right. But to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said; master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose.—What was done to *Elbow's* wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas

in

in the *bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then.—I hope, here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

S C E N E III.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[Exit Angelo.]

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow's* wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman do to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose.---Doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house;

house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest, thou liest, wicked varlet ; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here ? *Justice*, or *Iniquity* ?¹ — Is this true ?

Elb. O thou caittiff ! O thou varlet ! O thou wicked *Hannibal* ! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her ? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer ; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*,² or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for't. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caittiff ?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it ; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet ; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend ? [*To Froth.*]

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year ?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

¹ *Justice or Iniquity.*] These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words there-

fore at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost.

² *Hannibal.*] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir ?

[To the Clown.

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name ?

Clown. Mistress *Over-done*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband ?

Clown. Nine, Sir : *Over-done* by the last.

Escal. Nine ? Come hither to me, master *Froth*. Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters ; they will draw you, ³ master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well ; no more of it, master *Froth* ; farewell. [Exit *Froth*.

S C E N E IV.

Come you hither to me, master tapster ; what's your name, master tapster ?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal. What else ?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey* ; howsoever you colour it in being a tapster ; are you not ? come, tell me true ; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey* ? by being a

³ — they will draw you.] related to hang, it means to embowel or extenterate. In *Froth's* answer it is the same as to bring along by some motive or power.

bawd ? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey* ? is it a lawful trade ?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey* : nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city ?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you ; it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay ; ⁴ If you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey* ; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you ; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever ; no, not for dwelling where you do ; if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you : in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I

⁴ *I'll rent the fairest house in it, for three pence a bay :*] Mr. Theobald found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity ; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He supposes *Bay* to be that projection called a Bay-window ; as if the way of rating houses was by the number of their Bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and signifies the

squared frame of a timber house ; each of which divisions of squares is called a *Bay*. Hence a building of so many bays.

WARBURTON.

A *Bay* of building, is in many parts of *England* a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof ; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three bays.

shall have you whipt. So for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel. [*aside*.] But I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me ? no, no ; let carman whip his jade :
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit*.

S C E N E V.

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow* ; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time ; you say, seven years together ?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas ! it hath been great pains to you ; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't : are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters ; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir.

Escal. To my house ; fare you well. [*Exit Elbow*.]
What's a clock, think you ?

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio* :
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful :
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :

But

But yet, poor *Claudio*! — there's no remedy.

Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Angelo's House.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. **H**E's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do; I'll know
His pleasure; 't may be, he'll relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it! —

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon. —
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well ; let her be admitted. [Exit Servant]
 See you, the fornicatrefs be remov'd ;
 Let her have needful, but not lavish, means ;
 There shall be order for it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while.* — [To Isab.] Y'are welcome ; what's your will ?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
 Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
 For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
 For which I must not plead, but that I am ;
 At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die :
 I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
 And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces !

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?
 Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done ;
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,
 To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
 And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother then ; — heav'n keep your Honour !

* It is not clear why the *Pro-
 vost* is bidden to stay, nor when
 he goes out.

§ For which I must not plead,
 but that I am

At war, 'twixt will, and will
 not.] This is obscure, per-

haps it may be mended by read-
 ing,

For which I must now plead, but
 yet I am

At war, 'twixt will and will
 not.

Yet and yet are almost undistin-
 guishable in a manuscript.

Lucio.

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give not o'er so: to him again,
intreat him,

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon
him;

And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Isabel.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones, 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*aside.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;⁶
 And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,
 If he, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you, as you are ? oh, think on that !
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,⁷
 Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
 It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
 It should be thus with him——he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow, Oh ! that's sudden. Spare him,
 spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
 We kill the fowl, of season ; shall we serve heav'n
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves ? good, good my lord, bethink
 you :

Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence ?

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

[*Aside.*

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath
 slept :

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If the first man, that did th' edict infringe,
 Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake ;
 Takes note of what is done : and, like a prophet,⁸
 Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
 Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,

6 — all the souls that were.] This is false divinity. We should read, ARE. *WARBURTON.*

7 And mercy then will breathe within your lips.

[Like man new made,] This is a fine thought, and finely expressed. The meaning is, that mercy will add fresh grace to your persons

that you will appear as amiable as man come fresh out of the hands of his creator. *WARBURTON.*

8 — like a prophet, Looks in a glass.] This alludes to the fopperies of the *Berril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. *WARBURTON.*

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But ere they live to end. ⁹

Isab. Yet shew some pity. ¹

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;

And he, that suffers. Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder.—Merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As make the angels weep; ² who, with our spleens,

⁹ But ere they live to end.] This is very sagaciously substituted by Sir Thomas Hanmer for, *but ere they live.*

¹ — shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

For then I pity those I do not know:] This was one of

Hale's memorials. When I find

myself sway'd to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewise due to the Country.

² As makes the angels weep;]

The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical.

— Ob peccatum sientes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.—
Grotius ad Lucam.

WARBURTON.
Would

Would all themselves laugh mortal. ³

Lucio. [*aside.*] Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;

He's coming: I perceive't.

Pro. [*To Lucio.*] Pray heav'n, she win him!

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself: ⁴
Great men may jest with Saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Thou'rt right, girl; more o'that.

Ifab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Art advis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Ifab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

3 — *who, with our spleens, Would all themselves laugh mortal.*] Mr. Theobald says the meaning of this is; *that if they were endowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality:* Which amounts to this, that if they were mortal they would not be immortal. *Shakspeare* meant no such nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, says *Shakspeare*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that

immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen.

WARBURTON.

4 In former Editions:

We cannot weigh our Brother with ourself.] Why not? Tho' this should be the Reading of all the Copies, 'tis as plain as Light, it is not the Author's meaning. *Isabella* would say, there is so great a Disproportion in Quality betwixt Lord *Angelo* and her Brother, that their Actions can bear no Comparison, or Equality, together: but her Brother's Crimes would be aggravated, *Angelo's* Frailties extenuated, from the Difference of their Degrees and State of Life.

WARBURTON.

Ang.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. ⁵ [*To Isab.*] Fare you
well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else. [*Aside.*

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold, ⁶
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls, ⁷
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; [*Aside to Isabel.*] away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross. ⁸

Isab.

⁵ *That my sense breeds with it.*] Thus all the folios. Some later Editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Mr. Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My sense* breeds with her sense, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are hatched in my imagination. So we say to brood over thought.

⁶ ——— *tested gold.*] *i. e.* attested, or marked with the

standard stamp. WARBURTON. Rather copelled, brought to the test, refined.

⁷ ——— *preserved souls.*] *i. e.* preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.

⁸ *I am that way going to temptation,*

Where prayers cross.] Which way *Angelo* is going to temptation, we begin to perceive, but how *prayers cross* that way.

or

Ifab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ifab. Save your Honour! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabel.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she.—Nor doth she tempt.—But it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?

or cross each other, at that way,
more than any other, I do not
understand.

Ifabella prays that his honour
may be safe, meaning only to
give him his title: his imagination
is caught by the word *honour*:
he feels that his *honour* is
in danger, and therefore, I be-
lieve, answers thus:

*I am that way going to tempta-
tion,*

Which your prayers cross.

That is, I am tempted to lose
that honour of which thou im-
plorest the preservation. The
temptation under which I labour
is that which thou hast unknow-
ingly thwarted with thy prayer.

He uses the same mode of lan-
guage a few lines lower. *Ifabel-
la*, parting, says,

Save your honour.

Angelo catches the word—*Save
it! From what?*

*From thee, even from thy vir-
tue.*

9 ————— it is I,
*That lying by the violet in the
sun, &c.]* I am not cor-
rupted by her, but by my own
heart, which excites foul de-
sires under the same benign in-
fluences that exalt her purity;
as the carrion grows putrid by
those beams which encrease the
fragrance of the violet.

Dost

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that dost goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how,

[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. **H**AIL to you, Provost! so, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the Provost; what's your
will, good Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest Order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison; do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

[I smil'd, and wonder'd how.] the act might more properly end
As a day must now intervene here, and here, in my opinion,
between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, it was ended by the poet.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth, ²
Hath blister'd her report : She is with child ;
And he, that got it, sentenc'd ; a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you ; stay a while, [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter ; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's ourselves, not heav'n ;
Shewing, we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil ;

² *Who falling in the flaws of* we should read FLAMES of her
her own youth, own youth. WARBURTON.

Hath blister'd her report :] Who does not see that upon
Who doth not see that the inte- such principles there is no end
grity of the metaphor requires of correction.

And

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest. ³

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.

So, grace go with you! *benedicite*. [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! oh, injurious love, ⁴

That respites me a life, whose very comfort

Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[Exit.]

S C E N E X.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. **W**HEN I would pray and think, I think
and pray

To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,

Whilst my intention, ⁵ hearing not my tongue,

Anchors on *Isabel*. Heav'n's in my mouth,

As if I did but only chew its name;

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil

Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; ⁶ yea, my gravity,

³ *There rest.*] Keep yourself
in this temper.

⁴ ——— *oh, injurious love,*]

Her execution was respited on
account of her pregnancy, the
effects of her love: therefore she
calls it *injurious*; not that it
brought her to shame, but that
it hindered her freeing herself
from it. Is not this all very nat-
ural? yet the *Oxford* Editor
changes it to *injurious law*.

⁵ *Whilst my intention.*] No-
thing can be either plainer or

exacter than this expression. But
the old blundering Folio having
it, *invention*, this was enough
for Mr. Theobald to prefer autho-
rity to sense. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Grown FEAR'D and tedious;*]
We should read SEAR'D: i. e.
old. So *Shakespeare* uses, in the
fear, to signify old age.

WARBURTON.
I think *fear'd* may stand, what
we go to with reluctance may be
said to be *fear'd*.

Wherein

Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
 How often dost thou with thy * case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls?
 To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now who's there?

* *Case.*] For outside; garb; external shew.

7 *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls*

To thy false seeming?] Here *Shakespeare* judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frightened, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour, those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

8 *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;*

'Tis not the devil's crest.]

i. e. Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. This was his conclusion from his preceding words,

————— *oh form!*

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming? —

But the *Oxford* Editor makes him conclude just counter to his

own premises; by altering it to,
Is't not the devil's crest.

So that, according to this alteration, the reasoning stands thus. — False seeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wise. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn;* (*i. e.* give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's crest?* (*i. e.* he shall be esteem'd a devil.) *WARB.*

I am still inclined to the opinion of the *Oxford* Editor. *Angelo*, reflecting on the difference between his seeming character, and his real disposition, observes that he *could change his gravity for a plume*. He then digresses into an apostrophe, *O Dignity, how dost thou impose upon the world!* then returning to himself, *Blood*, says he, *thou art but blood*, however, concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is still corrupt, however dignified.

Let's write good Angel on the devil's horn;

Is't not? — or rather — 'Tis yet — the Devil's crest.

Serv.

Serv. One *Ifabel*, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heav'ns!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both That unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Ifab. Ev'n so? — Heav'n keep your Honour!

[*Going.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When? I beseech you; that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

9 The gen'ral subjects to a well-wish'd King.] So the later Editions: but the old copies read, the General subject to a well-wish'd King. The general subject seems a harsh expression, but general subjects has no sense at all;

and general was in our Authour's time a word for people, so that the general is the people or multitude subject to a King. So in *Hamlet*, the play pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the General.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy,¹
Falsely to take away a life true made;²
As to put metal in restrained means,³
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,]
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she, that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for compt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

¹ —'tis all as easie,] *Easy* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, says he, as light or trifling a crime to do so, as so, &c. Which the *Oxford* Editor not apprehending, has alter'd it to *just*; for 'tis much easier to conceive what *Shakespear* should say, than what he does say. So just before, the poet said, with his usual licence, their *sawcy sweetness*, for *sawcy indulgence of the*

appetite. And this, forsooth, must be changed to *sawcy lewdness*, tho' the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.

WARBURTON.

² *Falsely* is the same with *dishonesty*, *illegally*, so *false* in the next lines is *illegal*, *illegitimate*.

³ *In restrained means*.] In forbidden moulds. I suspect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another.

Ang.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul, ⁴
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer. ⁵

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine; either, you're ignorant;
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could displayed. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain. ⁶

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) ⁷ that you his sister,

⁴ Pleas'd you to do't on peril,
&c.] The reasoning is thus: *Angelo* asks, whether there might
not be a charity in sin to save this
brother. *Isabella* answers, that
if *Angelo* will save him, she
would stake her soul that it were
charity not sin. *Angelo* replies,
that if *Isabella* would save him at
the hazard of her soul, it would
be not indeed no sin, but a sin to
which the charity would be equi-
valent.

⁵ And nothing of your answer]
I think it should be read,

And nothing of yours answer.

You and whatever is yours be
exempt from penalty.

⁶ Accountant to the law upon
that pain.] Pain is here for
penalty, punishment.

⁷ But in the loss of question.]
The loss of question I do not
well understand, and should ra-
ther read,

But in the loss of question.

In the agitation, in the discussion
of the question. To *try* an ar-
gument is a common phrase.

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the * all-binding law; and that there were
 Ne earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself;
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I've been seek for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
 Better it were, a brother dy'd at once; †
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
 Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we
 I something do excuse the thing I hate, [mean;
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.

* The old editions read *all-building law*, from which the Editors have made *all holding*; yet Mr. Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies.

† *A brother dy'd at once.*] Per-

haps we should read,

*Better it were a brother dy'd for once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,*

Should die for ever.

If not a feodary, but only he, ⁹

* Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.

Women!—help heav'n! men their creation mar,

² In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints. ³

Ang. I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,

Since, I suppose, we're made to be no stronger,

Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold.

I do arrest your words: Be That you are,

That is, a woman; if you're more you're none;

If you be one, as you are well express'd

By all external warrants, shew it now,

By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,

Let me intreat you, speak the former language. ⁴

⁹ *If not a feodary, but only he, &c.*] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explain'd. A *feodary* was one, that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were call'd *feuda* amongst the *Goths*. Now, says *Angelo*, "we are all
"frail; yes, replies *Isabella*; if
"all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are
"to this tenure of *imbecillity*,
"and who succeed each other
"by the same tenure, as well
"as my brother, I would give
"him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined.

WARBURTON.

* To owe is in this place, to own, to hold, to have possession.

¹ —Glasses—

Which are as easy broke, as they make forms,]

Would it not be better to read, *take forms?*

² *In profiting by them.*] In imitating them, in taking them for examples.

³ *And credulous to false prints.*] *i. e.* take any impression WARB.

⁴ ———— *speak the former language*] We should read FORMAL, which he here uses for plain, direct. WARBURTON.

Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,⁵
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—seeming, seeming!—⁶
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
7 My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
Will so your accusation over weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:

⁵ *I know your virtue hath a licence in't.*] Alluding to the licences given by Ministers to their Spies, to go into all suspected companies and join in the language of Malecontents,

WARBURTON.

⁶ — *seeming, seeming!* —]
Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue.

⁷ *My vouch against you.*] The calling his denial of her charge,

his *vouch*, has something fine. *Vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he insinuates his authority was so great, that his *denial* would have the same credit that a *vouch* or testimony has in ordinary cases.

WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch against* means no more than denial.

Or

Or else he must not only die the death,⁸
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
 Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof;
 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
 Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture⁹ of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, *Isabel*, live chaste; and, brother die;
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request;
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's Rest. [Exit.

8 ——— *die the death.*] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. So in

Midsummer-Night's Dream. Prepare to die the death.

9 ——— *prompture.*] Suggestion, temptation, instigation.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Prison.**Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

DUKE.

SO, then you've hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: ⁹ or death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would keep; ¹ a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences
 That do this habitation, ² where thou keep'st,

⁹ *Be absolute for death.*] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *H. race,*
 — *The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*

¹ *That none but fools would keep.*] But this reading is not only contrary to all Sense and Reason; but to the Drift of this moral Discourse. The *Duke*, in his assum'd Character of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to instil into the condemn'd Prisoner a Resignation of Mind to his Sentence; but the Sense of the Lines, in this Reading, is a direct Persuasive to *Suicide*: I make no Doubt, but the Poet wrote,

That none but Fools would reck.
 i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. So in the

Tragedy of *Tancred and Gismunda*, Act 4. Scene 3.

— Not that she RECKS this life—

And *Shakespeare* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

Recking as little what betideth me—

WARBURTON.

The meaning seems plainly this, that *none but fools would wish to keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep it*, if choice were allowed. A sense, which, whether true or not, is certainly innocent.

² *That do this habitation.*] This reading is substituted by Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, for *that doth*.

Hourly

Hourly afflict; meely thou art death's fool; ³
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: ⁴ thou'rt by no means va-
 liant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. ⁵ Thy best of Rest is sleep, ⁶
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy

³ — meely thou art Death's
 Fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy
 flight to shun,

And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.]

In those old Farces called MO-
 RALITIES, the Fool of the piece,
 in order to shew the inevitable
 approaches of Death, is made
 to employ all his stratagems to
 avoid him: which, as the mat-
 ter is ordered, bring the Fool, at
 every turn, into his very jaws.
 So that the representations of
 these scenes would afford a great
 deal of good mirth and morals
 mixed together. And from such
 circumstances, in the genius of
 our ancestors publick diversions,
 I suppose it was, that the old
 proverb arose, of *being merry and
 wise*.

WARBURTON.

⁴ Are nurs'd by baseness.] Dr.
 Warburton is undoubtedly mis-
 taken in supposing that by *base-
 ness*, is meant *self-love* here as-
 signed as the motive of all hu-
 man actions. Shakespear meant
 only to observe, that a minute
 analysis of life at once destroys
 that splendour which dazzles the
 imagination. Whatever gran-
 deur can display, or luxury en-
 joy, is procured by *baseness*, by

offices of which the mind shrinks
 from the contemplation. All the
 delicacies of the table may be
 traced back to the shambles and
 the dunghill, all magnificence of
 building was hewn from the
 quarry, and all the pomp of or-
 naments, dug from among the
 damp and darkness of the mine.

⁵ — the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm.—] Worm
 is put for any creeping thing or
 serpent. Shakespear supposes
 falsely, but according to the vul-
 gar notion, that a serpent wounds
 with his tongue, and that his
 tongue is forked. He confounds
 reality and fiction, a serpent's
 tonge is *soft* but not *forked*
 nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it
 could not be soft. In *Midsummer-
 Night's Dream* he has the same
 notion.

—— With doubler tongue
 Than thine, O serpent, never ad-
 der stung.

⁶ —thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet
 grossly fear'st

Thy death which is no more.—]
 Evidently from the following
 passage of Cicero: *Habes sententiam
 imaginem Mortis, eamque quotidie
 induis, & dubitas quin sensus in
 morie*

Thy death, which is no more. ⁷ Thou'rt not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast forget'st. Thou are not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, ⁸
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,
 nor age; ⁹
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth ¹

Becomes

morte nullus sit, cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum.
 But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find *Shakespeare* saying, that death is only sleep, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the *Friar* is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar.

⁷ — *Thou'rt not thyself.*] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance, thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being.

⁸ — *strange effects.*] For effects read affects; that is, affections,

2

passions of mind, or disorders of body variously affected. So in *Othello*, *The young affects.*

⁹ — *Thou hast nor youth, nor age;*

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both.] This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old we amuse the languour of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

¹ — *For all thy blessed youth*

Becomes

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty.
To

*Becomes as aged, and doth beg
the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt
old and rich,*

Thou hast neither heat, &c.—]
The drift of this period is to
prove, that neither youth nor age
can be said to be really enjoyed,
which, in poetical language, is,
—*We have neither youth nor age.*

But how is this made out? That
Age is not enjoyed he proves, by
recapitulating the infirmities of
it, which deprive that period of
life of all sense of pleasure. To
prove that *Youth* is not enjoyed,
he uses these words, *For all thy
blessed youth becomes as aged, and
doth beg the alms of palsied Eld.*
Out of which, he that can de-
duce the conclusion, has a better
knack at logic than I have. I
suppose the Poet wrote,

—for pall'd, thy blaz'd youth
Becomes assuaged; and doth beg
the alms
Of palsied Eld;——

i. e. when thy youthful appetite
becomes pall'd, as it will be in the
very enjoyment, the blaze of youth
is at once assuaged, and thou im-
mediately contractest the infirmi-
ties of old age; as, particularly,
the palse and other nervous dis-
orders, consequent on the inor-
dinate use of sensual pleasures.
This is to the purpose; and proves
Youth is not enjoyed by shewing
the short duration of it.

WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. War-
burton totally mistaken. Shake-
speare declares that Man has nei-
ther youth nor age, for in youth,
which is the happiest time, or
which might be the happiest, he
commonly wants means to ob-
tain what he could enjoy; he is
dependant on *palsied Eld*; must beg
alms from the coffers of hoary
avarice; and being very niggard-
ly supplied *becomes as aged*, looks
like an old man, on happiness,
which is beyond his reach. And
when *he is old and rich*, when he
has wealth enough for the pur-
chase of all that formerly excited
his desires, he has no longer the
powers of enjoyment.

—has neither heat, affection,
limb, nor beauty
To make his riches pleasant.

I have explained this passage
according to the present reading,
which may stand without much
inconvenience; yet I am willing
to persuade my reader, because
I have almost persuaded myself,
that our authour wrote,

—for all thy blasted youth
Becomes as aged——

2 —heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty.] But how does beauty
make *riches pleasant*? We should
read BOUNTY, which compleats
the sense, and is this; Thou hast
neither the pleasure of enjoying
riches thy self, for thou wantest
vigour: nor of seeing it enjoyed
by

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To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths; ³ yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

by others, for thou wantest *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inseparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely satirical tho' not altogether just.

WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleasant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not such as that

an opportunity of inserting it should be purchased by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confessing insensibility of what every one feels.

3 — *more thousand deaths.*]

For this Sir T. Hanmer reads, *a thousand deaths*: the meaning is not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in Deed: 4

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger. 5
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope. 6

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

4 --as all comforts are; most good in deed.] If this reading be right, *Isabella* must mean that she brings something better than words of comfort, she brings an assurance of deeds. This is harsh and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. *Sir Tho. Hamner* reads, in speed.

5 --an everlasting leiger. Therefore your best appointment.] *Leiger* is the same with resident.

Appointment; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a Knight well appointed; that is, well armed and mounted; or fitted at all points.

6 -- a restraint, To a determined scope.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can be neither suppressed nor escaped.

Claud.

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Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Left thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor Beetle, ⁷ that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-fainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew, ⁸
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt, ⁹ he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. ¹ The Princely *Angelo*?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,

The

⁷ *The poor Beetle, &c.]* The Reasoning is, that death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man, or perhaps, that we are inconfiſtent with ourſelves when we ſo much dread that which we careleſſly inſiſt on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we.

⁸ *— follies doth emmew.]* Forces follies to lie in cover without daring to ſhow themſelves.

⁹ *His filth within being caſt.]* To caſt a pond, is to empty it of mud.

Mr. Upton reads,

*His pond within being caſt he would appear
A filth as deep as hell.*

¹ *The PRINCELY Angelo?—* PRINCELY guards.] The ſtupid Editors miſtaking guards for ſatellites, (whereas it here ſignifies lace) altered PRIESTLY, in both places, to PRINCELY. Whereas *Shakeſpear* wrote it PRIESTLY, as appears from the words themſelves,

*—'tis the cunning livery of
hell,* The

The damned'st body to invest and cover
In Princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would giv't thee * for this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? ² sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, ³ he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel*!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Ifab.

The damned'st body to invest and cover

With PRIESTLY guards.—

In the first place we see that
guards here signifies *lace*, as re-
ferring to *livery*, and as having
no sense in the signification of
satellites. Now *priestly guards*
means *sanctity*, which is the sense
required. But *princely guards*
means nothing but *rich lace*,
which is a sense the passage will
not bear. *Angelo*, indeed, as
Deputy, might be called the
princely Angelo: but not in this
place, where the immediately

preceding words of, *This out-
ward-sainted Deputy*, demand the
reading I have here restored.

WAREURTON.

The first Folios has, in both
places, *prenzie*, from which the
other folios made *princely*, and
every editor may make what he
can.

* For, Hanmer. In other edi-
tions, *from*.

² When he would force it.]
Put it in force. WAREBURTON.

³ If it were damnable, &c.]
Shakespeare shows his knowledge
of human nature in the conduct
of

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit ⁴
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts *
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. Oh, you beast!

of *Claudic.* When *Isabella* first tells him of *Angelo's* proposal he answers with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles, *thou shalt not do't*. But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments, he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since *Angelo*, who is so wise, will venture it.

⁴ — *delighted spirit.*] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, because the spirit in the body is said to be imprisoned, it was crowded together likewise;

and so, by death, not only set free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the less sensible of pain. *WARBURTON.*

This reading may perhaps stand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The most plausible is that which substitutes the *benighted spirit*, alluding to the darkness always supposed in the place of future punishment.

Perhaps we may read the *delinquent spirit*, a word easily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unskilful reader.

* — *lawless and uncertain thoughts*] Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all possibilities of pain.

Oh,

Oh, faithless coward! oh, dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, ⁵ to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
 Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wildness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
 Die, perish! might my only bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade; *
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
 'Tis best, that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabel*.

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one

Isab. What is your will? [word.]

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would
 by and by have some speech with you; the satisfaction
 I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be
 stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a
 while.

Duke. [*To Claudio aside.*] Son, I have over-heard
 what hath past between you and your Sister. *Angelo*
 had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath

⁵ *Is't not a kind of incest,—*] only as a virgin but as a nun.

In *Isabella's* declamation there
 is something harsh, and some-
 thing forced and far-fetched. But
 her indignation cannot be thought
 violent when we consider her not

* — *but a trade.*] A custom;
 a practice; an established habit.
 So we say of a man much ad-
 dicted to any thing, *he makes a*
trade of it.

made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; ⁶ to morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud.*

Duke. Hold you there; ⁷ farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your Will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made on you,

⁶ Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; A condemned man, whom his confessor had brought to bear death with decency and resolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occasioned the advice in the words above. But how did these hopes satisfy his resolution? or what harm was there; if they did? We must certainly read, Do not falsifie your resolution with hopes that are fallible. And then it becomes a reasonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back in-

to the world, would naturally clude or weaken the virtue of that resolution, which was raised only on motives of religion. And this his confessor had reason to warn him of. The term *falsifie* is taken from fencing, and signifies the pretending to aim a stroke in order to draw the adversary off his guard. So *Fairfax*,

Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth.

WARBURTON.

⁷ Hold you there.] Continue in that resolution.

fortune

fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*. How will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation.—He made tryal of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings. To the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him her portion, the finew of her fortune, her

marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your bother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: ⁸ first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the cor-

⁸ Only refer yourself to this advantage] This is scarcely to be reconciled with any established

mode of speech. We may read, Only reserve yourself to, or only reserve to yourself this advantage.

rupt Deputy scaled.⁹ The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's*; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. **N**AY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.¹

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries² the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed

⁹ — the corrupt Deputy scaled] To scale the Deputy may be, to reach him notwithstanding the elevation of his place; or it may be, to strip him and discover his nakedness, though armed and concealed by the investments of authority.

¹ — bastard] A kind of sweet wine then much in vogue. From the Italian, *Bastardo*. WARB.

² — since of two usuries, &c.] Here a satire on usury turn abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least, have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover, a comparison between the two usurers; as, before, between

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low'd by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with ox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir.—Bless you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother * father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou caus'est to be done, That is, thy means to live. Dost thou but think, What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back, From such a filthy vice? say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.³ Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

tween the two usuries. So that for the future the passage should be read with asterisks thus —— by order of law. *** a furr'd gown, &c.

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with less pomp, then since of two Usurers the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown, &c. His punctuation is right, but the alteration, small as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Usury* may be used by an easy licence for the Professors of *Usury*.

* —father.] This word should be expunged.

³ The old editions have,

I drink, I eat away myself, and live.] This is one very excellent Instance of the Sagacity of our Editors, and it were to be wished heartily, they would have obliged us with their physical Solution, how a Man can eat away himself and live. *Mr. Bishop* gave me that most certain Emendation, which I have substituted in the Room of the former foolish Reading; by the Help whereof, we have this easy Sense; that the Clown fed himself, and put cloaths on his Back, by exercising the vile Trade of a Bawd.

THEOBALD.

Duke,

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath giv'n thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer ;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir ; he has given him warning ; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-ma-ster ; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free ! 4

4 *That we were all, as some would seem to be ;*

Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free !] i. e. as faults are destitute of all comeliness or seeming. The first of these lines refers to the Deputy's sanctified hypocrisy ; the second, to the Clown's beastly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expressed for the sake of the rhyme.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Free from all faults, as from faults seeming free.

The interpretation of Dr. Warburton is destitute of authority ; though *seemly* is decent or comely, I know not that *seeming* is ever used for *comeliness*. The sense is likewise trifling, and the expression harsh. To wish *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comeliness* [instead

of *void of comeliness*] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it should be read,

O that all were, as all would seem to be,

Free from all faults, or from false seeming free.

So in this play,

O place, O power——how dost thou

Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming.

But I now believe that a less alteration will serve the turn.

Free from all faults, or faults from seeming free ;

that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, or faults from hypocrisy. So Isabella calls Angelo's hypocrisy, *seeming, seeming*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, ⁵ a cord, Sir.——

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion's* images, newly made woman, ⁶ to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' last rain? ⁷ ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? * is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse!

⁵ *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, Sir.*] That is, his neck will be tied like your waist with a rope. The Friars of the *Franciscan* order, perhaps of others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus *Buchanan*,

—— *Fac gemant suis
Variata terga funibus.*

⁶ *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman.*] i. e. come out cured from a salivation. *WARB.*

⁷ —— *what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd in the last rain?*] This strange nonsense should be thus corrected, It's not down i'th' last REIGN, i. e. these are severities unknown to the old Duke's time. And this is to the purpose. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton's emendation is

ingenious, but I know not whether the sense may not be restored with less change. Let us consider it. *Lucio*, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to prison, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which, when the poor fellow makes no answer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this? tune, matter, and method,—is't not? drown'd i'th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? &c.*] It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. *Lucio*, therefore, asks him whether he was drown'd in the last rain, and therefore cannot speak.

* —— *which is the way?*] *What is the mode now?*

Lucio,

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.⁸

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Luci. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*, farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how? 9

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey* commend me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear. I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar*? what news?

⁸ — in the tub.] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the powdering-tub.

⁹ — go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt *Pompey*? or how?] It should be pointed thus, Go, say, I sent thee thither for debt. *Pompey*; or how — i. e. to

hide the ignominy of thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humourously replies, For being a bawd, for being a bawd, i. e. the true cause is the most honourable. This is in character.

WARBURTON.

Elb.

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go—to kennel, *Pompey*—go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*]

S C E N E VI.

What news, *Friar* of the *Duke*?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other Some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, ¹ and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was got between two stock-fishes. But it is

¹ *It is too general a vice,*] The occasion of the observation was *Lucio's* saying, that it ought to be treated with a little more lenity; and his answer to it is, — *The vice is of great kindred.* Nothing can be more absurd than all this. From the occasion, and

the answer, therefore, it appears, that *Shakespeare* wrote,

It is too GENTLE a vice,

which signifying both *indulgent* and *well bred*, *Lucio* humourously takes it in the latter sense.

WARBURTON.
certain,

certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.²

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty—and his use was, to put a ducket in her *clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his with-drawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon—'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand.—The greater file of the subject³ held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question, but he was.

² In the former editions. — *and he is a Motion generative; that's infallible.*] This may be Sense; and *Lucio*, perhaps, may mean, that tho' *Angelico* have the Organs of Generation, yet that he makes no more Use of them than if he were an inanimate Puppet. But I rather think, our Author wrote; — and he is a

Motion ungenerative, because *Lucio* again in this very Scene says; — *this ungenitured Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency.* THEOBALD.

* — *clack-dish.*] This word I do not understand.

³ — *the greater file of the subject.*] The larger list, the greater number.

Lucio.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him 'be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me,
Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would

would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good *Friar*; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*.⁴ He's not past it yet.⁵—And I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar; tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewell. [*Exit*.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the stann'drous tongue?
But who comes here?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear,⁶ and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

4 — eat mutton on Fridays.]
A wench was called a laced mutton.

6 mercy SWEAR.] We should read SWERVE, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. WARBURTON.

5 He is not past it.] Sir Tho. Hamner. In other Editions, he is now past it, yet.

Escal.

Escal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] *Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this *Friar* has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now To use it for my time. I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See * In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd: I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

* All the folios, *from the Sea.*

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now he is resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'n's your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed *justice*.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well. [Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the sword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking!
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!

7 *Pattern in himself to know,*
[*Grace to stand, and virtue go.*]
These lines I cannot understand,
but believe that they should be read thus:
Patterning himself to know,
In Grace to stand, in Virtue go.
To patteru is to work after a pat-

tern, and, perhaps, in *Shakespeare's* licentious diction, simply to work. The sense is, *he that bears the sword of heaven should be holy as well as severe; one that after good examples labours to know himself, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.*

Oh,

336 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Tho' angel on the outward side!
 How may that likeness, made in crimes,⁸
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With *Angelo* to-night shall lye
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall be th' disguis'd;⁹
 Pay with falshood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

⁸ *How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pondrous and substantial things.* Thus all the Editions read corruptly; and so have made an obscure passage in itself, quite unintelligible. *Shakespeare* wrote it thus,

*How may THAT likeness, made
 in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw—*

The sense is this, How much wickedness may a man hide within, tho' he appear an angel with-

out. How may *that* likeness made in crimes, i. e. by Hypocrisy; [a pretty paradoxical expression, an angel made in crimes] by imposing upon the world [thus emphatically expressed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its false and feeble pretences [finely called *spiders strings*] the most pondrous and substantial matters of the world, as Riches, Honour, Power, Reputation, &c.

WARBURTON.

⁹ *So disguise shall by th' disguis'd.* So disguise shall by means of a person disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit person.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A G R A N G E.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,¹
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mis-lead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical;
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.²

Duke.

¹ *Take, oh, take, &c.*] This is part of a little song of *Shakespeare's* own writing, consisting of two Stanza's, and so extremely sweet, that the reader won't be displeased to have the other.

*But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

WARBURTON.

This song is entire in *BEAUMONT's Bloody Brother*, and in *Shakespeare's* poems. The latter Stanza is omitted by *Mariana*, as not suiting a female character.

THEOBALD.

² *My mirth it much displeas'd,
but pleas'd my woe.]*

Though the musick soothed my sorrows,

*Hide, oh, hide those hills of
snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops, the pinks that
grow,
Are of those that April wears.*
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338 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. 'Tis good ; tho' musick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good ; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
here to day ? much upon this time, have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after : I have
sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly ³ believe you :

Enter Isabel.

the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick, ⁴
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key ;
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't.
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,

sorrows, it had no tendency to
produce light merriment.

³ Constantly.] Certainly ; without fluctuation of mind.

⁴ Circummur'd with brick.]

Circumwalled, walled round: He caused the doors to be mured and cased up.

PAINTER'S Palace of Pleasure.

In

In action all of precept, ⁵ he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance ?

Isab. No : none, but only a repair i'th' dark ;
And that I have possess'd him, ⁶ my most stay
Can be but brief ; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, ho ! within ! come forth !

S C E N E III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do ; and I have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you to walk aside ?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*]

⁵ *In action all of precept.*—] *i. e.* shewing the several turnings
of the way with his hand ;
which action contained so many
precepts, being given for my di-
rection. *WARBURTON.*

*in precept all of action ; that is, in
direction given not by words but by
mute signs.*

⁶ *I have possess'd him.*] I have
made him clearly and strongly
comprehend.

I rather think we should read,

340 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. O place and greatness ! 7 millions of false * eyes
Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests †
Upon thy doings : thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies !

S C E N E IV.

Enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Welcome ; how agreed.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
" Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :

* *False eyes.*] That is, Eyes
insidious and trayterous.

† *Contrarious quests.*] Different
reports run counter to each other.

7 O place and greatness !—]
It plainly appears that *this* fine
speech belongs to *that* which con-
cludes the preceding Scene, be-
tween the *Duke* and *Lucio*. For
they are absolutely foreign to the
subject of this, and are the natu-
ral reflections arising from that.
Besides, the very words, *Run*
with these false and most contra-
rious quests, evidently refer to
Lucio's scandals just preceding :
which the *Oxford Editor*, in his
usual way, has emended, by al-
tering *these* to *their*.—But that
some time might be given to the
two women to confer together,

the players, I suppose, took part
of the speech, beginning at *No*
might nor greatness, &c. and put
it here, without troubling them-
selves about its pertinency. How-
ever, we are obliged to them for
not giving us their own imperti-
nency, as they have frequently
done in other places. WARE.

I cannot agree that these lines
are placed here by the players.
The sentiments are common, and
such as a Prince, given to reflec-
tion, must have often present.
There was a necessity to fill up
the time in which the Ladies
converse apart, and they must
have quick tongues and ready
apprehensions, if they under-
stood each other while this
speech was uttered.

He

He is your husband on a pre-contract ;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. ⁸ Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap ; for yet our tithe's to sow. ⁹ [*Exe.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. **C**OME hither, firrah : can you cut off a man's head ?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can ; but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time

⁸ *Doth flourish the deceit.*] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarse ground is filled up and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanship. *WARBURTON.*

⁹ ——— for yet our *TYTHE'S* to sow] As before, the blundering Editors have made a *prince* of the *priestly Angelo*, so here they have made a *priest* of the prince. We should read *TILTH*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make.

The grain, from which we expect our harvest, is not yet put into the ground. *WARBURTON.*

The reader is here attempted with a petty sophism. We should read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is to make. But in the text it is *to sow* ; and who has ever said that *his tillage* was to *sow* ? I believe *tithe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tithe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*.

out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson*, where's *Abhorson*, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.¹

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.² * * *

Abhor.

¹ discredit our mystery.] I think it just worth while to observe, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*, and not a *y*; because it comes from the Greek *Μυστήριον*, but from the French, *Meslier*.

WARBURTON.

² what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof. —

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof. —

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

big enough : if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief.] Thus it stood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be understood. The plain and humorous sense of the speech is this, Every true man's apparel which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? because if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough : *i. e.* a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough : *i. e.* of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we see that the pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough* and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald says, he can see no sense in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus.—*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Clown.* *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough : if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*—And for this alteration gives this extraordinary reason.—*I am satisfied the poet intended a regular syllogism; and I submit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not restor'd that wit and humour which was quite lost in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, tho' Mr. Theobald could not find it out.

Let us consider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a mystery: the Clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in these words, *Every true man's apparel, &c.* but this proves the thief's trade a mystery, not the hangman's. Hence it appears that the speech in which the hangman prov'd his trade a mystery, is lost. The very words it is impossible to retrieve, but one may easily understand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt the very same the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a mystery: namely, *that all sorts of clothes fitted the hangman.* The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I suppose to this effect; *Why, by the same kind of reasoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a mystery.* The other asks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little, &c.* The jocular conclusion from the whole being an insinuation that thief and hangman were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a spirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its present mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and shews why the argument of *every true man's apparel, &c.* was in all the editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewise that the present reading of that argument is the true. The lost speeches came in at the place marked by the asterisks.

WARBURTON.

Clown. It it be too little for your thief, your true man-thinks it big enough : if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough ; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him : for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir ; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare : for, truly, Sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. [Exit.

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio* :
One has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murd'rer, tho' he were my brother.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death ;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine* ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lyes starkly ³ in the traveller's bones.
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [Exit. Claudio.] But hark,
what noise ? [Knock within.]

³ *starkly.*] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image.

Heav'n

Heav'n give your spirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope, it is some pardon, or reprove,
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroke * and line of his great justice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r

4 To qualify in others. Were he meal'd 5

With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just. Now they are come.

[*Knock.* *Provost* goes out.]

This is a gentle *Provost*; seldom, when

The steeld goaler is the friend of men.

How now? what noise? that spirit's possess with
haste, 6

That

* *Stroke* is here put for the
stroke, of a pen or a line.

4 *To qualify.*] To temper, to
moderate, as we say wine is qua-
lified with water.

5 *Were he meal'd.*] Were he
sprinkled; were he defiled. A
figure of the same kind our Au-
thor uses in *Macbeth*, the blood-
bolter'd Banquo.

6 — that spirit's possess with
haste

That wounds the unresisting
postern with these strokes.]

The line is irregular, and the un-
resisting postern so strange an ex-
pression, that want of measure,
and want of sense might justly
raise suspicion of an error, yet
none of the later Editors seem
to have supposed the place fault-
ty except Sir *Tho. Hanmer*, who
reads *th' unresisting postern*. The
three folios have it *unresisting pos-
tern,*

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That wounds th' unresisting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[Provost returns.]

Prov. There he muſt ſlay, until the officer
Arife to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me
this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmall-
eſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other cir-
cumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is al-
moſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him.

[Exit Meſſenger.]

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,

[Aside.]

For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;

it, out of which Mr. Rowe
made *unreſiſting*, and the reſt fol-
lowed him. Sir Tho. Hanmer
ſeems to have ſuppoſed *unreſiſt-*
ing the word in the copies, from
which he plauſibly enough ex-

tracted *unreſiſting*, but he ground-
ed his emendation on the very
ſyllable that wants authority.
What can be made of *unſiſting* I
know not; the beſt that occurs
to me is *unſeeling*.

When

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, - what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this un-
wonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath
not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio
be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon
Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have
Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly per-
form'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we
must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you
will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be exe-
cuted in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurs'd up and
bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not
either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I
have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him;
and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of
lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitent in prison? how
seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fear-

fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal. 7

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will here none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head borne to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may

[*desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. Sir *Thomas Hamner* reads *mortally desperate*. *Mortally* is in low conversation used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*.

add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.⁸ Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are

⁸ *Nothing of what is writ.*] the Duke pointing to the letter
We should read — *here writ.* — in his hand. WAREBURTON.

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amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am, as well acquainted, here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress *Over-done's* own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer; for some four suits of peach-colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-lucky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heir* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Forthlight* the tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake. ¹

⁹ First here's young *Mr. Rash*. &c.] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in *Shakespeare's* age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of these pictures were then known.

¹ in for the Lord's sake.] i. e. to beg for the rest of their lives.

£WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression intended to ridicule the puritans, whose turbulence and indecency often brought them to prison, and who considered themselves as suffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men imprisoned for other crimes, might represent themselves to casual enquirers, as suffering for puritanism, and that this might be the common cant of the prisons. In *Donne's* time every prisoner was brought to jail by suretiship.

Enter

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorson*? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, ———

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to day. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart? ———
After him, fellows: bring him to the block. *

[Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him ² in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: what if we omit
'This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on

* Here is a line given to the Duke which belongs to the *Provost*. The *Provost*, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the prisoner, cries out, *After him, fellows*, &c. and, when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke.
² ——— to transport him.] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense.

Prefix by *Angelo*. See, this be done,
And sent according to command; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, ³ you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *An-
gelo*. [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost*, he shall bear them;) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly; him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount;
To meet me at the consecrated fount;
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [within.] Peace, hoa, be here!

³ To th' under generation.] So editions to yonder: y^e under and
Sir Tho. Hanmer with true judg- yonder were confounded.
ment. It was in all the former

VOL. I.

A a

Duke.

354 MEASURE FOR MEASURE:

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*.——She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected. *

S C E N E X.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Hoa, by your leave.——

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*! wretched *Isabel*!

Injurious world! most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heav'n.
Mark, what I say; which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gave me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your
In that good path that I would wish it go, [wisdom

* A better reason might have she might with more keenness
been given. It was necessary to accuse the Deputy.
keep *Isabella* in ignorance, that

And

And you shall have your bosom ⁴ on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar *Peter* give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana's* house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined ⁵ by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;—
Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not
for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set
me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-mor-
row. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the
old ⁶ fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at
home, he had liv'd. [Exit *Isabella*.]

⁴ — your bosom.] Your wish; combine husband of *Mariana*.
your heart's desire.

⁵ I am combined by a sacred vow.] I once thought this should
be confined, but *Shakespeare* uses
combine for to bind by a pact or
agreement, so he calls *Angelo* the
⁶ If the old, &c.] Sir *Thomas*
Hammer reads, the odd fantastical
Duke, but old is a common word
in ludicrous language, as, there
was old revelling.

356 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman,⁷ than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. **E**VERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd the other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness, pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour be-

⁷ *Woodman.*] That is, *Huntsman*, here taken for a hunter of girls.

fore

fore his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit,⁸ as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

The law against it!——but that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her No.⁹

For my authority bears a credent bulk;¹

That no particular scandal once can touch,

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

⁸ —— *sort and suit.*] Figure and rank.

⁹ —— *yet reason dares her:*] The old Folio impressions read, —— *yet reason dares her No.*

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me: *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads, *yet reason dares her* note. Sir Th. Hanmer, *yet reason dares her: No.* Mr. Upton, *yet reason dares her—No,* which he explains thus: *yet,* says Angelo, *reason will give her courage—No,* that is, *it will not.* I

am afraid *dare* has no such signification. I have nothing to offer worth insertion.

¹ —— *my authority bears a credent bulk;*

Which no particular slander, &c.]

Credent is *creditable*, *inforcing credit*, not *questionable*. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So *Shakespear*, and *Milton* after him, use *inexpressive* from *inexpressible*.

Particular is *private*, a French sense. No scandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority.

358 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
For so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet, he had
liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.²
[Exit.

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. **T**HESE * letters at fit time deliver me.
[Giving letters.]

The *Provost* knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at *Flavius'* house,
And tell him, where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good
haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [Exeunt.

² *we would, and we would not.*
Here undoubtedly the act should
end, and was ended by the poet;
for here is properly a cessation
of action, and a night intervenes,
and the place is changed, be-
tween the passages of this scene
and those of the next. The

next act beginning with the fol-
lowing scene, proceeds without
any interruption of time or
change of place.

* *Peter* never delivers the let-
ters, but tells his story without
any credentials. The poet forgot
the plot which he had formed.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
(I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part;) yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, to vail full purpose. ³

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter——

Isab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter. ⁴

Peter. Come, I have found you out at a stand most
fit,

Where

³ *He says to vail full purpose.*) Thus the old Copies, I don't know, what Idea our Editors form'd to themselves, of *vailing full purpose*; but, I'm persuaded, the Poet meant, as I have restor'd; viz. to a Purpose that will stand us in stead, that will profit us.

THEOBALD.

He says, to vail full purpose.] Mr. Theobald alters it to, *He says, t' availful purpose*; because he has no idea of the common reading. A good reason! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is used for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He says, it is to hide a beneficial purpose, that must not yet be revealed.* WARBURTON.

To vail full purpose, may, with

A a 4

very little force on the words, mean to *hide the whole extent of our design*, and therefore the reading may stand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with such laxity as to make *full* the same with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all necessity of emendation, for any word may then stand in the place of another.

⁴ *Enter Peter.*] This play has two *Friars*, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine that *Friar Thomas*, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to *Friar Peter*; for why should the Duke unnecessarily

trult

360 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
founded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, ⁵ and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus,
Lucio, and Citizens at several Doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see
you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal
Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know

trust two in an affair which re-
quired only one. The name of
Friar Thomas is never mentioned
in the dialogue, and therefore

seems arbitrarily placed at the
head of the scene.

⁵ *Have hent the gates.*] Have
taken possession of the gates.

That

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus* ;
You must walk by us on our other hand :
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time : speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke ! * vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid.
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And giv'n me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs ; in what, by whom ?
be brief.

Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me your self, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, oh, hear me,
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm ;
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By Course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That *Angelo's* forsworn, is it not strange ?
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer, is't not strange ?

* *Vail your regard.*] That is, scend upon a wronged woman.
withdraw your thoughts from To vail, is to lower.
higher things ; let your notice de-

That

That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times truer ; for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.

Duke. Away with her, poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not ; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impos-
sible

That, which but seems unlike ; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem ⁷ as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As *Angelo* ; even so may *Angelo*,

⁸ In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense ;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,

6 ————truth is truth
To th' end of reckning] That
is, Truth has no gradations ;
nothing which admits of encrease
can be so much what it is, as
truth is truth. There may be a
a strange thing, and a thing more
strange, but if a proposition be
true there can be none more true.

7 ———as shy, as grave, as just,
as absolute.] As shy ; as re-
served, as abstracted : as just ;
as nice, as exact : as absolute
as complete in all the round of
duty.

⁸ In all his dressings, &c.] In
all his semblance of virtue, in
all his habiliments of office.

Harp not on That ; nor do not banish reason ⁹
 For inequality ; but let your reason serve
 To make the truth appear, where it seems hid ;
 Not hide the false, seems true. ¹

Duke. Many, they are not mad,
 Have, sure, more lack of reason.
 What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
 Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
 To loose his head ; condemn'd by *Angelo* :
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother. One *Lucio*
 Was then the messenger,——

Lucia. That's I, an't like your Grace :
 I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my

Duke. I wish you now then ; [peace.

Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
 A business for yourself, pray heav'n, you then
 Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
 To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
 To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it :

The phrase is to the matter.

⁹ —— do not banish reason versary prejudice you against me.
 For inequality ; ——] Let And hide the false, seems true]
 not the high quality of my ad- We should read Not bids. WARB.
Duke.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ; — proceed.

Isab. In brief ; (to set the needless Proceſs by, How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd, How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd ; For this was of much length) the vile concluſion I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter. He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt, Release my brother ; and after much debate-ment, My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour, And I did yield to him : but the next morn betimes, His purpoſe ſurſeiting, he ſends a Warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely !

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true ! *

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt, Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour In hateful practice.³ Firſt, his integrity Stands without blemiſh. Next, it imports no reaſon, That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue Faults proper to himſelf : if he had ſo offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf, And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on ; Confels the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Isab. And is this all ?

Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above !

² *Oh, that it were as like, as it is true !*] *Like* is not here uſed for *probable*, but for *ſeemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it to another ſenſe ; of which there are a great many examples in *Shakeſpear*, and the writers of that time. WARB.

I do not ſee why *like* may not ſtand here for *probable*, or why the Lady ſhould not wiſh that ſince her tale is true it may ob-

tain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we ſhould read, *O ! that it were as likely as 'tis true.* *Like* I have never found for *ſeemly*.

³ *In hateful practice.*] *Practice* was uſed by the old writers for any unlawful or inſiduous ſtratagem. So again, *this muſt needs be practice* ; and again, *let me have way to find this practice out.*

Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
4 In countenance. Heav'n shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know, you'd feign be gone. An officer —
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:— Who knows
that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling
Friar;

I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar*, be-
like;

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute!—let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that
Friar.

I saw them at the prison:—a sawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler, 5

As

4 *In countenance.*] i. e. in partial favour.

5 —nor a temporary medler.]
WARBURTON. It is hard to know what is meant
by

As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my Trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

Peter. Well ; he in time may come to clear himself ;
But at this instant he is sick my lord,
Of a strange fever. On his meer request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainst lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
It true, and false ; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. ⁶ First, for this woman ;
To justify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly ⁷ and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it,

by a *temporary* medler. In its usual sense, as opposed to *perpetual*, it cannot be used here. It may stand for *temporal*: the sense will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with secular affairs*: It may mean *temporizing*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not temporise, or take the opportunity of your absence to defame you*. Or we may read, Not scurvy, nor a *tamperer* and medler; nor one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a false evidence against your Deputy.

⁶ *Whenever he's* CONVEN'D.] The first Folio reads CONVENTED, and this is right: for to *convene* signifies to assemble; but *convent*, to cite, or summons. Yet, because *convent'd* hurts the measure, the *Oxford Editor* sticks to *con-*

ven'd, tho' it be nonsense, and signifies, *Whenever he is assembled, together*. But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his sense, and the Editor, quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the measure: which *Shakespeare* having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has spruced him up with all the exactness of a modern measurer of Syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, shall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been. *WARBURTON.*

⁷ *So vulgarly*.] Meaning either, so grossly, with such *indecency* of invective, or by so *mean* and inadequate witnesses.

Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo* ?
 O heav'n ! the vanity of wretched fools !——
 Give us some seats ;—come, Coulin *Angelo*,^s
 In this I will be partial : be you judge
 Of your own Cause. Is this the witness, *Friar* ?
[Isabella is carried off, guarded.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First let her shew her face ; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face,
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then ?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then ? neither maid,
 widow, or wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of
 them are neither maid, widow, or wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would, he had some
 cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd ;
 And, I confess, besides, I am no maid ;

^s In former Editions :—*come*
cousin Angelo,

In this I'll be impartial : be you
judge

Of your own Cause.] Surely,
 this Duke had odd Notions of
 Impartiality ; to commit the De-
 cision of a Cause to the Person
 accus'd. He talks much more
 rationally in the Character of the
 Friar.

Thus to retort your manifest Ap-
peal ;

And put your Trial in the Vil-
lain's mouth,

Which here you come t'accuse.——

I think, there needs no strong-
 er Authority to convince, that
 the Poet must have wrote as I
 have corrected :

In this I will be partial.——

THEOBALD.

The Duke's unjust

I've

368 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

I've known my husband ; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in my arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No ? you say, your husband. [*To Mariana.*

Mari. Why, just, my lord ; and that is *Angelo* ;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body ;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse*——Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on :
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body,
That took away the match from *Isabel* ;
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;

* *Abuse* stands in this place for means this strange deception of deception, or puzzle. So in *Macbeth*, this strange and self abuse, himself.

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off.

Partly, for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition; but, in chief,

For that her Reputation was disvalu'd

In levity; since which time, of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows; and, my good lord,

But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confixed here,

A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;

My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,

To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

9 —her promised proportions
Came short of composition;—]
Her fortune which was promised
proportionate to mine, fell short
of the composition, that is, con-
tract or bargain.

1 These poor informal women.]
i. e. women who have ill concert-
ed their story. *Formal* signifies
frequently, in our authour, a
thing put into form or method:
so *informal*, out of method, ill

concerted. How easy is it to say,
that *Shakespear* might better have
wrote *informing*, i. e. *accusing*.
But he who (as the *Oxford Edi-
tor*) thinks he did write so, knows
nothing of the character of his
style. WARBURTON.

I believe *informal* has no other
or deeper signification than *in-
forming*, *accusing*. The *scope* of
justice, is the full extent.

370 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy
oaths,

Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies gainst his worth and credit.
That's seal'd in approbation? ² You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your *Provest* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly,
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth; ³
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you: stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.]

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick*
to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in no-
thing, but in his cloaths; and one that has spoke most
villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he
come, and inforce them against him; we shall find
this *Friar* a notable fellow.

² *That's seal'd in approbation.*] and seal'd in testimony of that
When any thing subject to coun- *approbation*, and, like other things
terfeits is tried by the proper of- *so sealed*, is no more to be called
ficers and approved, a stamp or *in question*.
seal is put upon it, as among us
on plate, weights and measures
So the Duke says that *Angelo's*
faith has been tried, *approved*

³ ——— to hear this matter
forth] To hear it to the end;
to search it to the bottom.

Lucio.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Ishabel* here once again; I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be aham'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost*.

Escal. In very good time—speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo*? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place!——and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress: is the Duke gone?

72 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal; ⁴
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain;

And then to glance from him to th' Duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—take him hence;
To th' rack with him—we'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know your purpose—what? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke dare no more stretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; ⁵ my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, ⁶

As

⁴ — to retort your manifest appeal.] To refer back to *Angelo* the cause in which you appealed from *Angelo* to the *Duke*.

⁵ Nor here provincial.] Nor here accountable. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province.

⁶ Stands like the forfeits in a barber's shop.] Barbers shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people.

Tonstrina erat quedam: hic solentam ferè

Plerumque eam opperiri. —

Which *Donatus* calls *apta sedes otiosis*. Formerly, with us, the better sort of people went to the Barber's shop to be trimm'd; who then practis'd the under parts of Surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up ag'inst the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which,
it

As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior

Lucio.

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, Goodman bald-pate;

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the found of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir; and was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, ⁷ as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches!

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison:—where is the *Provost*?—away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him

it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. *WARBURT.*

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a surgeon, knows that they may be very easily kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket.

⁷ —and a coward.] so again afterwards,

*You, Sirrah, that know me for
a fool, a coward,
One of all luxury;—*

But *Lucio* had not, in the former conversation, mentioned cowardice among the faults of the *Duke*.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet.

374 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Speak no more;—away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald pated lying rascal: you must be hooded, must you; show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?^s

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.—

Sneak not away, Sir; [*To Lucio*] for the *Friar* and you must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave: — [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou a word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Reiy upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

^s *Show your sheep-biting face and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?* This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phrase on such occasions is simply *show your sheep-biting face and be hang'd*. The words *an hour* have no particular use here, nor are autho-

rised by custom. I suppose it was written thus, *show your sheep-biting face and be hanged—an' how? will not off*. In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obstruction or resistance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?*

No longer session hold upon my shame ;
But let my trial be mine own confession :
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana* :

Say ; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord,

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar* ; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

S C E N E VI.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel* ;

Your *Friar* is now your prince : as I was then
Advertising, and holy ⁹ to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel* :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. ¹
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart :
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost. Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : ² but, peace be with him!

B b 4

That

⁹ Advertising and holy.] At- as generous to us, pardon us as
tentive and faithful. we have pardoned you.

¹ — be you as free to us.] Be ² That brain'd my purpose.

376 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort ;
So, happy is your brother.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon him
For *Mariana's* sake : but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and in promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, ev'n from his proper tongue, ³
An *Angelo* for *Claudio* ; death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested ;
Which tho' thou would'st deny, deny thee vantage. ⁴
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death ; and with like haste—
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband ?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

We now use in conversation a tongue. So above.
like phrase. *This it was that* In the witness of his proper ear
knocked my design on the head. Dr. To call him villain.
Warburton reads, 4 ——— deny thee vantage.]

—— baned my purpose.
3 ——— even from his proper
tongue.] Even from *Angelo's* own
Take from thee all opportunity,
all expedient of denial.
WARBURTON.

And

And choak your good to come. For his possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege—— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour——
Away with him to death——Now, Sir, to you. [To Lucio.

Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet *Isabel*, take my
part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her; ⁵
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all——
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
—Oh, *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd, I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ⁶ since it is so,

Let

⁵ *Against all sense you do importune her.*] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection; *Shakespeare*, therefore, judiciously uses a single

word that implies both; *Sense* signifying both reason and affection.

⁶ *'Till he did look on me.*] The *Duke* has justly observed that *Isabel*

378 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.

For *Angelo*,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;

And must be bury'd but as an intent,

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:

Intents, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say—
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private mes-
sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office.
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice:

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have dy'd,

Isabel is importuned against all sense
to solicit for *Angelo*, yet here
against all sense she solicits for
him. Her argument is extraor-
dinary.

*A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is
so,*

Let him not die.

That *Angelo* had committed all
the crimes charged against him,
as far as he could commit them,
is evident. The only intent which
his act did not overtake, was the
defilement of *Isabel*. Of this *An-
gelo* was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as
must sufficiently justify punish-

ment, whether its end be to secure
the innocent from wrong or to de-
ter guilt by example; and I be-
lieve every reader feels some in-
dignation when he finds him
spared. From what extenuation
of his crime can *Isabel*, who yet
supposes her brother dead, form
any plea in his favour. Since
he was good 'till he looked on me,
let him not die. I am afraid
our Varlet Poet intended to in-
culcate, that women think ill of
nothing that raises the credit of
their beauty and are ready, how-
ever virtuous, to pardon any
act which they think incited by
their own charms.

I have

I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*——
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I'm sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. 'Tis this, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, 7 I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. *Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head;
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake

[*To Isab.*]

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
(Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine)

7 — for those earthly faults.] are cognisable by temporal power,
Thy faults, so far as they are I forgive.
punishable on earth, so far as they

He

380 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe; *
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well: †
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours. ‡

I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. †
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[To *Lucio*.

One of all luxury, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick; ‡ if you will hang me for it, you may:
but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child; let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to

* It is somewhat strange, that
Isabel is not made to express ei-
ther gratitude, wonder or joy at
the sight of her brother.

‡ — your evil quits you well.]
Quits you, recompenses, requites
you.

‡ — her worth, worth yours.]
Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Her worth works yours.

This reading is adopted by Dr.
Warburton, but for what reason?
How does her worth work An-
gelo's worth, it has only con-
tributed to work his pardon. The
words are, as they are too fre-

quently, an affected gingle, but
the sense is plain. *Her worth
worth yours*; that is, her value
is equal to your value, the match
is not unworthy of you.

† — here's one in place I can-
not pardon.] After the pardon
of two murderers *Lucio* might be
treated by the good *Duke* with
less harshness; but perhaps the
Poet intended to show, what is
too often seen, that men easily for-
give wrongs which are not com-
mitted against themselves.

‡ — according to the trick.]
To my custom, my habitual prac-
tice.

a whore.

a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits. 3—Take him to prison: And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.

She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, *Mariana*—love her, *Angelo*;

I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness: 4

There's more behind, that is more grate.

Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secrecy;

We shall employ thee in a worthier place:

Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home

The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;

The offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*,

I have a motion much imports your good,

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:

So bring us to our palace, where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet You all should know.

[*Exeunt.* 5

3 — *thy other forfeits.*] Thy other punishments.

4 *Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.*] I have always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus,

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.

Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.

Ang. Th' offence pardons itself.

Duke. There's more behind

That is more grate. Dear Isabel,

I have a motion, &c.

5 I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment *Shakespeare* has given turns to this story from what he found it in *Cinthio Giraldo's* novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually

tually executed, and the governour sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage. A circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And, in the next place, the sister afterwards is, to soder up her disgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the Emperour, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the Poet has avoided by the Episode of *Mariana*, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our Authour's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene before our authour was fourteen years old, by one *George Whetstone*, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of *Promos* and *Cassandra*. Printed with the black letter 1578. The Authour going that year with Sir *Humphry Gilbert* to *Norimbega*, left them with his friends to publish.

THEOBALD.

The novel of *Cynthio Giraldis*, from which *Shakespear* is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakespear illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity *Shakespear* has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new modelled the novel of *Cynthio*, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that *Cinthio* was not the authour whom *Shakespear* immediately followed. The Emperour in *Cinthio* is named *Maximine*, the Duke, in *Shakespear's* enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called *Vincentio*. This appears a very slight remark; but since the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called *Vincentio* among the *Persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of *Vincentio* Duke of *Vienno*, different from that of *Maximine* Emperour of the *Romans*.

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the Duke and the imprisonment of *Claudio*; for he must have learned the story of *Mariana* in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.

THE
MERCHANT
OF
VENICE.

Dramatis Personæ.*

DUKE of Venice.
Morochius, a Moorish Prince.
Prince of Arragon.
Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his Friend.
Salanio,
Solarino, } *Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, in Love with *Jessica*.
Shylock, a Jew.
Tubal, a Jew.
Launcelot, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.
Gobbo, Father to *Launcelot*.
Leonardo, Servant to *Bassanio*.
Balthazar, } *Servants to Portia.*
Stephano, }
Portia, an Heiress.
Nerissa, waiting Maid to *Portia*.
Jessica, Daughter to *Shylock*.

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice; and partly at
Belmont, the Seat of *Portia*.

* In the old Editions in 4to for *J. Roberts* 1600, and in the old folio 1623, 1632, or 1664. there is no enumeration of the persons.

The Variations are selected from

I. The excellent History of the Merchant of *Venice*, with the extreme cruelty of *Shylock* the

Jew in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and the obtaining of *Portia* by the choice of three caskets. Written by *W Shakspear*. Printed by *J. Roberts* 1600. 4to.

II. Folio 1623.

III. Folio 1632.

IV. Folio 1664.

THE

THE
MERCHANT of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, and Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made off, whereof it is born,
I am to learn——

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my self.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your Argosies ¹ with portly Sail,
Like signiors and 'rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

¹ *Argosie*, a ship from *Argo*. given in our Authour's time to
POPE. ships of great burthen, probably
Whether it be derived from Galleons, such as the *Spaniards*
Argo I am in doubt. It was a name now use in the *West-India* trade.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass,² to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads.
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy * *Andrew* dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me strait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me;—I know, *Anthonio*
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Antho. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

² *Plucking the grass, &c.]* By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found. *Betwixt the marks was an open place, there I toke a feibere, or a litle lighte grasfe, and so learned how the wind stood.* ASCHAM.

* The name of the ship.

This way I used in skating.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's say, you're sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say, you're merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,³
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,⁴
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar-aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,⁵
Though *Nestor* swear, the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Bassanio*, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would have staid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

3 — Now by two-headed Janus,] Here *Shakespeare* shews his knowledge in the antique. By two-headed Janus is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of *Pan* and *Bacchus*; of *Saturn* and *Apollo*, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques; and in the books of the

antiquaries, as *Montfaucon*, *Spanheim*, &c. WAREBURTON.

4 — peep through their eyes,] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. WAREBURTON.

5 — their teeth in way of smile,] Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger.

WAREBURTON.

Sola. My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt Solar. and Sala.*]

Gra. Yo look not well, Signior *Anthonio* ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool ;⁶
With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in Alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :)
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; who, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,⁷

Which,

⁶ *Let me play the Fool ;*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character, in the old farces : From whence came

the phrase, *to play the Fool*.

WARBURTON.

⁷ — *would almost damn those Ears,*] Several old Editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct Copies, *damn*. The Author's Meaning is this ; That some

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time :
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good *Lorenzo* ; fare ye well a while ;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.⁸

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
 I must be one of these same dumb wife men ;
 For *Gratiano* never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well ; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. 'Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only commendable

In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*

Anth. Is that any thing now ?⁹

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
 more than any man in all *Venice* : his reasons are as
 two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you
 shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you
 have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same,
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you to day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
 How much I have disabled mine estate,

some People are thought wise,
 whilst they keep Silence ; who,
 when they open their mouths,
 are such stupid Praters, that their
 Hearers cannot help calling them
Fools, and so incur the Judgment
 denounc'd in the *Gospel*.

the practice of the puritan preach-
 ers of those times ; who being
 generally very long and tedious,
 were often forced to put off that
 part of their sermon called the
exhortation till after dinner.

WARBURTON,

THEOBALD.

⁸ I'll end my exhortation after
 dinner.] The humour of this
 consists in its being an allusion to

⁹ Is that any thing now ?] All
 the old copies read, it is that any
 thing now ? I suppose we should
 read, is that any thing new ?

By shewing something a more swelling port,
 Than my faint means would grant continuance;
 Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
 From such a noble rate; but my chief care
 Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
 Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
 Hath left me gaged. To you, *Anthonio*,
 I owe the most in mony, and in love;
 And from your love I have a warranty
 T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
 How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me know it;
 And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
 Within the eye of honour; be assur'd,
 My purse, my person, my extreamest means
 Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; by ventring both,
 I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,¹
 That which I owe is lost; but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,

¹ — *like a wilful youth.*] This does not at all agree with what he just before promised, that, what follow'd, should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read *WITLESS*, *i. e.* heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy, who for want of *advised watch*, lost his first ar-

row, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful youth*, he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former fault, or his present designs.

And

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waite of all I have.
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes²
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her feat of *Belmont*, *Colchos' strand*;
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her:
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,

Nor have I mony, nor commodity
To raise a present sum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*.

² — sometimes from her Eyes.] subsequent Scene, that *Bassanio*
So all the Editions; but it cer- was at *Belmont* with the Marquis
tainly ought to be, sometime, i. e. de *Montferrat*, and saw *Portia* in
formerly, some time ago, at a cer- her Father's life-time.
tain time: and it appears by the

THEOBALD.

Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to BELMONT.

*Three Caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver,
and another of lead.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. **B**Y my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is weary
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches; and poor mens cottages, Princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me; the word, chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner.

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors, that are already come?

Pro. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the *Neapolitan Prince*.

Por. Ay, that's a Colt, ³ indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count *Palatine*, ⁴

³ *Ay, that's a Colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;]* Tho' all the Editions agree in this Reading, I can perceive neither Humour, nor Reasoning in it. How does talking of Horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a Man e'er the more a *Colt*? Or, if a *Smith* and a *Lady of Figure* were to have an Affair together, would a *Colt* be the Issue of their Caresses? The Word, *Dolt*, which I have substituted, signifies one of the most *stupid* and *blockish* of the Vulgar.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, he can perceive neither humour nor reasoning in this reading, and therefore alters *Colt* to *Dolt*; but what ever humour or reasoning there is in the one there is in the other: for the signification is the same in both. *Hen.* IV. 1st part, *Fal-*

staff says, *What a plague mean you to colt me thus?* And *Fletcher* constantly uses *Colt* for *Dolt*.

WARBURTON.

Colt is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Hen.* VIII.

⁴ —[*there is the Count Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that *Shakespeare* has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The Count here mentioned was, perhaps, *Alber-tus a Lasco*, a *Polish Palatine*, who visited England in our Author's time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained, but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment.

Por.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, if you will not have me, chuse. He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the *French* Lord, Monsieur *Le Boun*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*; ⁵ and you may come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *English*. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottish* lord, ⁶ his neighbour?

⁵ — he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*;] A Satire on the ignorance of the young *English* Travellers in our Author's time.

WARBURTON.

⁶ — *Scottish* lord,] *Scottish*, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king *James*'s countrymen.

THEOBALD.

Por. That

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety, ⁷ and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, ⁸ the Duke of *Saxony's* nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of *Rhenish* wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will. I am glad, this parcel of woovers

⁷ I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety.] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the *French* gave the *Scots* in their quarrels with the *English*. This Alliance is here humourously satirized.

WARBURTON.

⁸ How like you the young Ger-

man.] In *Shakespeare's* time the Duke of *Bavaria* visited *London*, and was made Knight of the Garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of *Portia's* suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of *Queen Elizabeth*.

are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a scholar and a foldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiss of *Montferret*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*; as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, Madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word, the Prince, his master, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me, than wive me. Come, *Nerissa*. Sirrah, go before.—While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place in VENICE.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. **T**Hree thousand ducats?—well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months?—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.

Shy,

Shy. *Anthonio* shall become bound?—well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me?
shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and
Anthonio bound?

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.—

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Rialto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and that I may be assur'd,

I will bethink me. May I speak with *Anthonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Rialto*?—
who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a christian:
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down

The

The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,⁹
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him!

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
 And by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
 Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
 Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior;

[*To Anth.*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking, nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,¹
 I'll break a custom.——Is he yet possesst,
 How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so;
 Well then, your bond; and let me see,———but
 hear you,

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
 Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban's* sheep,—
 This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was

9 ——catch him once upon the
 hip] A phrase taken from the
 practice of wrestlers.

1 ——the ripe wants of my
 friend,] Ripe wants are wants

come to the bright, wants that can
 have no longer delay. Perhaps
 we might read, *rise wants*, wants
 that come thick upon him.

(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Sky. No, not take int'rest; not, as you would say,
Directly, int'rest; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himself were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as *Jacob's* hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeanning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inserted to make int'rest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Sky. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast; —
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this *Bassanio*?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. ² —

² — can cite scripture for his purpose. —

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!] But this is not true, that falsehood hath always a goodly outside. Nor does this take in the force of the speaker's sentiment; who would observe that that falsehood which quotes scripture for its purpose has a goodly outside. We should therefore read,

O, what a goodly outside's falsehood hath!

i. e. his falsehood, *Shylock's*. WARB.

I wish any copy would give me authority to range and read the lines thus:

O, what a godly outside falsehood hath!

An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

Or goodly apple rotten at the heart.

An

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath?

Shy. Three thousand ducats!——'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Rialto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then;——you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies——You say so——
You, that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold——Mony is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this,——fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednes-*
day,

You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take

A breed of barren metal of his friend) ?³
 But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
 Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you storm ?
 I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with ;
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me ;
 This is kind offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :
 Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
 Your single bond ; and in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body it shall please me.

Anth. Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
 I'll rather * dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
 Within these two months (that's a month before
 This bond expires) I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what these christians are !
 Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect

³ *A breed of barren metal of his friend ?*] A breed that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren* the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot like corn and

cattle multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

* To *dwell* seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*.

The thoughts of others ! pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And for my love I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard ⁴
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This *Hebrew* will turn christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, ⁵ and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ — left in the FEARFUL guard, &c.] But surely fearful was the most trusty guard for a house-keeper in a populous city ; where houses are not carried by storm like fortresse. For fear would keep them on their watch, which was all that was necessary for the owner's security. I suppose therefore *Shakespeare* wrote

FEARLESS guard.

i. e. Careless ; and this, indeed, would expose his house to the only danger he had to apprehend in the day-time, which was clandestine pilfering. This reading is much confirmed by the character he gives this guard, of an

unthrifty knave, and by what he says of him afterwards, that he was,

————— a huge feeder :
Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps
by day.

More than the wild-cat —

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has forgotten that fearful is not only that which fears, but that which is feared or causes fear. *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To fear was anciently to give as well as feel terrors. I tell thee, Lady, this aspect of mine hath fear'd the valiant.

⁵ I like not fair terms.] Kind words, good language.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

Enter Morochius, a Tawney-Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa, and her train. Flourish Cornets.

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where *Phæbus*' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine. ⁶
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
 The best regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.
 But if my father had not scanted me,
⁷ And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself

⁶ *To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.]* To understand how the tawney Prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that red blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus *Macbeth* calls one of his frightened soldiers, a lily liver'd

Lown; again in this play, Cowards are said to have livers white as milk; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a milk-sop.

⁷ *And hedg'd me by his wit—]* I suppose we may safely read, and hedg'd me by his will. Confined me by his will.

D d 2

His

His wife, who wins me by that means I told you ;
 Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair,
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you ;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy ⁸ and a *Persian* Prince,
 That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
 I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Out-brave the heart most daring to the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
 If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
 So is *Alcides* beaten by his page ; ⁹
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that, which one unworthier may attain ;
 And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,

⁸ *That slew the Sophy, &c.]* *Shakespeare* seldom escapes well when he is entangled with Geography. The Prince of *Morocco* must have travelled far to kill the *Sophy* of *Persia*.

⁹ *So is Alcides beaten by his Rage]* Though the whole Set of Editions concur in this Reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the Poet's Drift, and the history of the Persons mentioned in the Context. If *Hercules* (say: he) and *Lichas*, were to play at dice for the Decision of their Superiority, *Lichas* the weaker Man might have the better Cast of the Two. But

how then is *Alcides* beaten by his *rage*? The Poet means no more, than, if *Lichas* had the better Throw, so might *Hercules* himself be beaten by *Lichas*. And who was He, but a poor unfortunate Servant of *Hercules*, that unknowingly brought his Master the envenomed Shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur, *Nessus*, and was thrown headlong into the Sea for his pains? This one Circumstance of *Lichas's* Quality known, sufficiently ascertains the Emendation, I have substituted *page* instead of *rage*.

THEOBALD.

And

And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward

In way of marriage. Therefore be advis'd. ¹

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me to my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple. After dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Launcelot alone.

Laun. **C**ertainly, my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew my master. The fiend
is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gob-*
bo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo,
or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, use your legs, take the start,
run away. My conscience says, no; take heed, ho-
nest *Launcelot*; take heed, honest *Gobbo*; or, as afore-
said, honest *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run; scorn run-
ning with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend
bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away! says the
fiend; for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says
the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging
about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,
my honest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest man's
son, or rather an honest woman's son——(for, in-
deed, my father did something smack, something
grow to: he had a kind of taste.)——well, my

¹ *Therefore be advis'd.*] There- well what we are to do. *Advis'd*
fore be not precipitant; consider is the word opposite to *rash*.

conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel ill; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the *Jew* my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master *Jew*'s?

Laun. [*aside.*] O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than sand blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not. — I will try conclusions with him. ²

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jews*?

Laun. ³ Turn up, on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly unto the *Jew*'s house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit;

² *Try conclusions.*] So the old Quarto. The first Folio, by a mere blunder, reads, *try confusions*, which, because it makes a kind of paltry jest, has been copied by all the Editors.

³ *Turn up, on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction, to puzzle the enquirer,

seems to imitate that of *Syrus* to *Demea* in the *Brothers of Terence*

— *ubi eas præterieris,*
Ad sinistram lac rectâ plateâ: ubi
ad Dianæ veneris,
Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad
portam venias, &c.

WARBURTON.

can

can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master *Launcelot*? (mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters;) talk you of young Master *Launcelot*?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master *Launcelot*.

Gob. Your worship's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master *Launcelot*?

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master *Launcelot*; talk not of Master *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up. I am sure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, lets have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. ⁴

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew's* man, and, I am sure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed.—I'll be sworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that *Dobbin's* tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I had on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground. My master's a very *Jew*. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master *Bassanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father—for I am a *Jew*, if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Bassanio with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so.—But let it be so hasted, that

⁴ *Your child that shall be.*] The had some meaning which is now lost.
distinction between boy and son is obvious, but *child* seems to have

supper

supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew's* man, that would, Sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve.——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce catercousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutifie unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well. Thou hast obtain'd thy suit; *Shylock*, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment To leave a rich *Jew's* service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough,

Bass.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son :

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out.—Give him a livery, [To his followers. More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no?—I have ne'er a tongue in my head?—⁵ Well, [looking

on

⁵ Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book] The Position of the Words makes the Sentence somewhat obscure: Their natural Order should be This. Well, if any Man in Italy, which doth offer to swear upon a Book, have a fairer Table, I shall have good Luck. And the Humour of the Passage seems This. Launcelot, a Joaker, and designedly a Blunderer, says the very Reverse of what he should do: which is, *That if no Man in Italy, who would offer to take his Oath upon it, hath a fairer Table than He, he shall have good Fortune.* The Banter may, partly, be on Chiromancy in general: but it is very much in character for Launcelot, who is a hungry Serving man, to consider his Table before his Line of Life, or any other Points of Fortune.

THEOBALD.

Fairer table.] The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. So Ben Johnson in his *Mask of Gypsies* to the lady Elizabeth Hatton;

*Mistress of a fairer table,
Hath not history nor fable.*

Which doth offer to swear upon a book, &c.] This nonsense seems

to have taken its rise from the accident of a lost line in transcribing the play for the press; so that the passage, for the future, should be printed thus,—
Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth ***** offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune. It is impossible to find, again, the lost line; but the lost sense is easy enough
——if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth [promise good luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.
WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald's note is as obscure as the passage. It may be read more than once before the complication of ignorance can be completely disentangled. *Table* is the palm expanded. What Mr. Theobald conceives it to be cannot easily be discovered, but he thinks it somewhat that promises a full belly.

Dr. Warburton understood the word, but puzzles himself with no great success in pursuit of the meaning. The whole matter is this: Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the

on his palm.] if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life. Here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.⁶—Here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Laun. and Gob.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this. These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to night My best-esteem'd acquaintance. Hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

S C E N E III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

[*Ex. Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

the felicities in his table. The act of expounding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well*, says he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common,

and proceeds to particulars.

⁶ *In peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed.*] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, *O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompu le Cou.*—

WARBURTON.

Gra.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to *Belmont*.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, *Gratiano*,

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they shew
Something too liberal; ⁷ pray thee, take pain
T'allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bessanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say; Amen;
Use all th' observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent ⁸
To please his grandam; never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night, you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *Something too liberal.*] Liberal I have already shewn to mean, gross, coarse, licentious.

⁸ ——— *sad ostent.*] Grave appearance; shew of staid and serious behaviour.

SCENE IV.

*Changes to Shylock's House.**Enter Jessica and Launcelot.*

Jes. I'M sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
 But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee;
 And, *Launcelot*, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
 Give him this letter, do it secretly,
 And so farewell: I would not have my father
 See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—Tears exhibit my tongue. [*aside.*]
 Most beautiful Pagan, — most sweet *Jewel*! if a
 christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am
 much deceiv'd. But, adieu! these foolish drops do
 somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewel, good *Launcelot*,
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
 To be ashamed to be my father's child?
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O *Lorenzo*,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

*The STREET.**Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.*

Lor. NAY, we will sink away in supper-time, dis-
 guise us at my lodging, and return all in
 an hour.

Gra.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Laun. An' it shall please you to break up this, it
shall seem to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the *Jew*
to sup to-night with my new master the christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this.—Tell gentle *Jessica*,
I will not fail her. Speak it privately.

Go.—Gentlemen, will you prepare for this masque
to night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* *Laun.*]

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano's* lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exit*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle Daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she doth it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless *Jew*.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou shalt see, thy eyes shalt be thy judge,

The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*——

What, *Jessica*!——thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me——what, *Jessica*!——

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why, *Jessica*! I say.

Laun. Why, *Jessica*!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica*;

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal christian. *Jessica*, my girl,

Look to my house, I am right loth to go;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun.

Laun. And they have conspired together. I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black *Monday* last, at six a clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on *Asb-Wednesday* was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me,

Jessica,

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber you not up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears; I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Jacob's* staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a christian by,

Will be worth a *Jewess'* eye. [Exit *Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of *Hagar's* off-spring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, Mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit; but he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, That I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you.—

Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find*;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

The STREET.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which *Lorenzo* desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster *Venus'* pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

9 O, ten times faster *Venus'*
Pigeons fly.] This is a very odd image, of *Venus's* Pigeons flying to seal the bonds of Love. The sense is obvious, and we know the dignity due to *Venus's* Pigeons. There was certainly a joke intended here, which the ignorance or boldness of the first transcribers has murder'd: I doubt not, but *Shakespeare* wrote the line thus:

O, ten times faster *Venus'*
Widgeons fly

To seal, &c.

For *Widgeon* signified metaphorically, a silly fellow, as *Goose*, or *Gudgeon*, does now. The calling love's votaries, *Venus's Widgeons*, is in high humour. *Butler* uses

the same joke in speaking of the presbyterians.

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,

Like Mahomet's, were asfs and Widgeon.

Mahomet's asf or rather mule was famous: and the monks in their fabulous accounts of him said, he taught a pigeon to pick peas out of his ears to carry on the ends of his imposture. *WARB.*

I believe the Poet wrote as the Editors have printed. How it is so very high humour to call Lovers *Widgeons* rather than *Pigeons* I cannot find. Lovers have in poetry been alway called *Turtles*, or *Doves*, which in lower language may be Pigeon.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*.—More of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
 abode —

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
 I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
 Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jes. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
 Albeit I'll swear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

Jes. *Lorenzo* certain, and my love, indeed;
 For whom love I so much? and now who knows,
 But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witness, that thou
 art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
 I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;
 For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What must I hold a candle to my shames?
 They in themselves, goodsooth, are too, too, light.
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
 And I should be obscur'd.

Lor.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once,

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

[*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile,* and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, to them.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*,——

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you——
No masque to night——the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*]

* A jest rising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *One well born*.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia with Morochius, and both their trains.

Por. **G**O, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The sev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discovered.*]

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second silver, which this promise carries,

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,*

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;

What says this leaden casket;

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give?—for what? for lead? hazard, for lead?

This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all;

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then not give, nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, *Morochius*;

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be't rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve——why, that's the lady:

* *As blunt.*] That is, as gross as the dull metal.

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding :
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here ? —
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her ;
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.
 Th' *Hircanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds
 Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
 For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
 The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.
 One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought : it were too gross
 To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?
 O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold ! they have in *England*
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon :
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lyes all within. Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye
 there,

Then I am yours. [Unlocking the gold casket.

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ? a carrion death,
 Within whose empty eye there is a scowl ;
 I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold: ¹
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscol'd; ²
Fare you well, your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave.—Thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Per. A gentle riddance—draw the curtains; go—
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. ³ [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Gilded wood may worms infold*] In all the old Editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber do worms infold.

From which *Mr. Rowe* and all the following Editors have made

Gilded wood may worms infold.

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, *Shakespeare* wrote.

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

A tomb is the proper repository of a death's head.

² *Your answer had not been inscol'd;*] Since there is an answer *inscol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read *this*. When the

words were written *y* and *y* the mistake was easy.

³ *Chuse me so.*] The old quarto Edition of 1600 has no distribution of acts, but proceeds from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play therefore having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for *Bassanio's* passage to Belmont.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

*Changes to Venice.**Enter Solarino and Salanio.*

Sal. **W**HY, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail;
 With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
 And in their ship, I'm sure, *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
 Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
 But there the Duke was given to understand,
 That in a *Gondola* were seen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jessica*:

Besides, *Antonio* certify'd the Duke,
 They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets;
 My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter,
 Fled with a christian? O my christian ducats!
 Justice, the law—My ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stoll'n from me by my daughter!
 And jewels too, stones, rich and precious stones,
 Stoll'n by my daughter! justice! find the girl;
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
 Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Antonio* look, he keep his day;
 Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
 I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
 The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught:
 I thought upon *Antonio*, when he told me,

And

And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in * your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heaviness †

With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

* — *your mind of love.*] So
all the copies, but I suspect some
corruption.

† — *EMBRACED heaviness.*] This
unmeaning epithet would
make me choose rather to read,

ENRACED heaviness,

from the French *enraciner*, ac-
crescere, inveterascere. So in
Much ado about nothing,

*I could not have owed her a more
ROOTED love.*

And again in *Othello*,

*With one of an INGRAFT in-
firmity.* WARBURTON.

Of Dr. Warburton's correction
it is only necessary to observe,
that it has produced a new word
which cannot be received with-
out necessity. When I thought
the passage corrupted, it seemed
to me not improbable that *Shake-
spear* had written *entranced bea-
viness*, musing, abstracted, mop-
ing melancholy. But I know
not why any great efforts should
be made to change a word which
has no uncommodious or unusual
sense. We say of a man now,
that he hugs his sorrows, and
why may not *Anthonio embrace
heaviness*.

S C E N E X.

*Changes to Belmont.**Enter Nerissa with a Servant.*

Ner. **Q**UICK, quick—I pray thee, draw the curtain trait;

The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his train, Portia. Flourish of Cornets.
The Caskets are discover'd.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince;
If you chuse that, wherein I am contain'd,
Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoind by oath t'observe three things.
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose. Next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage.
Last, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha, let me see—

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire—that may be meant

Of the fool-multitude, that chuse by show;

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which pries not to th' interior, but like the martlet

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

Ev'n in the force and road of casualty.

I will

I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
 Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:
 Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear.
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too, for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity:
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare
 How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour? ⁵ how much honour
 Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnished? ⁶ well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
 I will assume desert; give me a key for this,

⁵ *How much low peasantry
 would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour?*
 The meaning is *How much mean-
 ness would be found among the
 great, and how much greatness
 among the mean.* But since men are
 always said to glean corn though
 they may pick chaff, the sen-
 tence had been more agreeable to
 the common manner of speech
 if it had been written thus,
*How much low peasantry would
 then be pick'd
 From the true seed of honour?
 how much honour
 Glean'd from the chaff?*
⁶ ——— *how much honour
 Pickt from the chaff and ruin of
 the times,*

To be new varnish'd?—]. This
 confusion and mixture of the me-
 taphors, makes me think that
 Shakespear wrote,

To be new vanned.——
*i. e. winnow'd, purged: from
 the French word, vanner; which
 is derived from the Latin Vannus,
 ventilabrum, the fann used for
 winnowing the chaff from the
 corn. This alteration restores the
 metaphor to its integrity: and
 our poet frequently uses the same
 thought. So in the 2d part of
 Henry IV.*

*We shall be winnow'd with so
 rough a wind,
 That even our corn shall seem as
 light as chaff.*

WARBURTON.
 And

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[Unlocking the silver casket.]

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

—How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?

Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices.

And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire sev'n times tried this;

Sev'n times tried that judgment is,

That did never chuse amiss.

Some there be, that shadows kifs;

Such have but a shadow's blifs:

There be fools alive, I wis,

Silver'd o'er, and so was this:

Take what wife you will to bed, 7

I will ever be your head:

So be gone, Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,

By the time I linger here.

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu!—I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wrath. *[Exit.]*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose:

7 *Take what wife you will to bed,]* Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed *Portia* was never to marry any woman.

Ner.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate]

A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in *April* never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee;
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. *Bassanio*, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Salanio and Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Rialto*?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreckt on the nar-
row seas; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place;
a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of
many

many a tall ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my gossip *Report* be an honest woman, of her word.

Sola I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Ha,—what say'st thou?—why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer,⁸ for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your

⁸ ——— *lest the Devil cross my* says *Amen* to it. We must therefore read——thy *Prayer*.
Prayer.] But the *Prayer* was *Salanio's*. The other only, as Clerk,
 WARBURTON.

bloods,

bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish; but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, ⁹ who dares scarce shew his head on the *Rialto*;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart!—let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer—let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility? Re-

9 — *A bankrupt, a prodigal.*] This is spoke of *Antonio*. But why a prodigal? his friend *Bassanio* indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the *Jew* honours him when he is going to sup with him.

— *I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The prodigal christian—

But *Antonio* was a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant, be as-

sured therefore we should read,
— *A bankrupt FOR a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend *Bassanio*. *WARBURTON.*

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in *Shylock's* opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend.

venge.

venge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, Revenge. The Villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*]

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort*! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels!—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O, would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them—why, so!—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua*—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again—fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, *Tubal*. It was my *Turquoise*; I had it of *Leah* when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderNESS of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Changes to BELMONT.**Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.**The Caskets are set out.*

Por. **I** Pray you, tarry—pause a day or two,
 Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
 I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.
 There's something tells me, but it is not love.
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality.
 But lest you should not understand me well,
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
 I would detain you here some month or two,
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn:
 So will I never be; so you may miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes
 They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, th' other half yours,
 Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;
 And so all yours. Alas! these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights:
 And so though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, ¹
 Let fortune go to hell for it—Not I. ²

I speak

¹ *And so though yours, not yours. Prove it so.]* It may be more grammatically read, *And so though yours I'm not yours.*
² *Let fortune go to hell for it.* *not I.]* This line is very obscure. The form of the expression alludes to what she had said of being forsworn. After some struggle,

she resolves to keep her oath: And then says, *Let fortune go to hell for it.* For what! not for telling or favouring *Bassanio*, which was the temptation she then lay under: for fortune had taken no oath. And, surely, for the more favouring a man of merit, fortune did not deserve

I speak too long, but 'tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse:

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Bassanio*? then confess,
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then!—I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick. That the comparison

May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him.—He may win:

And what is musick then? then musick is

(considering how rarely she transgresses this way) so severe a sentence. Much less could the speaker, who favour'd *Bassanio*, think so. The meaning then must be, *Let fortune rather go to hell for not favouring Bassanio, than I for favouring him.* So loosely does our author sometimes use his pronouns.—*not I* does

not signify, *Let not I go to hell*; for then it should be *Let not me.* But it is a distinct sentence of itself. And is a very common proverbial speech, signifying, I will have nothing to do with it. Which if the *Oxford Editor* had considered, he might have spared his pains in changing *I* into *me.*

WARBURTON.

Even

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, ³ but with much more love,
 Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
 The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
 To the sea-monster; I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
 With bleated visages come forth to view
 The issue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules*!
 Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay ⁴
 I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
 In the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply ⁵

It is engender'd in the eyes
 With gazing fed, and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies:
 Let us all ring fancy's knell.
 I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell.
 All, Ding, dong, bell.

³ With no less presence.] With the same Dignity of Mien.

⁴ Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.

I. Live then, I live with much more dismay

To view the fight, than, &c.

II. Live thou, I live with much more dismay

I view the fight, than, &c.

III. and IV. give the present reading.

⁵ Reply.] These words; reply, reph, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as a verse in the song, but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction.

Bass. — So may the outward shows ⁶ be least themselves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being season'd with a gracious voice, ⁷
 Obscures the show of evil ? in religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars* ;
 Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk ?
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest, that wear most of it.
 So are those crispy snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus Ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dang'rous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an *Indian* beauty ; ⁸ in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Then, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee :
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Twixt man and man : but thou, thou meager led,

⁶ *So may the outward shows.]*
 He begins abruptly, the first part
 of the argument has passed in his
 mind.

winning favour.

⁸ — *Indian beauty.]* Sir *Tho.*
Hammer reads,

⁷ — *gracious voice.]* Pleasing ;

— *Indian dowdy.*

Which

Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence; ⁹
And here chuse I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green ey'd jealousy,
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy, ¹ scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit. [*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Bass. What find I here?
Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come so near creation? move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,——
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have pow'r to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. ² Yet how far

The

⁹ *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;*] *Bassanio* is displeas'd at the golden casket for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness*; but, what! is he charm'd with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeas'd him in the silver? The poet certainly wrote,

Thy Plainness moves me more than eloquence: This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the *antithesis* between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said

before of the leaden-casket.

This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt. *WARBURTON.*

¹ *In measure rain thy joy,——*]
I. reads, *In measure range thy joy.*
II. and III. *In measure raine thy joy.*

IV. *In measure rain.*

I believe *Shakspear* meant,

In measure rein thy joys.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography.

² *Methinks it should have pow'r to steal both his,*

And leave itself unfurnish'd:—]

I know not how *unfurnish'd* has intruded

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprising it; so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the Substance.—Here's the scrowl,
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your blifs,
 Turn you where your Lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kifs.*

A gentle scrowl—Fair lady, by your leave——
[Kissing her.]

I come by note to give, and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a Prize.
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
 Whether those * peals of praise be his or no;
 So (thrice-fair lady) stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
 Such as I am. Tho' for myself alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my Wish,
 To wish myself much better; yet for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair; ten thousand times
 More rich; that, to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account: but the full sum of me

truded without notice into the later editions, as I. II. III. IV. have unfurnish'd, which Sir *Tho. Hanmer* has received. Perhaps it might be,
And leave himself unfurnish'd.
 * I. Pearles of praise.

Is sum of something, ³ which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; and happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her King.
 Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted; but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself
 Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
 Which, when you part from, lose or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words.
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
 Exprest, and not exprest. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
 O, then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none * from me:

³ *Is sum of something*.— We she explains in the following line.
 should read, *SOME of something*,
 i. e., only a piece or part only of * That is, none away from me;
 an imperfect account. Which none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

WARBURTON.

And when your honour's mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd: for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is it true, *Nerissa*?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our Feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio*?

S C E N E III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new Interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,

Sweet

Sweet *Portia*, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for't. Signior *Anthony*
Commends him to you. [Gives *Bassanio* a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [Bassanio opens a letter.

Gra. *Nerissa*, cheeryond stranger: Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice*?
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthony*?
I know, he will be glad of our Success:
We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath
lost!

Por. There are some shrewd Contents in yond same
paper,
That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:
Some dear Friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half yourself,
And I must have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*!
Here are a few of the unpleasant't words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,

Rating

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
 How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
 That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,
 I have engag'd myself to a dear Friend,
 Engag'd my Friend to his meer enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?
 Have all his ventures fail'd? what not one hit?
 From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
 From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*?
 And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the *Jew*,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
 The Duke himself and the Magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
 To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his country-men,
 That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh,
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
 It will go hard with poor *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me; the kindest Man;

The

* The best condition'd——an unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew*?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio*'s fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portia*'s side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Nerissa* and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come——away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
——But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. reads. **S**weet *Bassanio*, my ships have all mis-
carry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the *Jew* is forfeit; and since, in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared
between you and me, if I might but see you at my death.
Notwithstanding use your pleasure: if your love do not
persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all Business, and be gone.

* The best condition'd AND un- read and pointed thus,
weary'd spirit The best condition'd: AN un-
In doing courtesies;—] To be weary'd spirit. WARB.

Bass.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away;
 I will make haste; but 'till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Gaoler.

Shy. **G**Aoler, look to him. — Tell not me of
 mercy —
 This is the fool, that lent out money *gratis* —
 Gaoler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
 I've sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
 Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
 But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
 The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond—I will not hear thee speak—
 I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
 To christian intercessors. Follow not;
 I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
 [*Exit Shylock.*]

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur,
 That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone,
 I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:
 He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many,

Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The Duke cannot deny the course of law; ⁵
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor,
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Belmont.

*Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and
Balthazar.*

Lor. **M**Adam, although I speak it in your pre-
sence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to,

⁵ *The Duke cannot deny, &c.—*]
As the reason here given seems
a little perplexed, it may be pro-
per to explain it. If, says he,
the Duke stop the course of law
it will be attended with this in-
convenience, that stranger mer-
chants, by whom the wealth and

power of this city is supported,
will cry out of injustice. For
the known stated law being their
guide and security, they will
never bear to have the current of
it stoped on any pretence of
equity whatsoever.

WARBURTON.
How

How dear a lover of my lord your husband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments of manners, and of spirit;⁶
Which makes me think, that this *Anthonio*,
Being the bosom-lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;⁷
Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things. —

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,

⁶ *Of lineaments, of manners,*
&c —] The wrong pointing has
made this fine sentiment nonsense.
As implying that friendship could
not only make a similitude of
manners, but of *faces*. The
true sense is, *lineaments of man-*
ners, i. e. form of the *manners*,
which, says the speaker, must
need be proportionate. WARB.

⁷ In former Editions :

*This comes too near the praising
of myself;*

*Therefore no more of it; here
other things.*

Lorenzo, I commit, &c.] Por-
tia finding the reflections she had
made came too near Self-praise,
begins to chide herself for it :
says, She'll say no more of that
sort; but call a new Subject.
The Regulation I have made in
the Text was likewise prescrib'd
by Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

Not

Not to deny this imposition:
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of lord *Bassanio* and myself.
So fare you well, 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jesf. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare ye well, *Jessica*.

[*Excunt Jesf. and Lor.*

Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
⁸ In speed to *Padua*; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor *Bellario*;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,

⁸ *In speed to Mantua*;] Thus all the old Copies; and thus all the Modern Editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent Reader, that we must restore, as I have done, *In speed to Padua*: For it was there, and not at *Mantua*, *Bellario* liv'd. So afterwards; — *A Messenger,*

with Letters from the Doctor, Now come from Padua — And again, *Come you from Padua, from Bellario?* — And again, *It comes from Padua, from Bellario.* — Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the Place of Education for the Civil Law in *Italy*.

THEOBALD.

Before

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,
I could not do with all——then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly——for look you, the sins of the
father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I pro-
mise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you;
and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: there-
fore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are
damn'd:

damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father, and mother; thus when you shun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you say. Here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

VOL. I.

G g

Lor.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, sirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered: for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! * The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, *Jessica*?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio*'s wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life.

having such a Blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

* *How his words are suited.*] independent of meaning; how I believe the meaning is: What one word draws on another without relation to the matter.

And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-house in Venice.

*Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano, at the Bar.*

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Anth. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rig'rous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the Court.

Sal. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face. —

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent ⁹ cruelty.

And, ¹ where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
² Enough to press a royal merchant down ;

And

⁹ *Apparent.*] That is, *seeming* ;
not real.

¹ *Where for whercas.*

² *Enough to press a royal merchant down.*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding Epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shews the Poet well acquainted with the history of the People whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the *French* and the *Venetians*, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won *Constantinople*, the *French*, under the emperor *Henry*, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the

Grecian empire on the *Terra firma* ; while the *Venetians*, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the Republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the *Archipelago*, and other maritime places ; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty ; only doing homage to the Republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the *Sanudo's*, the *Justiniani*, the *Grimaldi*, the *Summaripo's*, and others, all *Venetian* merchants, erected principalities in several places of the *Archipelago* (which their descendants enjoyed

And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
 From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesie.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
 You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that;
 But say, it is my humour, is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? what, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over *Europe*. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided among them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

WARBURTON.

This Epithet was in our Poet's time more striking and better understood, because *Gresham* was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchants*.

3 ——— I'll not answer that.

But say, it is my humour. ———]

This *Jew* is the strangest Fellow. He is asked a question: says he will not answer it; in the very

next line says, he has answered it, and then spends the 19 following lines to justify and explain his answer. Who can doubt then, but we should read

———— I'll now answer that,

BY SAYING 'tis my humour—

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has mistaken the sense. The *Jew* being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you?

Cannot contain their urine, for affection ;⁴
 Master of passion, sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
⁵ Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force

Must

⁴ Mr. Rowe reads,

Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.

Masterless passion sways it to the Mood

Of what it likes, or loaths.]

Masterless Passion Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what Word there is to which this Relative *it* is to be referr'd. Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage.

Cannot contain their Urine ; for Affection,

Master of Passion, sways it. &c.

And then *it* is govern'd of *Passion* : and the two old Quarto's and Folio's read—*Masters of Passion, &c.*

It may be objected, that *Affection* and *Passion* mean the same Thing. But I observe, the Writers of our Author's Age made a Distinction : as *Johnson* in *Sejanus* :
 —*He hath studied*

Affection's passions, knows their springs and ends.

And then, in this place, *Affection* will stand for that *Sympathy* or *Antipathy* of Soul, by which we are provok'd to shew a *Liking* or *Disgust* in the working of our *Passions*.

THEOBALD.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood] The two old Quarto's and Folio read,

MASTERS OF *passion*.

And this is certainly right. He

is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that *Timotheus* and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural !

WARBURTON.

⁵ *Why he, a woollen bag-pipe.]* This incident *Shakespear* seems to have taken from *J. C. Scaliger's Exot. Exercit.* against *Cardan*. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics : it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, tho' now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. Sect. 6.* he has these words, *Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli Vascenis Equitis. Is dum viveret audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, *Shakespear*, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as *Scaliger* uses the word *Sympathiam* which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so *Shakespear* translates it by *AFFECTION* ;

Cannot

Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
T'excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any Man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you, think, you question with a *Jew*.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are frested with the gusts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewish* heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Cannot contain their urine for
AFFECTION.

Which shews the truth of the
preceding emendation of the text
according to the old copies;
which have a full stop at *affection*,
and read, *Masters of passion*.

WARBURTON.

Woollen-bag-pipe.] As all the

Editors agree with complete uniformity in this reading, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the author wrote *wooden bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,⁶
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*.

I stand for judgment. Answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this Court,
Unless *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,⁷
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here stays, without,
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messenger.

⁶ *Many a purchas'd slave.*] This argument considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how *Venetians* or *Englishmen*, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us*.

⁷ — *Bellario, a learned Doctor, Whom I have sent for —*] The Doctor and Court are here somewhat unskillfully brought together. That the Duke would, on such an occasion, consult a Doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely, but how should this be foreknown by *Portia*?

Bass. Good cheer, *Antonio*. What, man, courage yet—

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

SCENE II.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a Lawer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*?

Ner. From both, my lord. *Bellarion* greets your Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou wet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. ⁸ Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd !

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit,

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

⁸ Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again ; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase, *Tho' thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the sole of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd ! the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARB.

Ev'n

Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee : for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellarion* doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our Court.
 Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of
 you
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place :
 Mean time, the Court shall hear *Bellarion's* letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt
 of your letter, I am very sick : but at the instant
 that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with
 me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar :
 I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between
 the Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er
 many books together : he is furnish'd with my opinion,
 which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness
 whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at
 my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my
 stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment,
 to let him lack a reverend estimation : For I never
 knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to
 your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish
 his commendation.

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellarion* what he writes,
 And

And here, I take it, is the Doctor come.

—Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellarion* ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference,

That holds this present question in the Court ?

Por. I am informed throughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here ; and which the *Jew* ?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylock* ?

Shy. *Shylock* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule, that the *Venetian* law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

—You stand within his danger, do you not ? [*To Anth.*]

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the *Jew* be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained ;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd ;

It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his Crown ;

His scepter shews the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings ;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings ;

It is an attribute to God himself ;

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, *Jew*,

Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of *Venice*
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it to him in Court,
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.⁹ And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

⁹ *Malice bears down truth.*] *man.* We now call the jury *good*
Malice oppresses honesty, a *true men and true.*
man in old language is an *honest*

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
 It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
 You know the law : your exposition
 Hath been most found. I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
 To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then thus it is :
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;
 So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge ?
 Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there scales, to weigh the flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, *Shylock*, on your
 charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Anth. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

—Give me your hand, *Bassanio*, fare ye well !

Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you :

For herein fortune shews herself more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife;

Tell her the process of *Antonio's* end;

Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend;

And he repents not, that he pays your debt;

For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

I would lose all; ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest, I love;

I would, she were in heaven, so she could

Intreat some Pow'r to change this curriish *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the christian husbands. I've a
daughter;

'Would, any of the stock of *Barrabas*

Had been her husband, rather than a christian! [*Aside.*

—We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge—a sentence—come, prepare,

Por. Tarry a little—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The

The words expresse are, a pound of flesh.
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of christian blood; thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiscate
 Unto the state of *Venice*. [judge!]

Gra. O upright judge—mark, *Jew*,—O learned

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy self shalt see the Act:

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge—mark, *Jew*—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then—pay the bond thrice,
 And let the christian go.

Bass. Here is the mony.

Por. The *Jew* shall have all justice—soft! no haste—
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O *Jew*! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
 Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more
 Or less than just a pound, be't but so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
 On the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*!

—Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause;—take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel*, still say I; a second *Daniel*!
 I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture.

To

To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew.*

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew.*

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice :
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself ;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's* :
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all : pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house : you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio* ?

Gra.

Gra. A halter *gratis* ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Anth. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the *fine* for one half of his goods ;

I am content,* so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it

Upon his death unto the gentleman,

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour

He presently become a christian ;

The other, that he do record a Gift

Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew* ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well ; send the Deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,[†]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace's pardon ;
I must away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

* *I am content, &c.*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. *Antonio* declares, that as the *Duke* quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that

only for the *Jew's* life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death.*

† — *thou should'st have had ten more.*] i. e. a Jury of Twelve Men, to condemn thee to be hang'd.

THEOBALD.

— *Antonio*, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his train.*]

SCENE III.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this.
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife,
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[Exit with Nerissa]

Anth. My lord *Bassanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto *Antonio's* house.—Away, make haste.

—Come, you and I will thither presently;

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward *Belmont*. Come, *Antonio*. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter *Portia* and *Nerissa*.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this Deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter *Gratiano*.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:

My lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

This ring I do accept most thankfully.

And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my Youth old *Shylock's* house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring; [To *Por.*

H h 2

Which

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;

But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too:

—Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Grove, or green Place, before Portia's House.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

L O R E N Z O.

THE moon shines bright—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And sigh'd his soul towards the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æson*,

Lor. In such a night,

Did

Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* swear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont*. She doth stray about
By holy Crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
—I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

[None but a holy hermit.] I do planned his fable some other way,
not perceive the use of this hermit, and inadvertently, when he
of whom nothing is seen or heard changed his scheme, retained
afterwards. The Poet had first something of the original design.

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter—why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your musick forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moon light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, *Jessica*: look, how the floor of heav'n

Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;²

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;

Such harmony is in immortal souls!³

But

² ——— with PATTERNS of bright gold;] We should read PATENS: a round broad plate of gold born in heraldry.

WAREBURTON.

Pattens is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the fol. 1632.

³ *Such harmony is in immortal souls;*] But the harmony here described is that of the spheres,

so much celebrated by the ancients. He says, *the smallest orb sings like an angel*; and then subjoins, *such harmony is in immortal souls*: But the harmony of angels is not here meant, but of the orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the poet alludes to the notion, that each orb has its intelligence or angel to direct it; for then with no propriety could he say, *the orb sung like an angel*: he

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn; ⁴
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I'm never merry, when I hear sweet musick.
[Musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;

he should rather have said, the
angel in the orb sung. We must
therefore correct the lines thus;

*Such harmony is in immortal
sounds;*

i. e. in the musick of the spheres.

WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. *Immortal sounds* is a harsh combination of words, yet *Milton* uses a parallel expression.

*Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat
igneus orbes,*

*Nunc quoque fidereis intercinat ipse
choreis*

Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen.

It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies, I. II. III. IV. without any variation, for a change has been silently made, by *Rowe*, and adopted by all the succeeding editors.

*Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But while this muddy vesture of
decay*

*Doth grossly close in it, we cannot
hear it.*

That the third is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was,

Doth grossly close it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is the power of perceiving harmony, as afterwards, *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being moved with concord of sweet sounds. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect.

⁴ ——— wake *Diana* with a hymn;] *Diana* is the Moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping.

H h 4

Since

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
 But musick for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no musick in himself,⁵
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
 Let no such man be trusted—Mark the musick.

Enter Portia and Nerissa at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:
 —How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
 A substitute shines brightly as a King,
 Until a King be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters.—Musick, hark! [*Musick.*]

Ner. It is your musick, Madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:⁶
 Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
 When neither is attended; and, I think,
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

⁵ *The man that hath no musick in himself,*

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,] The thought here is extremely fine: As if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the internal [*musick in himself*] and the external musick [*concord of sweet sounds*]; which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not chuse but please an *English* audience, whose great passion, as

well then as now, was love of musick. *Jam veid video naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of Folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inesse Philautiam: Atque hinc fieri, ut BRITANNI præter alia, Formam, MUSICAM, & lauras Mensas propriè sibi vindicant.* †

WARBURTON.

⁶ — *without respect.*] Not absolutely good, but relatively, good as it is modified by circumstances.

When

When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?

—Peace! how the moon sleeps with *Endymion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Musick ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Per. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckow,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go, *Nerissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence.
—Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jessica*, nor you.

[*A Tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
—We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, * but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be *Bassanio* so for me;
But God sort all!—You're welcome home, my lord.

* There is scarcely any word delights to trifle as with *light*,
with which *Shakespeare* so much in its various significations.

Bass.

Bass. I thank you, Madam. Give welcome to my friend.

—This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho—already!—what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That she did give me, whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respektive, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy—a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself—the Judge's clerk—
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee.
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And

And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
 Never to part with it; and here he stands,
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
 An' 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
 And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

Gra. My lord *Bassanio* gave his ring away
 Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
 Deserv'd it too. And then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pain in writing, He begg'd mine;
 And neither man, nor master, would take aught
 But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
 Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
 I would deny it; but you see my finger
 Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
 By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
 Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
 'Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to * retain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.

* I. II. III. IV. contain.

What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony? ⁷

Nerissa teaches me what to believe——

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, Madam—by my soul—
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor;
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk——therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

⁷ *What man*——wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is very licentious-ly expressed. The sense is, What man could have so little modesty, or wanted modesty so much as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am th'unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit!

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth⁸
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,
[*To Portia*]

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heav'n, it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him—pardon me, *Bassanio*;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly—you are all amaz'd---

⁸ ——— *for his wealth.*] For term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*.
his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at time, the

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
 It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*:
 There you shall find, that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo*, here,
 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 And even but now return'd: I have not yet
 Enter'd my house. *Antonio*, you are welcome;
 And I have better news in store for you;
 Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,
 There you shall find, three of your Argosies
 Are richly come to Harbour suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
 Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
 For here I read for certain, that my ships
 Are safely come to road.

Per. How now, *Lorenzo*?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
 There do I give to you and *Jessica*,
 From the rich Jew, a special Deed of Gift,
 After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way⁹

⁹ — you drop *Manna* in the way.

[*Of starved people.*] *Shakespeare* is not more exact in any thing, than in adapting his images with propriety to his speakers; of which he has here given an in-

stance in making the young *Jewess* call good fortune, *Manna*.

WARBURTON.

The commentator should have remarked, that this speech is not, even in his own edition, the speech of the *Jewess*.

Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I'm sure, you are not satisfy'd
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first interrogatory,
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is
Whether 'till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

It has been lately discovered, that this Fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of *Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*, a Novelist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in *English*, and I have epitomised the translation. The translator of this novel is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that *Shakespeare* must have had some other novel in view.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go

to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then ask'd news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served

served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto, to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with mercandizé, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He an-

swered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily, that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great number, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet meats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine; he takes the sweet meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep.
and

and never wakes till late in the morning; but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock, the women servants go to the bedside, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame; but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surpris'd to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been ship-wreckt, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear son, says he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Gi-

annetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolv'd to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bedchamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid, said it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady: who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was pass'd in joy and revels. Bed-time being come; the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep, the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he wak'd not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the
I i cause

cause of the ruin of Anfaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took a resolution of seeing Anfaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anfaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough; the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Anfaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Anfaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Messri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Anfaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary: and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold; with which Anfaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to de-

part, Anfaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Anfaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beau-

beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he had drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state; had the scepter put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in this happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given this bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, they are artificers going to make their offerings at the church of St John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired

the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop, till he arrived at Venice: and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetta takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait, but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation: Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he

came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anfaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew: but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, than thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was? The servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administered in that city; he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Anfaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The

lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop

drop of blood you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew; after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand; but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that

I might spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: Nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a pretent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto; and

and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anfaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them.

The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Anfaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anfaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, tho' she loved him excessively: yet the featings, tilts and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted not his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that

he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anfaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought

thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his Sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little, and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: You untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared

the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will shew you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, Sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed; and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, scepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see, Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your sake I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain; therefore I will offer you

no preferment here, but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, shew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of *The Merchant of Venice* the stile is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction,

or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. *Dryden* was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

